Cap'n Scrub

Pain

Way back in 1982...
My friends and me, We had some work to do
But still we stuck to our guns
And made a whole lot of fun
Af those who toed the line
As we all bent the rules.
But now there's nothing left to do.
Brakes failed and the car kept driving.
Back-up plan fell through.
Better call the cops 'cause you know we're not stopping.
Call the scrubs
When the quarterback chokes and you're in trouble.
Call the scrubs
'Cause it's shirts and skins and we're in warm-ups.
Call the scrubs
From the punk rock bars to the high school halls,
A wealth of rising possibilities...
A royal society of weirdos, losers and freaks.
Their fashion sense can be bad,
But that's okay with me.
I'll tell you what I will do,
I'll pay my membership dues
And watch you spin your wheels And lose your fuel
And now there's nothing left to do.
Brakes failed and the car kept driving.
Back-up plan fell through.
Better call the cops 'cause you know we're not stopping.
Call the scrubs
When the quarterback chokes and you're in trouble.
Call the scrubs
'Cause it's shirts and skins and we're in warm-ups.
Call the scrubs
From the punk rock bars to the high school halls,
A wealth of rising possibilities...
And the coach is there, but he knows not what to do
And the newspaper says that the first string sucks
but don't look now, Captain of the B-team's
Got a good plan and intends to keep it.
Two men out, batter's passed out,

Takes a look around and the kids are screaming...
Call the scrubs
When the quarterback chokes and you're in trouble.
Call the scrubs
'Cause it's shirts and skins and we're in warm-ups.
Call the scrubs
From the punk rock bars to the high school halls,
A wealth of rising possibilities...

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