

No Friends

The Sainte Catherines

So your hair's bleached white now
[Incomprehensible] County down
Hanging out with L.A. sleaze well
Go ahead and push us, we don't want you around
Sang for the Slashers you told Hermosa Beach
So you used to be a surfer in Huntington Beach
You're a liar if you follow all trends
Get out of here, asshole, you've got no friends
Just cling to the scene
But not when everybody knows what you are
Where are you gonna go next?
I hear San Francisco's second best
Got no friends
Do you think you're real tough with the locks and chains?
You know we want to use them to beat on your brains
[Incomprehensible] blue dye on your head
You stupid fucker, I wish you were dead
Sang for the Slashers you told Hermosa Beach
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You're a liar if you follow a trend
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