

Marty was a punk rocker
he went to all the shows
patches on Swiss Army pants
and two rings in his nose
he had an old Nash Rambler
no insurance, not much gas
and a dancing hula girl that bobbed on the dash
feeling kind of stupid
one day he broke down
he drove his ugly car to the edge of town
he sunk it in the quarry
just because he could
and 'cause the rear defroster never worked too good
Marty where you going
whatcha going to?
what's the point in not conforming
if it changes you?
when this world runs out of answers
would you even know?
does the truth have any bearing on which way you go?
he took the bus to Santa Cruz
he hitchhiked to L.A.
a preacherman had picked him up
and drove him half the way
he said "there's two kinds of people that i've met
those who ask the questions
and those who don't ask questions yet"
then he turned, asking Marty
which one that he thought he was
Marty shrugged and shook his head
forgetting what the question was
you'd do almost anything someone told you not to do
just because someone else told you it was cool
remember long ago, someone said to get a life?
did you ever think they might be right?
Marty was a rebel, he never had a cause
it may be stupid and cliché
but that's because he was
he spent his whole life straying from the norm
he was neither hot or cold
just boring and lukewarm
it didn't seem to bother him
he didn't seem to mind
his cathartic life
just buried somewhere in the timeline