

Sewing With Nancie "Big Shot"

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He's back, and he's a big shot, baby on a rampage
kickin' in the pit.

He's on attack. He drinks a beer, kicks an ass, every
day it's the same old shit.

Cause he can talk, talk, talk, he can be punk rock but
when it comes to respect he can't see.

Forget what's right, fucking fight, fight, fight! It's
contradicting who he wants to be.

[Chorus:]

Who do you think you are?

Acting like an asshole won't get you too far.

It's not the place or time,

I don't want to be there when you cross the line.

Fucking dick, i don't wanna think about it, cause i don't
fucking care anymore.

It makes me sick, it makes you look fucking stupid
when they kick your drunk ass out the door.

'Cause everything was fine 'till you crossed the line
Friday night at the punk rock show.

You ruined it for everybody, you're the dickhead no
one wants to know.

[Chorus]

You're the dickhead i don't want to know.

[Chorus]

Thanks to **Karen (karenmiller@hotmail.com)** for
these lyrics

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