

"The Official Limp Wrist Discography."  
41 trax plus video for your viewing  
pleasure.



# LIMP WRIST

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pic. Karoline Collins

Microphone: On occasion Garlica Stanx but most often done by Martin aka bitch ass queen of the scene (and you know it!)



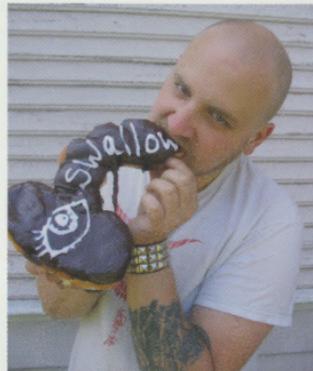
pic. Karoline Collins

Drums: on Lp and 7" Paul Henry letting all the goods hang out of his cheer leading outfit during several gigs, this girl likes girls but does a fabulous job cheering for our team.

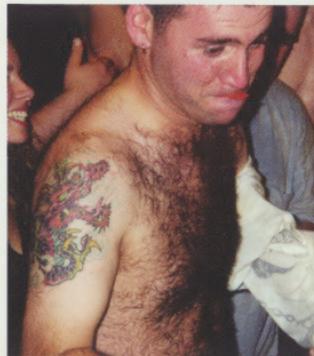


pic. Matt Average

Bass: Boa wearing, Crusty cruising, Andrew Martini. He is armed with memberships to every gay bar in Philly. Hook it up!



Drums on demo: Scott Moore the craver of the cream, on his knees or on all fours this limp wristed original keeps them coming back for more.



Guitar: Mark, aka fuzzy, maker of crappy limp wrist boot cds to pay for his electrolysis.



### Limp Wrist

After several long-distance phone calls between Martin (Chicago) and Mark (Albany, NY), and many hours of talking about how great it would be to have an all-gay straight-edge hardcore band, our minds began to race on who the hell else could possibly join up with two desperate, hairy fags on a quest to FAGIFY the scene? Who were other gay hardcore punks in the scene? So, we remembered that our friend Andrew from Philly was a big twinkie-ass queen (!), and Scott a bear-seeking, bent kid from Philly happened to hear through the punk rumor mill about this shit and of course wanted to join. Meanwhile, back in Chicago and Albany, Martin and Mark were brainstorming for band names. Mark suggested "Crushed Skull" as a tough-sounding name for the band, but Martin sassily snapped "Limp Wrist", and from that moment on, like a dick to a hairy ass, it stuck. One weekend, we all met up in a Philly basement (aka castle grey skull) and tried to write what would be our first eight songs. We managed to write some of the music pretty quickly, but the music was definitely not going to set Limp Wrist apart from ordinary hardcore bands.

Late nights were spent at Philly's tragic Cheap Art café, which we just adored. Coffee, snapping black drag queens, Gay skinheads, E-ed out raver kids, Bowie and Cocksparrer on the jukebox all helped inspire some of the song writing. This along with the everyday frustration of queers on a quest for a bit of happiness in this fucking cruel, selfish, and indifferent world, our hopes of finding punk love in this asexual punk scene made us cringe harder than a queen on poppers at a fisting party. We were pissed!

So here we were, twenty years after punk started, feeling too gay for the punks, too punk for the gays. Since falling out of punk or suicide were not one of our options, we decided to NOT do the world of favor and opted for being bold and out about who we really were and what we really wanted. Limp Wrist came to life. We played several cities in the U.S. for sometime and about a year after existence Scott Moore left the band and we found Paul Henry to replace him on drums.

The following is a list of some of the issues The Wrist felt strongly about.

First and foremost no more urinal dividers in public bathrooms, voyeurism rules!

Pro-copping same sex feels at shows for women and men alike.

Nudity at shows, cross-dressing, dragging out, trannying out, diking out.

Man on Man contact not punching or fighting but kissing stroking, dry humping, flat out fucking and sucking after the show. Ok, and during the show too.

Dancing, (why all the aggro?) Shake your fucking asses!!!!

