

## Punkout

Black Tusk

He writes the songs, for the people  
He writes the songs, I don't think so  
He plays guitar, and looks sexy  
You go to shows, who's the dummy

Buy, buy, American pie,  
A corporate made creation so godawful I could cry  
Last song sounded as bad as the first,  
How could you pay more to do worse  
Don't forget all the common people,  
There is no hell to pay, there is no good or evil  
The limo ride downtown  
With all of your security keep the fans at bay  
Protect your punk monopoly!

Punkout!

He plays the crap, with no conviction  
He plays the crap, no one will miss him  
There must be a point, we find it funny  
There must be a hole, for all your money