

Dangers

"Power Chord Blues"

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Liars. Liars. All you bands should just retire.
You sing the songs of hypocrites.
Like nuns with guns or chicks with dicks.
Two. Four. Six. Eight. Buy our shit and regurgitate.
I'm so bored with all of us.
Kill yourselves.
Please.
I'm down here on my knees.
I'm begging darlin' ease my worried mind.
What makes you think you have something to say that
has
Not been said in a much better way?
I've got power chord blues, ears jammed with
feedback.
Songs with no soul and even less of a sack.
Went to the record store and what the fuck did I find?
Thousands of records by thousands of kids with
Overpriced budgets but not one hint of a mind.
Ludwig would be crying.
Cash would slit your throat.
Dee Dee wound up dying.
Biz would hate your flow.
Talk, talk, talk, talk but you've nothing to say.
My headphones hate you.
Silence is golden when you sound like my shit.
My stereo hates you.
Say something new or say nothing at all.
My eardrums hate all you Guitar Center punks with
Broken record syndrome.
Songs of straight edge and friends, shit we already
Know.
What's the point?
Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? It's me!
Every song from 1983.
I heard myself on your LP's.
No way!
I did!
It couldn't be!
See, we mix Cro Mags with The Clash!
Well it sounds like every other piece of trash.
Aren't you tired?
Don't you want something new?

Take back 1983.
While you're at it, take the rest of punk rock, too.
I want more.

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