To hell with the military and wanting queers to join it, we did not spend most our lives struggling to come out of the closet to live/love freely, just to go waste it fighting and defending some straight dudes with fucked up issues.

### Blow Jobs Not Bombs!

The Gay flag, besides being an identifier in public places, is of no use and does not fully signify diversity, gays and lesbians have race issues just like straights do so get over yourselves and let's deal with these issues, until then, pass me the flag I need a new cum rag.

Madonna is not our mascot and neither is Britney, Nor Cristina, not even Cher, Dolly, Bette, or Barbara--fuck them all!!!!

We present you with "Thee official limp wrist discography," 41 trax taken from our demo, seven inch, and Ip plus video and a few pix for your listening and viewing pleasure. ENJOY !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

### I Love Hardcore Boys, I Love Boys Hardcore

Tight pants and wallet chains  
hooded sweats&addidas drive me insane  
dreadlocked crusties are hot and cant be beat  
just double up the condom and stay away from their feet  
I LOVE HARDCORE BOYS, I LOVE BOYS HARDCORE!

Bi-hawks and studs are really hot  
Emo kids whine, but I'll give em a shot  
Tight pant-skinheads with bodies that stack  
This whole damn scene makes my eyes roll back  
I LOVE HARDCORE BOYS, I LOVE BOYS HARDCORE!

I love hardcore boys, it's too good to be true  
One on one or the whole damn crew  
It's all exciting for us so lets give it a whirl  
I love hardcore boys cuz they make my toes curl

Romulin-looking Justin clones got style  
But sports wearing edgers are who we'd like to pile  
After being with a peace punk in black  
We're definite that you're never turning back  
I LOVE HARDCORE BOYS, I LOVE BOYS HARDCORE!

### Secrets

Folks you've always been there for me  
I've made you as happy as can be  
No dope or booze, I've kept it pretty clean  
I'm practically every parents dream  
But one detail I've left out  
And mom I don't mean to shock  
But you're good old boy loves sucking cock.  
No more secrets

I've always got good grades in school  
Honor role sticker on the car for proof  
Trophies grace your living room walls  
MVP plaques in the school halls  
But what coach couldn't fathom  
Is that his best man's a bottom  
And our boy likes getting screwed  
No more secrets

### Cruisin' At The Show

Just got to the show  
I saw you walk in all alone  
And you look good with your youth crew wear  
Shaved head tough face and your revelation gear  
I saw you from across the pit  
Your eyes looked into mine and we nodded  
Cuz we both wanted it  
You turned away hoping no one had seen  
Yet we knew we both had needs  
I made my way to the back of the club  
Brushed my arm against you and gave you a little nudge  
We met up later that night  
Messed around over and over  
Cuz we knew it was right

### Smear the FEAR

Little boy games putting up a front  
Just an excuse on lie on each other what a stunt  
Locker room peepshow for soaped up boys  
Just throw in the towel & make some noise

