

Tism

"Rebel Without A Paunch"

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So my hair is sorta thinning and a colour's been
applied;
And, yeah, O.K, about the paunch - I guess I sorta lied;
But you won't hear me whining like those fucking teeny
stars
When I'm standing at the mirror and I'm playing air
guitar.
Rock and roll is music for the angry and depraved -
So you can't really rock and roll till you're middle aged.

Moaning, between head jobs, rock stars say they're so
depressed -
They should try out a real job and a boss that's not
impressed;
If it's so fucking hard being young, beautiful and rich
Come on down the office, cockhead, I'd be glad for us
to switch:
The Prodigy despise normal men; Keith studded his
own tongue;
But the pain of that don't compare to actually being
one.

Oooh, it must be so fucking hard for all the
Trainspotting crew
To have to live an alienated life in the proletariat
milieu,
While all us normal middle class wanker types are
trying
Not to have such a great time working 40 years then
dieing;
Every fucking adolescent moans about how they're so
deprived -
What do you fucking think it's like turning forty five?

"Oh no!" I say to the wife, "another album's due;
Another tour of the world - oh, what am I going to do?
Oh, it's such a hassle - the fans just won't leave me
alone -
Remember those great old days with three kids and a
loan?
Can't go to Safeways, got a photo shoot, and I'm

stoned.

By the way, nearly forgot - Madonna phoned."

Hey, who doesn't wanna rock all day and party every night?

Every adult's a boring turd - that's exactly fucking right. You'll never join the normal world, says your anguished teenage voice:

Well I don't ever remember someone giving me the choice.

So you can sing about rebellion and experiment with drug bingeing

But you won't get really angry till your teenage kids start whingeing.

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