

Take Heed

Flux of Pink Indians

The music business got really scared
When punk's created their own alternative system
One that was honest and really cared
So they set out to destroy what punk had created
By dividing those involved
Choosing cult names and hatred
The gutter press said punks should spit and fight
And the puppet punks were fooled alright
They began to sniff aerosol and tubes of glue
Because the paper said that's what real punks do
Like spitting on bands covering them in shit
Even though they knew if they were playing
They wouldn't like it
The promoters wanted to put a stop
To the cheap gigs bands arranged on their own
So they introduced more lies and once the seeds were sown
The puppet punks began to smash up halls
Believing they were having a real ball
But the destruction meant nothing at all
They were just dancing to the tunes
The big businessmen called
Very soon bands couldn't afford to do their own gigs
And the promoters had won
They got their own way
Protecting their halls with bouncers
They decided which bands could play
And best of all they controlled the price that we all have to pay
Punk belongs to the punks
Not the businessmen
They need us, we don't need them
Punk will never be dead
As long as some of us refuse to be led
The rip-off merchants were quick to cash in
And the puppet punks parted with their hard earned cash
To buy the exploiter's rip-off trash
Unable to see that these people only sell shit
As long as the people are willing to buy it