Back To The Motor League

Propagandhi

I like to party fucking hard
I like my rock and roll the same
Don't give a fuck if I burn out
Don't give a fuck if I fade away.So back to the Motor League with me
who live vicariously through
before I'm forced to face the wrath of a well-heeled buying public
tortured-artist college-rock and floor-punching macho pabulum.Back to the Motor League I go.
Once thought I drew a lucky hand.
Turned out to be a live grenadeof play-acting "anarchists"
and Mommy's-little-skinheads, death-threats and sycophants
and wieners drunk on straight-edge.Who cares?
Fuck off.
I'd rather hi-lite Trip-Tiks than listen to your bullshit.Who caresFuck off.
...about your stupid scenes, your shitty zines,
the straw-men you build up to burn.It never ceases to amaze me and as I'm suffering
your perfection it reminds me of my own race
mouthed feet
to redress my own sad history of
Teated bulls
Amish phone-books
Eaten hatsDrunken brawls.
But what have we here?
15 years later it still reeks of 'Swill and Chickenshit Conformists
with their fists in the air;
like-father, like-son "rebels bloated on korn, eminems and bizkits.Lord, hear our prayer: take back your Amy
Grant mosh-crews and
your fair-weather politics.
Blow-dry my hair and stick me on a ten-speed.
I guess life is just a popularity contest.Back to the Motor League.
Success, the ability to perform within a framework of obedience.
Just ask the candy-coated Joy-Cam rock-bands selling shoes
rounding off the jagged edgesfor venture-capitalists, silencing competing messages,

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/