

# Screeching Weasel, Slogans

Words are stirring, your anger's burning  
You could really use a slogan right now  
Eighteen and feeling pretty mean  
Cause you're sick and fucking tired  
of being pushed around and around  
Up and fucking down  
You wanna believe there's an answer, well there's not

And the funny thing about it is that  
Two hours later they're just words  
that you seem to have forgot

Don't think about what's right or wrong  
Just leave the thinking to your boss  
Do what you're supposed to now

Your heart is pounding, your feet hit the ground  
You wanna see some action right now  
Feeling strong gonna right some wrong  
gonna raise your banner and stand up tall and proud

Don't tell me ideology has a thing to do with it  
You like to think you're different but  
You're all one big fucked up power trip  
And I really don't give a shit  
What you happen to believe in  
Now you can finally begin to feel like you fit in  
Don't ever listen to yourself  
You'll fuck it up just like you always do  
Someone will be there to explain your job so do it