

Rock 'n' Roll Nerd

Tim Minchin

He doesn't have a problem with drugs
He just doesn't do them
He's fine that his mates have tattoos
But he reckons they'll rue them
He likes going to pubs
But he hates it when the music's too loud
He tends not to go to rock concerts
Cos he can't stand the crowds But all he's ever wanted to be
Is a rock star on Rage or MTV
But he knows that it's not very likely
He's just turned thirty
He knows that he
Will always be
A rock 'n' roll nerd
He'll keep writing songs the world will never hear
And though they won't be heard
He'll just keep writing But you see the problem is
He always dreamt of being a star
But he learnt piano instead of guitar
Which, in the nineties, didn't get you very far
So while the other kids were learning Stairway
He was the piano to their forte
But he was convinced one day he'd rock their fucking asses
And be an icon for the disenfranchised masses
And grow his hair long and rebel against the state
But just for now that'd have to wait
Cos he's running late for his morning classes
And he will always be
A rock 'n' roll nerd
He'll keep playing gigs that no one knows about
And though it sounds absurd
He'll just keep playing But you see the problem is
There's not much depth in what he's singing
He's a victim of his upper-middle class upbringing
So he can't write about the 'hood or bling bling
So he sits and imagines his girlfriend is dead
To try and invoke some angst in his middle class head
But she's always fine
At half past nine

When they go to bed And he's not spent a single night in prison

He has no issues with nutrition

He has no drinking problem and no drug addiction

Unless you count the drugs they put in chicken

And marijuana always tends to make him cough

He doesn't look good with his t-shirt off

And when he tries to act tough

You can tell he's trickin' While his mates

All go out late

Poppin' pills and having fun

He goes home and showers

Gets a good eight hours

He gets his thrills from his morning run And while his mates

All go on dates

Taking speed and drinking cans of Beam

He stays home and cooks

Curls up with a book

With a girl he's had since he was seventeen Cos he's never been part of the scene

While the other kids liked Gunners, he liked Queen

He's more into Beatles than the Stones

He's more Stevie Wonder than Ramones

And he's never owned a Transit van

He's never shot a Sepultura fan

He doesn't know the difference between metal and thrash

He couldn't tell you nothing about Axl and Slash

He likes Ben Folds and the Jackson Five

He knows all the words to Staying Alive

And though he wants to be all grungy and cool

He spent eleven years in a private school So it don't matter how he tries

He cannot hide behind his rock 'n' roll lies

Because you've either got it or you don't

Yeah you'll either rock it or you won't

Yeah you've either got it or you don't

Yeah you'll either rock it or you won't He knows that his music lacks depth but it just can't be helped

He has nothing interesting to say so he writes about himself

But he doesn't want to see self-obsessed so he writes in third person

In an attempt to seem more rock 'n' roll he knows it's not working Deep in his heart he knows he

Will never be Bono or Bowie

And even if he was quite pretty

And wrote songs like Britney

He knows that he Will always be

A rock 'n' roll nerd

He'll keep writing songs the world don't care about

And though they won't be heard

He'll just keep writing

You can criticise him
But he won't care
Cos he wants to rock
And he will never be deterred
But he'll always be a fucked-up, little, try-hard, wannabe rock 'n' roll nerd
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