

# Wore Out the Soles of My Party Boots

[NOFX](#)

Life is fast but I don't wanna live past you  
'Cause you are my only roots  
I was the king of the drug, booze thing  
Now I've worn out the soles of my party boots So call me shit faced, 'Master of Disgrace'  
I don't care 'cause my outer skin  
Is thick like crust and a liver that's rusted out  
Now, I'm on a list Everybody wants to give a shit outta me  
I won't give it but I'll give ambivalence  
I gotta memory box 'cause my memory blocks me  
From remembering weeks All the blacked out nights into white out mornings  
Into gray matter damagings  
So call me Fat Fuck, geriatric punk rock  
Give it straight 'cause I deserve A verbal beating from an audience bleating  
And a melee with no concern  
Everybody wants to give a shit outta me  
I won't give it but I'll give irresponsiveness Everybody wants to drag me up again  
I wanna go but the price keeps going up  
Going down is simple and practical  
Laying low but keeping it cynical  
I'm on the wagon and it's such a drag  
Without a key kick, shot and a drag Evidently no one likes a quitter  
Or an old punk's bitterness  
So I'm waiting for the tap  
On my shoulder 'cause we're all getting older not better  
The laughs are no longer with us So call me Fat Fuck, geriatric punk  
Call me Fat Fuck, geriatric punk  
Call me Fat Fuck, geriatric punk  
Shit faced, Master of Disgrace

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