

# Dead Kennedys, Chickenshit Conformist

Punk's not dead  
It just deserves to die  
When it becomes another stale cartoon  
A close-minded, self-centered social club  
Ideas don't matter, it's who you know

If the music's gotten boring  
It's because of the people  
Who want everyone to sound the same

Who drive bright people out  
Of our so-called scene  
'Til all that's left  
Is just a meaningless fad

Hardcore formulas are dogshit  
Change and caring are what's real  
Is this a state of mind  
Or just another label?

The joy and hope of an alternative  
Has become its own cliché  
A hairstyle's not a lifestyle  
Imagine Sid Vicious at 35

Who needs a scene  
Scared to love and to feel  
Judging everything  
By loud fast rules appeal

Who played last night?  
"I don't know, I forgot.  
But diving off the stage  
Was a lot of fun."

So eager to please  
Peer pressure decrees  
So eager to please  
Peer pressure decrees  
Make the same old mistakes  
Again and again  
Chickenshit conformist  
Like your parents

What's ripped us apart even more than drugs  
Are the thieves and the goddamn liars  
Flipping people off when they share their stuff  
When someone falls are there any friends?

Harder core than thou for a year or two  
Then it's time to get a real job  
Others stay home, it's no fun to go out  
When the gigs are wrecked by gangs and thugs

When the thugs form bands, look who gets record deals  
From New York metal labels looking to scam  
Who sign the most racist queerbashing bands they can find  
To make a buck revving kids up for war

Walk tall, act small  
Only as tough as gang approval  
Unity is bullshit  
When it's under someone's fat boot

Where's the common cause  
Too many factions  
Safely sulk in their shells  
Agree with us on everything  
Or we won't help with anything  
That kind of attitude  
Just makes a split grow wider

Guess who's laughing while the world explodes  
When we're all crybabies  
Who fight best among ourselves

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That farty old rock and roll attitude's back  
&quot;It's competition, man, we wanna break big.&quot;  
Who needs friends when the money's good?  
That's right, the 70s are back.

Cock-rock metal's like a bad laxative  
It just don't move me, ya know?  
The music's OK when there's more ideas than solos  
Do we really need the attitude too?

Shedding thin skin too quickly  
As a fan it disappoints me  
Same old stupid sexist lyrics  
Or is Satan all you can think of?

Crossover is just another word  
For lack of ideas  
Maybe what we need  
Are more trolls under the bridge  
Will the metalheads finally learn something-  
Or will the punks throw away their education?

No one's ever the best  
Once they believe their own press  
&quot;Maturing&quot; don't mean rehashing  
Mistakes of the past

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The more things change  
The more they stay the same  
We can't grow  
When we won't criticize ourselves  
The 60s weren't all failure  
It's the 70s that stunk  
As the clock ticks we dig the same hole

Music scenes ain't real life  
They won't get rid of the bomb  
Won't eliminate rape  
Or bring down the banks  
Any kind of real change  
Takes more time and work  
Than changing channels on a TV set

So why are we  
So eager to please  
Peer pressure decrees  
So eager to please  
Peer pressure decrees  
Make the same old mistakes  
Again and again

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Like your parents