

Noel Torres

"Jaw, Knee, Music"

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Johnny has a problem
Johnny is out of control
He had a TV party
With the kids in the black hole
Stealing people's mail
And lynching the landlord
Things to do when angry, young and bored

Johnny was only a lad
Johnny hates the scene
First he hit an old man
Then he hit and run Pauline
The record player spinning the best times
I never had
So why do my old records make me sad?

Cause they're so bad
And no one seems to understand
The glory of guitar
When out of tune
The off timing
The singers who can't sing
The beauty of flaw

He's a teenage vegetable
This is the last resort
He's got PCP in his veins
He lives inside a quart
Johnny is a punk rocker
Johnny is he queer?
Johnny needed two bags
And a car to commandeer
Johnny wasn't liked much
But he had a lot of friends
Waits on stage
Eating ludes
A mindless brainwashed pig
Johnny was a good man
Till the day that he got shot
He had a jacked up chevy
That could blow you off the spot

Johnny always needs
More than he takes
Forgets a couple chords
Forgets a couple breaks
Johnny says he's bound
By only six strings to this world
Johnny Quest hates sellout bands
And Johnny Punk snorts ritilin
And Johnny is an angry amputee

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