

# Punk Rock Explained

Screeching Weasel

You start out with a punk rock band just trying to have fun  
Your lousy seven inch is not impressing anyone  
You get your first show and you're ready to go when you're stopped by the firechief  
Do not pass go do not collect your ten bucks gas money

But pretty soon you're playing almost constantly  
You buy a crappy rusted out old van  
You leave your mom's house happy to be on your own  
And move in with the rest of your band

You get a record deal with a big label on the coast  
You feel important as you eat your Ramen and your toast  
Your money is spent and you can't pay the rent but you're having a gay old time  
You don't have cash for food but you still get drunk every night

The local fanzines all start wanting interviews  
And then you're in Maximum Rock n' Roll  
Your record starts to sell and you get paid for it  
But the fun's just starting now hit the road

The merchandise is selling out you're the talk of the scene  
The profit margins far exceed your most orgasmic dreams  
But touring feels wrong when they're shouting out songs or punching you in the mouth  
The ones who don't want your autograph scream at you that you've sold out

You wonder why you ever got involved in this  
You find yourself despising all your fans  
Your appointments with accountants and your lawyers are  
More important than the stupid punk band

You come out with a half assed record made too fast  
You hate your band and they think you're a jerk  
And suddenly you're not the hottest thing around  
It's time for a career in spoken word