

Golfshirt

Nerf Herder

I'm not the one you dream about
And I'm not the one who you can't live without
I'm not the one who you wanna see
I'm not the one who you want to be seen with
And when you're tired of all the jerks
And you're tired of all the work
And you're tired of being hurt
You will long for the comfort of my golfshirt
I'm not the one who was an old time punk rocker
I was listening to Rush and trying to feather my hair back
When all that stuff went down
I'm not the one who's in a high school hardcore band
I sat in my room scoring with Ms. Pac-Man
And when you're tired of all the jerks
And you're tired of all the work
And you're tired of being hurt
You will long for the comfort of my golfshirt, yeah
No tats, no piercings, no hats
No grunge beard baby, yeah
No tats, no piercings and no hats
No grunge beard baby
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
No tats, no piercings, no hats
No grunge beard baby, yeah
No tats, no piercings and no hats
No grunge beard baby
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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