

Feelin Lucky, Punk

INDK

It don't mean shit
To me or you
That punk rock ain't
Ain't nothing new
I'm not the kind
To go defend
My beliefs
'Cause of a dying trend
It's just something
We always knew
And not because
It's hip to do
So rebel for a year or two
Then get your mortgage, lawn and car
You never really knew
Now that you're old and jaded
Suicide just seems so over-rated
You live life by the text
That makes me feel disgusted, bored and vexed
On your mark
Get set, go
High school's out-
Let's go make some dough
They put up with
Your crazy ways
When you were young
Like it was a phase
I guess they were right
'Cause now at night
You go home and bathe in the TV light
At 23 I'd rather be
A punk out on the street
Than what they wanted me to be