

Back To The Motor League

Propagandhi

I like to party fucking hard
I like my rock and roll the same
Don't give a fuck if I burn out
Don't give a fuck if I fade away

So back to the Motor-League with me
Before I'm forced to face the wrath
of a well-heeled buying public
Who live vicariously through
Tortured-artist college-rock
and floor-punching macho pabulum
Back to the Motor League I go
Once thought I drew a lucky hand
Turned out to be a live grenade

Oh my god!
Holy shit!

Play-acting "anarchists"
and Mommy's-little-skinheads,
Death-threats and sycophants a
nd wieners drunk on straight-edge.
Fuck off Who cares?
I'd rather highlight Trip-Tiks
than listen to your bullshit.
Fuck off Who cares- a
bout your stupid scenes,
your shitty zines, the straw-men you build up to burn?

It never ceases to amaze
And as I'm suffering your perfection
it reminds me of my own race
To redress my own sad history of:
Mouthed feet
Eaten hats
Teated bulls
Amish phone-books
Drunken brawls

But what have we here?
15 years later it still reeks of swill
and Chickenshit Conformists
With their fists in the air
Like-father, like-son "rebels"
bloated on korn, eminems and bizkits.
Lord, hear our prayer:
Take back your Amy Grant
mosh-crews and fair-weather politics.
Blow-dry my hair and stick me on a ten-speed.
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I guess life is just a popularity contest
Success, the ability to perform within a framework of obedience
Just ask the candy-coated Joy-Cam rock-bands
selling shoes for venture-capitalists,

silencing competing messages,
Rounding off the jagged edges