

Same Old Song And Dance

98 Mute

Backstage at all the shows
Snorting white shit right up our nose
Will we ever learn from our tragic past

We've become what we all hate
Rock Star egos inebriate
Bright lights of the future are fading fast

Submerged in a movement i no longer comprehend
Trapped in a scene that i no longer understand
Trapped in a cause I'm sinking in quicksand
Trapped under lied can one of you lend a hand?

Will the kids ever see the truth
The old guard can't speak for the youth
When will they find the strength to knock us down

We pretend that we're like you
But we haven't got a fucking clue
We laugh as we watch it burn to the ground

Punks not dead it's alive and well
It's in the malls you can buy it retail
Fuck the scene and put it back to bed
Kill the cause cause it's already dead

The same old song and dance
Tired old punk rock stance