

Propagandhi

"Back to the Motor League"

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I like to party fucking hard
I like my rock and roll the same
Don't give a fuck if I burn out
Don't give a fuck if I fade away.

So back to the Motor League with me
who live vicariously through
before I'm forced to face the wrath of a well-heeled
buying public
tortured-artist college-rock and floor-punching macho
pabulum.

Back to the Motor League I go.
Once thought I drew a lucky hand.
Turned out to be a live grenade

of play-acting "anarchists"
and Mommy's-little-skinheads, death-threats and
sycophants
and wieners drunk on straight-edge.

Who cares?
Fuck off.
I'd rather hi-lite Trip-Tiks than listen to your bullshit.

Who cares

Fuck off.
...about your stupid scenes, your shitty zines,
the straw-men you build up to burn.
It never ceases to amaze me and as I'm suffering
your perfection it reminds me of my own race
mouthed feet
to redress my own sad history of
Teated bulls
Amish phone-books
Eaten hats

Drunken brawls.
But what have we here?
15 years later it still reeks of 'Swill and Chickenshit
Conformists

with their fists in the air;
like-father, like-son "rebels" bloated on korn, eminem
and bizkits.

Lord, hear our prayer: take back your Amy Grant mosh-
crews and
your fair-weather politics.
Blow-dry my hair and stick me on a ten-speed.
I guess life is just a popularity contest.

Back to the Motor League.
Success, the ability to perform within a framework of
obedience.
Just ask the candy-coated Joy-Cam rock-bands selling
shoes
rounding off the jagged edges for venture-capitalists,
silencing competing messages,

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