

The City With Two Faces

Goldfinger

I tried once to be civil
But I just got put on hold
I'm sick of hearing complaints
The espresso is too cold
You act like you're a friend
But then you talk 'bout how we suck
Just save it for your dildo
That's the only thing you'll fuck

If I was smart I'd run fast
Out of this town
Sometimes I want to shout and scream
Fuck L.A.

Traded your Doc Martens
In exchange for cowboy boots
You're asking who's Keith Morris
Yeah you're punk rock
Where's your roots
You're a rocker you're a biker
You're punk rock now you skate
Last year it was Zeppelin
Now it's Bad Brains
You're a fake

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Fuck it