

Green Corn

NOFX

Sometimes I think of all the places I don't wanna go
Then I think of all the things I don't wanna do
Think about the people I never wanna meet
I close my eyes and I go to sleep

Tully baby, you're trapped behind your golden bars
I'm the prince of poverty, I hang around in bars
You're life's a Mercedes, a mansion with a pool
My life's on a bus stop just waiting for some fuel

Your obviousness disgust me, I see through your macho lies
I'll fight everything you stand for
There's something in your purse baby, my head's getting sore
Maybe what we had was just green corn