

Rock 'n Roll Nerd

Tim Minchin

Doesn't have a problem with drugs,
He just doesn't do them,
He's fine that his mates have tattoos,
But he reckon's they'll rue them,
He likes going to pubs,
But he hates it when the music's too loud,
He tends not to go to rock concerts,
'Cause he can't stand the crowd,
And all he's ever wanted to be
Is a rock star on RAGE or MTV,
But he knows that it's not very likely,
Now that he's thirty he knows that...

He will always be
A rock'n'roll nerd,
He'll keep writing songs the world will never hear,
And though the won't be heard
He'll keep on writing, oh yeah,
He'll keep on trying to get there,
But you see the problem is
He always thought he'd be a star,
But he learnt piano instead of guitar,
Which in the nineties didn't get you very far,
So while the other kids were learning Stairway
He was the piano to their forte,
But he was convinced one day
He'd rock their fucking arses,
Or be an icon for the disenfranchised masses,
Grow his hair long and rebel against the state,
But for now that'd have to wait,
'Cause he's running late for his morning classes.

And he will always be
A rock'n'roll nerd,
He'll keep playing gigs that no-one knows about,
And though it sounds absurd
He'll just keep playing, oh yeah,
But you see the problem is
There's not much depth in what he's singing,
He's a victim of his upper-middle class upbringing,
So he can't write about the 'hood, or bling-bling,
So he sits and imagines his girlfriend is dead
To try and find some angst in his middle class head,
But he's always fine at half past nine when he goes to
bed,
He hasn't spent a single night in prison,
He has no issues with nutrition,
He has no drinkning problem and no drug addiction
Unless you count the drugs they put in chicken,
Marijuana always tends to make him cough,
He doesn't look good with his t-shirt off,
And when he tries to act tough, you can tell he's
tricking.

While his mates all stay out late,
Popping pills and havin fun,
He stays home and showers,

And gets a good eight hours,
He gets his thrills from his morning run,
While his mates all go on dates,
Taking speed and drinking cans of Beam,
He stays home and cooks,
And curls up with a book,
And the girl he's had since he was seventeen

'Cause he's never really been part of the scene,
While the other kids liked Gunners he liked Queen,
He's more into Beatles than the Stones,
He's more Stevie Wonder than Ramones,
He never owned a panel van,
He never shot a Sepultura fan,
He doesn't know the difference between metal and thrash,
He couldn't tell you nothing about Axl and Slash,
He likes Ben Folds and The Jackson Five,
He knows all the words to Stayin' Alive,
And although he wants to be all grungy and cool
He spent eleven years in a private school,
So it doesn't matter how hard he tries,
He cannot hide behind his rock'n'roll lies,
'Cause you've either got it or you don't,
Yeah, you'll either rock it or you won't,
You've either got it or you don't,
Yeah, you'll either rock it or you won't.

He knows that his music lacks depth
But it just can't be helped,
He has nothing interesting to say
So he writes about himself,
But he doesn't want to seem self-obsessed
So he writes in third person,
In an attempt to sound more rock'n'roll
But he knows it's not working,
And deep in his heart he knows
That he'll never be Jet, or Eskimo Joe,
And even if he was quite pretty
And wrote songs like Missy,
He knows that...

He will always be
A rock'n'roll nerd,
He'll keep writing songs the world will never hear,
And though they won't be heard
He'll just keep writing, oh yeah,
You can criticise him and he won't care,
'Cause he wants to rock, and he will never be deterred,
He'll always be a fucked-up little tryhard wannabe
rock'n'roll nerd.