

Pulley, Outside Opinion

so you want to put everybody down,
you don't like the way that anybody sounds.
if you don't like it here then why you come around
if you've got nothing valid to say
and won't waste my time saying how long i've been here,
if you can't respect the dues i've paid,
your thinking isn't clear. it really shouldn't matter,
should be only what you hear,
but i don't think you're listening anymore.
spent two hundred thousand miles
with my shit packed in a van,
if the music made us friends,
then the love made us a band.
if you need an explanation then you'll never understand.
this music's just a part of me grew up with the outside opinion,
an outcast of the inside dominion lived
my whole life against the grain.
it always seemed i was one foot out of step.
never do anything that anyone would accept.
if that's someone's fault, i'll take the blame.
so now i got a question, where were you in '84?
i'm still touring in a van, sleeping on a strangers' floor.
what we do today is what we used to do before.
why you want anything more?
gotta prove you're punk so you rebel against the scene.
so elite admit defeat don't know what you really mean.
if the shows all disappear, is that what you want to see?
why you gotta ruin it for me?