Punk Rock Explained

Screeching Weasel

You start out with a punk rock band just trying to have fun
Your lousy seven inch is not impressing anyone
You get you first show and you're ready to go when you're stopped by the firechief
Do not pass go do not collect your ten bucks gas moneyBut pretty soon you're playing almost constantly
You buy a crappy rusted out old van
You leave your mom's house happy to be on your own
And move in with the rest of your bandYou get a record deal with a big label on the coast
You feel important as you eat your Ramen and your toast
Your money is spent and you can't pay the rent but you're having a gay old time
You don't have cash for food but you still get drunk every nightThe local fanzines all start wanting interviews
And then you're in Maximum Rock n' Roll
Your record starts to sell and you get paid for it
But the fun's just starting now hit the roadThe merchandise is selling out you're the talk of the scene
The profit margins far exceed your most orgasmic dreams
But touring feels wrong when they're shouting out songs or punching you in the mouth
The ones who don't want your autograph scream at you that you've sold outYou wonder why you ever got involved in this
You find yourself despising all your fans
Your appointments with accountants and your lawyers are
More important than the stupid punk bandYou come out with a half assed record made too fast
You hate your band and they think you're a jerk
And suddenly you're not the hottest thing around
It's time for a career in spoken word

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