

Good Guys Don't Wear White

Minor Threat

I'm a poor boy born in a rut
Some say my manners ain't the best
Some of my friends have been in a whole lot of trouble
and some say I'm no better than the rest

But tell your momma and your papa
Sometimes good guys don't wear white

Everyday I work hard
At night I spend restless time
Those rich kids and all their lazy money
They can't hold a candle to mine

So tell your momma and your papa
Sometimes good guys don't wear white

Good guys, bad guys
Which is which?
The white collar worker
Or the digger of the ditch?
Man, who's to say who's the better man?
I'm doing the very best I can
Best I can

You thought I had a dirty mind
All those messed up chicks
Of the changing times
Love-filled and easy living
Can't come close
To the love that I've given

So tell your momma and your papa
Sometimes good guys don't wear white
They don't wear white
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