Together we can smear the F.E.A.R.  
Lets can this shit FEAR

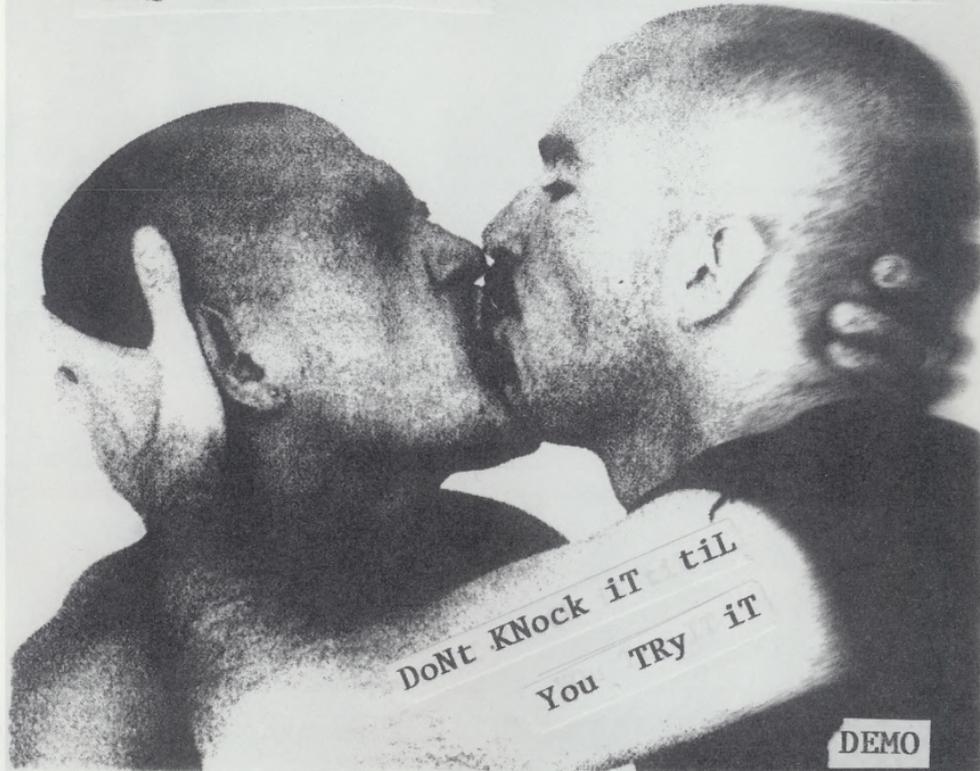
What's with all the phobias and fears  
Don't overlook the guy next to you,  
he might really care  
no need for a game to touch a mans ass  
just call your buddy over & make the pass

Together we can smear the F.E.A.R.  
Lets can this shit FEAR



pic. Sean Capone

# X LIMP WRIST X



DEMO

### Cheap Art

Caffeine flows through vogueing queens  
Living a nocturnal scene  
Don't give any shade  
Byron's deadly snaps  
will put you in your place  
CHEAP ART

### Limp Wrist

Hey we're the kids were hear to set the score  
Were tired of fucking hiding we wont do it no more  
Come out of the closet and into the pit  
Boy on boy contact, you know it's the shit  
LIMP WRIST

No more bullshit tough attitudes  
Mimicking daddy will no longer do  
Challenge the system and challenge yourself  
And if you're man enough, you got to do it Limp Wrist  
style

That's right kids, we are Limp Wrist

### You Ain't That Fierce

Just because you're gay, you aren't exempt  
Waves of flags and shouts of pride have been  
Sent underneath that disco beat I've heard the hate  
While you move your feet  
Fuck your pride, which you scream so loud same old  
race shit, if there is no room for all then there's no need  
to be proud  
Salsa, rice, and dinge queens are some of the terms, and  
honey, like the hottest of chilis, I'll make your ass burn  
Yeah, I'm a latin lover, a spicy little prick  
Oozing with passion yeah, so what if I've got an uncut  
dick

### Back in the days

I remember the days when very few were out  
Shows were runned by a bunch of tough-guy fucks  
Where all were afraid – boys and girls alike  
Just imagine how it was for us fags & dykes  
Things were ugly, the scene was a wreck  
Lots of blood & violence  
Beat downs were common -- shit it sucked

