

The Vans Song

The Suicide Machines

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Well, you're just like a club fag, wearing Doc Martens
Get a pair of chukka's or some checkerboard slip-ons
Worship Jeff Spicoli not Chris Cornell
Get a pair of vans or God will send you to hell
To hell, to hell Well you think Doc Martens are the coolest invention
Since someone sliced a loaf of bread in someone else's kitchen
The plain truth this is that you just plain suck
So why should I tell you not to waste a hundred bucks Vans in my head, vans on my feet
My sole is on the ground when I'm walking down the street
Two, three, four
Don't wear no Doc Martens can't wear no Birkenstocks
Just a crummy old pair of Chuka boots and a smelly old pair of socks Well if you want to wear them, you don't
have to ride a skateboard
You can even wear them with a pair of old cords
Someone'll probably tell you that they're not in trend
Just tell them that's the reason why you don't have any friends
No friends', no friends' Now I don't wanna hear about alternative footwear
And I don't wanna hear about your new hair-do
See, I don't give a shit about you stupid motherfuckers
'Cause I just wanna get a pair of olive green Chuka's Vans in my head, vans on my feet
My sole is on the ground when I'm walking down the street
Two, three, four
Don't wear no Doc Martens can't wear no Birkenstocks
Just a crummy old pair of Chuka boots and a smelly old pair of socks Vans in my head, vans on my feet
My sole is on the ground when I'm walking down the street
Two, three, four
Don't wear no Doc Martens can't wear no Birkenstocks
Just a crummy old pair of Chuka boots and a smelly old pair of socks

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