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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