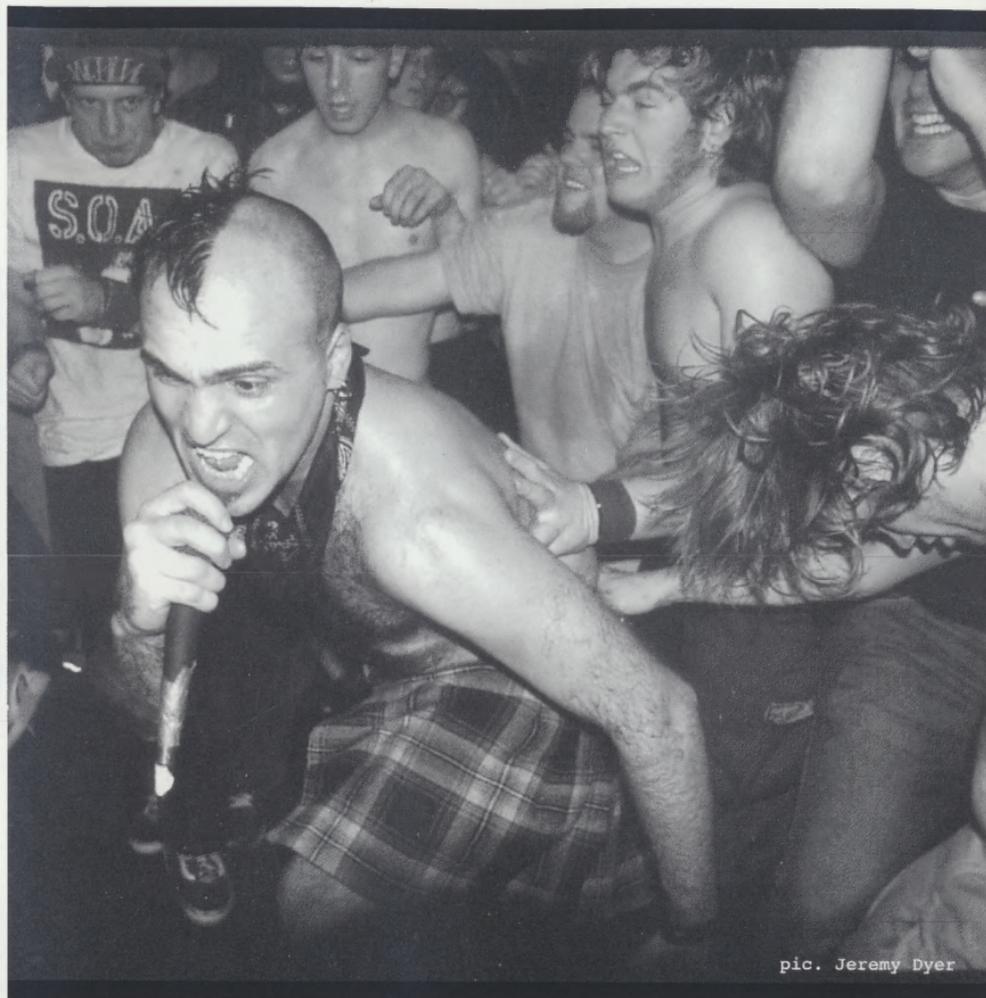
Then came the day that people fought back  
Using their voice and song  
Putting motherfuckers on check

Found some direction, doing it as one  
Fighting for a better way & having some fun

Cruisin' At The Show



pic. Ricky Adam



pic. Jeremy Dyer



pic. Jeremy Dyer

### Relatives Got Nerve

Stop asking for my girlfriends name  
I'm not playing this whole wedding game  
Photos of boys on my walls don't seem to convince  
I'm never gonna be some girls' prince!  
Clue in the uncles and aunts about my game  
Cuz family dinner just wont be the same  
One more word about a kid and a wife  
Me and my man are crashing dinner on Christmas night  
Relatives got nerve, yeah  
They got a whole lot of fucking nerve

### Punk Ass Queers

Yeah, we're the freaks in town  
Creepy horny queens with our rhinestone crowns  
Wont wed for the church or state  
We're punk ass queers, normalcy is what we hate

### Military gays, what a bore

Don't guinea pig me for your fucked up wars  
Log cabin queens, stuffy conservative shit  
In the spirit of stonewall queens  
We'll put an end to it

### TV shows Abercrombie gays galore

Showing to the straight world  
We ain't weird no more  
Fuck all this pity me shit  
Bring on the drag kings with their big fake dicks  
I'll hang with hustlers, leather boys and punks  
I'm just not down with this normal world junk.



pic. Matt Average

### Limp Wrist vs Dr. Laura

This song is called Limp Wrist vs Dr. Laura  
Uh huh!  
We'll we've got a problem with you  
That's right  
You're not even a real doctor  
Uh huh!  
You and your fake ass degree talking so much shit on us  
queers, well let me tell you something Laura  
We are livid!  
If Limp Wrist ever crosses your path, its over!  
That's right girl!

