

Toten Hosen, Die "Carneval In Rio"

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Dad - what was punkrock...?

Punk was rotten, punk was vicious,
always being unambitious.
Punk was a piss-up, punk was a punch-up,
picking your nose and chucking your lunch up.
Punk was obnoxious, punk was obscene,
having a pop at our dear Queen.
Punk was a twisted tasteless trip,
punk was a pin through her majesty's lip.

We never took shit from noone, we just didn't give a fuck.
If you didn't like our music, that was just your bloody hard luck.

Punk was a riot, every night a rumble,
a nice bit o'blow and a nice bit o'grumble.
Punk was a sleazy, punk was a slum,
polaroid pics in bed with your mum.
Punk was unhealthy, quite unclean,
it was a mockery, malignant mean.
Punk was criminal, punk was a con,
and so was our favourite fugitive Ron.

We never took shit from noone, we just didn't give a fuck.
If you didn't like our music, that was just your bloody hard luck.

Now open your eyes and listen my son, there's no reason to be sad.
Just hang around and stay with us, it'll all be coming back.

We never took shit from noone, we just didn't give a fuck.
If you didn't like our music, that was just your bloody hard luck.

