

Anarchy Camp

Nofx

I got an invitation to anarchy camp
There will be twistin', fistin', biting, fighting all in an evening
The soundtrack will go multi platinum
Barbecue a boca while the effigies burn
You may not wanna stay to see how we take care of a turncoat
Christina's kinda far away so come a long with me
We can dance and trip and be anarchists
We gotta get the manual and put it in the oven 'til it cooks
Then we're gonna take the ashes to the wassail
And use them to spike the punch
Rules of anarchy camp: reckless abandonment, random acts of dumbness will
be rewarded
If you see somebody taking charge, you'll be expected to beat them
'cause everyone who's no one, will be participating
No one who is someone, will ever get to know the joys of anarchism, destruction of the system
So come along
with us salad days and nights on the anarchaic bus
We're gonna pick up indigents and crusties and a half a dozen nuts
And we're never coming home
Underwater basket-weaving (we got some arts and crafts)
Meth-amphetamine symposiums (they last a couple days)
African killer spelling bees (you better get it right)
Bowling in ice hockey rinks (of course checking is allowed)
Anarchy camp's never inert (you think we don't know that it's)
Not much fun 'til someone gets hurt (our only motto)
So we're greasing up the rusty vert ramp
Time to make some reservations for next years

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