

# Woe

## Punk Goes...

All the words in my mouth that the scene deemed  
Unworthy of letting out banded together  
To form a makeshift militia and burrowed  
Bloodily through my tongue and my teeth  
I stood proud in the gallery  
With my open socket of a mouth for them to see  
They all just laughed and said  
"That boy , he, that boy's got woe, he lives with woe"  
(Woe, woe)  
And this girl who I met whose pride makes her hard to forget  
She took pity on me but most likely because of my band  
(Horizontally, hey)  
It's all I can get when I'm lonely  
And these visions of death seem to own me

In the quiet of the classrooms all across the stacked United States of Woe  
We live with woe  
She said, "I can't get laid in this town without these pointy fucking shoes  
My feet are so black and blue and so are you"  
Please take me out of my body up through the palm trees  
To smell California in sweet hypocrisy floating  
My senses surround my body,  
I wake my nose to smell that ocean burn  
So now I'm forging ahead past all the plutocrats who sold me out  
Go sob in your bed, if life is twice as pretty  
Once you're dead then send me a card  
I'm still the optimist though it is hard  
When all you want to be is in a dream

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