

# 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 grenade of 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 cares Fuck 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 hats Drunken 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, eminem 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 edges for venture-capitalists, silencing competing messages,

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