

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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