

Johnny cut his hair, now he looks like a punk
With buttons pinned all over his clothes
He got all the albums by the be-52
Sometimes he's a one man show

Went to NYC to join the crowd
Identity was what he need
Trouble was, that everybody looked the same
Purpose was a total defeat

When there's nothing new, we look for the old
And everybody catches on yeah
All we want to be, is part of the crowd
Whether it's right or wrong

What's the use of being yourself
When it seems that no one cares
And if you're a clone of someone else
There is nothing left to compare

When there's nothing new, we look for the old
And everybody catches on yeah
All we want to be, is part of the crowd
Whether it's right or wrong