

# Punks In A Disco Bar

## Beach Slang

The words I scream  
Are meaningless or holy things  
They kiss my tongue  
Before they split to fix someone When nothing's loud  
I punch my heart I flex my mouth  
Until it comes  
On like a truth  
Brilliant and dumb Man, they taught me to talk  
Then told me to shut up  
I never cared  
But, man, it cut I'm nothing clean  
I'm garbage thoughts and dirty knees  
A fucked-up punk  
I'm a bastard light I ain't no one's son

Songwriters

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