

# Green Corn

**NOFX**

Sometimes I think of all the places I don't wanna go  
Then I think of all the things I never wanna do  
Think of all the people I never wanna meet  
I close my eyes and I go to sleep  
Tully baby, you're trapped behind your golden bars  
I'm the Prince of poverty hangin' out in bars  
Your life's a Mercedes, a mansion with a pool  
My life's on a bus stop just waiting for some fuel  
Your disgusts me, I see through your macho lies  
Fight everything you stand for  
There's something in your purse baby, my head is getting sore  
Maybe what we had was just green corn

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