Oh girl, you're such a mess you've put the wrist to the test  
We're tired of your talk show hate, sex isn't only to procreate

Hey Laura! We're pissed  
Watch out! We're pissed

So you think us queers are sick  
You better cling on to your morals cuz you're about to get licked  
Our sister punks are combing the streets  
They're gonna put your bullshit under their feet

Hey Laura We're pissed! Watch out We're pissed  
You are Ovah!!!! SNAP!

### This ain't no cross on my hand

Christian infiltration  
You've got a biblical vision  
Wanting to instill it on Hard-core  
With conservative precision

This ain't no cross on my hand

This X on my hand is no dead mans stigmata  
Centuries of hate disguised on a pamphlet at a show  
Impressionable kids believe it but they haven't lived enough to know

This ain't no cross on my hand  
Underneath all the false promises and peace  
Is nothing but a bunch of lies and the end of you and me.  
This ain't no cross on my hand

### Brotherhood

You know were all about that brotherhood  
You always feared us and thought we never could  
Be so queer and hard-core in this day

We're being out and our heads are high

We're being out and our heads are high  
No more fear we cant hide  
Its our lives its our love  
Its our time and its our pride

Brotherhood Brotherhood  
We're all about that brotherhood

### Thanks

I thank you for introducing me to  
something I've never had before  
A place where I can go hang out  
Hang out with the boys  
Where you had my back and I had yours  
Went to shows arm in arm  
And guess what no one ever frowned

Thanks you for the records and all the fanzines  
With the photos of cuties that grace or hot ass scene  
But most of all thanks for the beefy cake drawings  
Of straight-edge looking gods  
Its like a Tom of Finland for teens

### We Started This Band Just So We Could Get Dates

Yeah kids this is all really a front,  
we ain't really a punch of punks,  
just a band of hard up queens  
who squirmed our way into your damn scene!  
We want your digits, emails or cards  
Phone numbers come in handy when we play your town  
Desperation kicks in now and then  
So we'll be sure to approach you with a paper and a pen  
We're desperate yeah so fucking desperate  
Cant you see through the lies  
We came to work you, don't like the disguise

Cant you tell we're a bunch of fakes?

### OD'd on Pop

Oh shit what's gone wrong  
What the fuck is going on  
This music is too fast  
Its such a short song  
The vocals sound like ass  
Cant catch the beat  
How the hell can I move my feet?  
Are you sure this band is gay?  
Its so fast and aggressive, what  
The hell did he just say?  
OD'd on pop!

### Give Me A Fucking Break

Cute songs about love  
Pretty candy-coated hallmark shit  
Goopy chocolate hetero drip  
It makes me fucking sick

Pop songs about gummy love  
Straight world sappy stuff  
pour your heart out if you wish  
I send you a box of fuckoffs  
And I seal it with a kiss



### Define

Come around new to this and  
You and your friends form a crew  
Old ideas from another place  
Trying to tell us all what we're supposed to be about

Don't try! Don't try!  
Don't try to define what my life's supposed to mean to  
We laugh hard at your empty ideas of what hard-core  
means  
Reaching out to the clique  
Wanting to fit in, in a year you'll be over it.

### What 12 Years of Church Couldn't Kill

For so damn long I had an urge  
Naughty thoughts in my head would splurge  
Just a teen what could I possibly know  
Were where catholic boys weren't supposed to go  
Man on man scenarios ran through my mind  
Fear over-powered me deep inside  
What twelve years of church couldn't kill

Like ghosts, it haunted, came up after dark  
Leather-boy three-somes in a public park  
I would wake to find it was just a dream  
Moisture in my undies, such fun made me scream  
Hoped and waited for the dream to come again  
I had to make it all real, no satisfaction til then.  
What twelve fucking years of church couldn't kill

