

Boxcar

Jawbreaker

You're not punk and I'm telling everyone. Save your breath, I n
ever was one.
You don't know what I'm all about. Like killing cops and readin
g Kerouac. My
Enemies are all too familiar. They're the ones who used to call
me friend. I'm
Coloring outside your guidelines, I was passing out when you we
re passing out
Your rules. One, two, three, four. Who's punk? What's the score
? Got a friend.
Her name is Boxcar. Cigarettes and beer in El Sob. Her hair was
blue, now it's
Green. I like her mind. She hates the scene. You're on your own
. You're all
Alone.