

Kennedys Dead

"Chickenshit Conformist"

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Punk's not dead
It just deserves to die
When it becomes another stale cartoon
A close-minded, self-centered social club
Ideas don't matter, it's who you know
If the music's gotten boring
It's because of the people
Who want everyone to sound the same
Who drive bright people out
Of our so-called scene
'Til all that's left
Is just a meaningless fad
Hardcore formulas are dogshit
Change and caring are what's real
Is this a state of mind
Or just another label
The joy and hope of an alternative
Have become its own cliché
A hairstyle's not a lifestyle
Imagine Sid Vicious at 35
Who needs a scene

Scared to love and to feel

Judging everythng

By loud fast rules appeal

Who played last night?

"I don't know, I forgot.

But diving off the stage

Was a lot of fun."

CHORUS

So eager to please

Peer pressure decrees

So eager to please

Peer pressure decrees

Make the same old mistakes

Again and again,

Chickenshit conformist

Like your parents

What's ripped us apart even more than drugs

Are the thieves and the goddamn liars

Flipping people off when they share their stuff

When someone falls are there any friends?

Harder core than thou for a year or two

Then it's time to get a real job

Others stay home, it's no fun to go out

When the gigs are wrecked by gangs and thugs

When the thugs form bands, look who gets record deals

>From New York metal labels looking to scam

Who sign the most racist queerbashing bands they can find

To make a buck revving kids up for war

Walk tall, act small

Only as tough as gang approval

Unity is bullshit

When it's under someone's fat boot

Where's the common cause

Too many factions

Safely sulk in their shells

Agree with us on everything

Or we won't help with anything

That kind of attitude

Just makes a split grow wider

Guess who's laughing while the world explodes

When we're all crybabies

Who fight best among ourselves

CHORUS

That farty old rock and roll attitude's back

"It's competition, man, we wanna break big."

Who needs friends when the money's good

That's right, the '70s are back.

Cock-rock metal's like a bad laxative

It just don't move me, ya know?

The music's OK when there's more ideas than solos

Do we really need the attitude too?

Shedding thin skin too quickly

As a fan it disappoints me

Same old stupid sexist lyrics

Or is Satan all you can think of?

Crossover is just another word

For lack of ideas

Maybe what we need

Are more trolls under the bridge

Will the metalheads finally learn something-

Or will the punks throw away their education?

No one's ever the best

Once they believe their own press

"Maturing" don't mean rehashing

Mistakes of the past

CHORUS

The more things change

The more they stay the same

We can't grow

When we won't criticize ourselves

The '60s weren't all failure

It's the '70s that stunk

As the clock ticks we dig the same hole

Music scenes ain't real life

They won't get rid of the bomb

Won't eliminate rape

Or bring down the banks

Any kind of real change

Takes more time and work

Than changing channels on a TV set

CHORUS

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