

Punks in a Disco Bar

Beach Slang

The words I scream
Are meaningless or holy things
They kiss my tongue
Before they split to fix someone When nothing's loud
I punch my heart I flex my mouth
Until it comes
On like a truth
Brilliant and dumb Man, they taught me to talk
Then told me to shut up
I never cared
But, man, it cut I'm nothing clean
I'm garbage thoughts and dirty knees
A fucked-up punk
I'm a bastard light I ain't no one's son

Songwriters

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