Rock 'n' roll Nerd

Tim Minchin

He doesn't have a problem with drugs
He just doesn't get them
He's fine that his mates have tattoos
But he thinks they'll regret them
He likes going to pubs, but he hates it when the musics too loud
He tends not to go to rock concerts, cos he can't stand the crowds
And all he's ever wanted to be
Is a rock star on MTV
But he knows that it's not fucking likely
He's just turned 30
He knows that he, will always be
A Rock and roll nerd
He'll keep writing songs the world will never hear
And though they won't be heard he'll just keep writing (oh yeah)
But you see the problem is
He always dreamt of being a star,
But he learnt piano instead of guitar
Which in the 90s didn't get you very far
So while the other kids were learning Stairway
He was the piano to their forte
But he was convinced one day he's rock their fucking asses
And be an icon for the disenfranchised masses
And grow his hair long
And rebel against the state
But just for now that's have to wait
Cos he's running late
For his morning classes
And he will always be
A rock and roll nerd
He'll keep playing gigs that no-one knows about
And though it sounds absurd he'll just keep playing (oh yeah)
But you see the problem is
There's not much depth in what he's singing
He's a victim of his upper middle class upbringing
So he can't write about the hood or bling bling
So he sits and imagines his girlfriend is dead
To try and invoke some angst in his middle class head
But the bitch is always fine, at half past nine
When they go to bed

And he hasn't spent a single night in prison,
He has no issues with nutrition
He has no drinking problem and no drug addiction
Unless you count the drugs they put in chicken
And marijuana always tends to make him cough
He doesn't look good with his t shirt off
And when he tries to act tough
You can tell he's trickin'
(babalabababababa)
And while his mates all go out late
Popping pills and having fun
He goes home and showers
And gets a good 8 hours
He gets his thrills from his morning run
And while his mates
All go on dates
Taking speed and drinking cans of Jim Beam
He stays home and cooks
Curls up with a book with a girl he's had
Since he was 17
Cos he's never really been
Part of the scene
Give him Guns N Roses
He'll take Queen
He's more into Beatles, than the stones
He's more Stevie Wonder than Ramones
And he's never owned a Transit Van
He never shot a Panterra fan
He doesn't know the difference between metal and thrash
He couldn't tell you nothing about Axl and Slash
He likes Ben Folds and the Jackson 5
He knows all the words to Staying Alive
And though he wants to seem all grungy and cool
He spent eleven years at a (motherfucking) private school
Cos no matter how he tries
He cannot hide behind his rock and roll lies
Cos you've either got it or you don't
Yeah you'll either rock or you won't
Yeah you've either got it or you don't
Yeah you'll either rock or you won't
You've either got it or you don't, don't you know
He knows that his music lacks depth, but it just can't be helped
He has nothing interesting to say, so he writes about himself
But he doesn't want to seem self obsessed, so he writes in third person
In an attempt to seem more rock and roll

But he suspects it's not working
And deep in his heart he knows he
Will never be Bono or Bowie
And even if he was quite pretty
With small pants like Kylie
He knows he will always be
A rock and roll nerd
He'll keep writing songs the world don't care about
And though they won't be heard he'll just keep writing
Oh yeah
You can criticize him
But he won't care
Cos he wants to rock
And he will never be deterred
But he'll always be a fucked up little
Try-hard wannabe
Rock and roll nerd

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