

Wore Out The Soles Of My Party Boots

NOFX

Life is fast but I don't wanna live past you
'Cause you are my only roots
I was the king of the drug, booze thing
Now I've worn out the soles of my party boots So call me shit faced, 'Master of Disgrace'
I don't care 'cause my outer skin
Is thick like crust and a liver that's rusted out
Now, I'm on a list Everybody wants to give a shit outta me
I won't give it but I'll give ambivalence
I gotta memory box 'cause my memory blocks me
From remembering weeks All the blacked out nights into white out mornings
Into gray matter damagings
So call me Fat Fuck, geriatric punk rock
Give it straight 'cause I deserve A verbal beating from an audience bleating
And a melee with no concern
Everybody wants to give a shit outta me
I won't give it but I'll give irresponsiveness Everybody wants to drag me up again
I wanna go but the price keeps going up
Going down is simple and practical
Laying low but keeping it cynical
I'm on the wagon and it's such a drag
Without a key kick, shot and a drag Evidently no one likes a quitter
Or an old punk's bitterness
So I'm waiting for the tap
On my shoulder 'cause we're all getting older not better
The laughs are no longer with us So call me Fat Fuck, geriatric punk
Call me Fat Fuck, geriatric punk
Call me Fat Fuck, geriatric punk
Shit faced, Master of Disgrace

Songwriters

Michael John Burkett Published by

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