Boxcar

Jawbreaker

You're not punk and I'm telling everyone. Save your breath, I never was one. You don't know what I'm all about. Like killing cops and reading Kerouac. My enemies are all too familiar. They're the ones who used to call me friend. I'm coloring outside your guidelines, I was passing out when you were passing out your rules. One, two, three, four. Who's punk? What's the score? Got a friend. Her name is Boxcar. Cigarettes and beer in El Sob. Her hair was blue, now it's green. I like her mind. She hates the scene. You're on your own. You're all alone.

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