

Poor, Poor Jimmy

Street Dogs

We tuned in our satellite radio and headed out for a long ride
No more Mark Perento taking us home on the afternoon drive
There once was a time they played music (remember that?) on the
old radio
When you woke up in the morning it was tuned to The Big Mattres
s Show
And we all seemed to know one another (sometimes)
We all shared that special bond
Was the love of the underground music that made us feel like we
belonged

Poor poor Jimmy
Why did you sell The Rat?
Poor poor Jimmy
Must be hard looking back

So now when I go down to Kenmore there's no chance that I'll se
e Bud White
All the jocks are still hanging out but with no punk rockers to
fight (ahh fuck you)
Now it's hard to find that old music and these new bands might
put us to shame
We never had to worry about our image because we always had a p
lace to play

Poor poor Jimmy
Why did you sell The Rat?
Poor poor Jimmy
Must be hard looking back

On all those years and all the fans
And all the friends we thought we met
In that old shit-hole (man did it stink)
But it was our favorite place to drink
And lose our minds
And pick up chicks
And be punk rockers (at least for the weekend)
No one was real, we all were faking it!

Poor poor Jimmy
Why did you sell The Rat?
Poor poor Jimmy
Must be hard looking back

Poor poor Jimmy
Why did you sell The Rat?
Poor poor Jimmy
Why did you sell out like that?

Thanks for the memories Mr. Butch