

I knew my youth couldn't last forever.  
I knew some chords so I got the band together.  
Sick of sleeping and beating up my mother.  
Forget those luxuries, I've got myself another buzz.

Now you don't see me, now you do.  
Pretty soon now you're going to see what punks can do.

I stole some tunes from the radio.  
I lost my nerve but it didn't show.  
I found some friends with a little faith.  
Less money and no taste.

Now you don't see me, now you do.  
Pretty soon now you're going to see what punks can do.

But you've got to work at it.  
What a drag.  
You've got to work, work, work, work.  
You can't lag behind.

I want to get this gig over, and I don't want to see it again.  
But I don't want to go until it's over, and I don't want to die  
in pain.

I know my youth can't last forever.  
I'll sing the words until I can't keep the band together no more.  
Oh, to do the quickstep on a Saturday night,  
And hunt like a brave man with a flashlight.

Now you don't see me, now you do.  
Pretty soon now you're going to see what punks can do.