Boxcar

Terry Blankley

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 while you were passing out your rules. 1 2 3 4 who's punk what's the score? I've got a friend, her name is Boxcar. Cigarettes and beer in El Sob. Her hair was blue, but now its green. I like her mind, she hates the scene. You're all alone...

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