

Noel Torres

"My Party Boots"

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Life is fast but I don't wanna live past you, cuz you are
my only roots

I was the king of the drug booze thing now I've worn out
the soles of my party boots.

So call me shit-faced master of disgrace, I don't care
cuz my outer skin

Is think like crust, and a liver that's rusted out now I'm
on a list (for a better one)

Everybody wants to give a shit outta me, I won't give it
but i'll give ambivalence.

I gotta memory box cuz my memory blocks me, from
remembering weeks

All the blacked out nights into white out mornings, into
grey matter damagings.

So call me fat fuck geriatric punk rock. Give it straight
cuz I deserve

A verbal beating from an audience bleating (not
bleeding), and a melee with no concern.

Everybody wants to give a shit outta me, I wont give it
but i'll give irresponsiveness

Everybody wants to drag me up again, I wanna go but
the price keeps goin up

Goin down is simple and practical, laying low but
keeping it cynical

I'm on the wagon and it's such a drag, without a key
kick, shot and a drag.

[Hefe's good old fashioned solo]

Evidently no one likes a quitter or an old punk's
bitterness

So I'm waitin for the tap, on my shoulder cuz we're all
getting older not better

And the laughs are no longer with us (they're at us)

So call me fat fuck, geriatric punk

Call me fat fuck, geriatric punk

Call me fat fuck, geriatric punk, shit face master of
disgrace.

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