

Casualties, The "Proud To Be Punk"

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Cornered in the alleyway, back street kids live for today
We're kinda weird to you, you can't stand anything we
do

We have the right to choose, 'cause we're born to lose
We may be fucking sick, at least we know we're free

My mind is not for rent, I won't listen to what you say
You better take a hard look, we are sick of your rules
By the ink on my skin, you can see that it's the real thing
Up the fucking punx, our sound is fucking strong

PROUD TO BE PUNK! WE DON'T GIVE A FUCK!
PROUD TO BE PUNK! WOOOOAAHH
PROUD TO BE PUNK! WE DON'T GIVE A FUCK!
PROUD TO BE PUNK! UP THE PUNKS!

You can put us down
You can call us names
Try to divide us
By trying to classify us
Call me many names
Tell me punk is dead
The more you try to bring us down
The stronger we will get

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