### A Message to the President

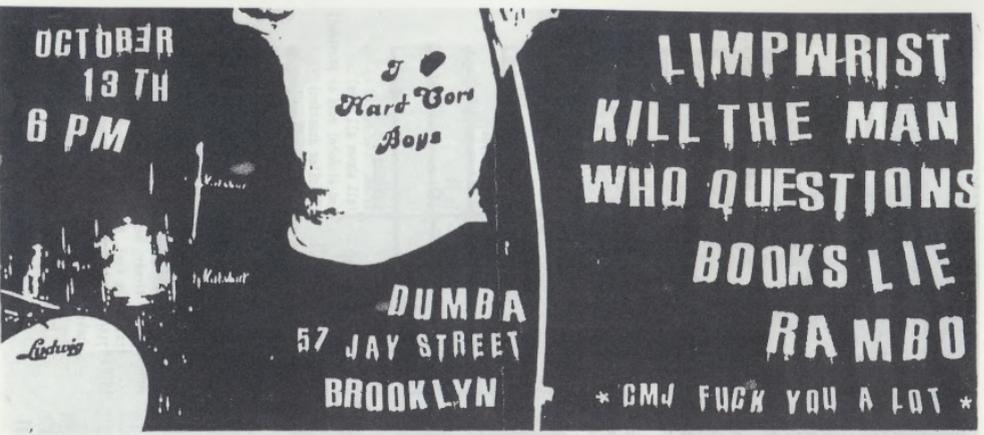
We cant talk about loving dick  
While our country is run by a lunatic  
Can't be cruising for a date  
While missiles cruise over to Kuwait

Get Bush Out! Want Bush Out!

Gay, Straight, Your rights, my rights  
Doesn't matter who you bed  
Limp Wrist Wont be happy until the Motherfucker's dead!



pic. Jeremy Dyer



LIMPWRIST  
 KILL THE MAN  
 WHO QUESTIONS  
 BOOKS LIE  
 RAMBO  
 \* CMJ FUCK YOU A LOT \*

**Man to Man**

Look at the way you carry yourself  
 Hard as nails stiff faced self  
 You're such a man  
 Hold your dick up above your head  
 Walk this town with your "tuff" friends  
 You're all such men  
 You talk of "chicks" that they're all sluts  
 I've got some girlfriends that could kill you fucks  
 You're so stupid, man  
 Bully-boys in an angry fit  
 Wanna beat on me, but you ain't shit That's right man  
 What "ooohh" I'm fucking scared You cant hack I read your shit  
 Yeah to your face does it hurt?  
 Are you pissed? Inherited passed-down ignorance You wear it well and proud  
 Now deal with it, kid  
 Up in your face, now run home to daddy  
 And tell him you got your ass kicked  
 By some fag!

**No Choice** (words + music by The Faith)

**What's Up With The Kids**

What's up with some of the kids?  
 Call yourself hardcore punks  
 Well you're full of shit  
 You're not so radical you closeted wimp  
 You got the bible up your ass and  
 Christ is your pimp  
 Insecure tough guy crap  
 Yeah, that's dead  
 We believe you can change  
 We're not asking you to bed  
 Compare your lyrics with what  
 The bigots have said  
 It's all the same rhetoric and  
 You're the fool that's been misled

**Stabbed In The Back**  
 Last time I saw you  
 You said you were don't with it  
 You claimed it was a crazy idea  
 Fucking with your head  
 Proclamations were made that you  
 Could never be gay  
 But after I had been with you I  
 Knew there was no other way

Thought a woman could put you back  
 On track but shit I already knew  
 I got stabbed in the back

One day you realized you couldn't (  
 Convert you came back to me and I  
 Could tell from that look  
 After doing our thang you and I knew  
 A man's touch is all it took.

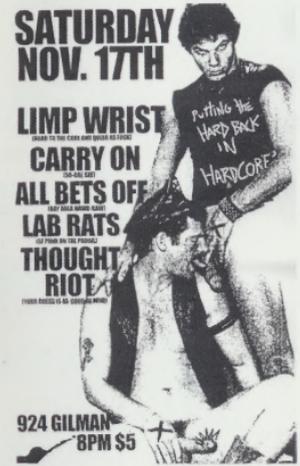
**Rainbows**  
 How do I fit in this rainbow machine?  
 Pride and waves of flags in this  
 Beauty-boy scene  
 Shaved bodies, tight tummies all around  
 I am such a lost queer walking down the streets  
 Of Boys town

Fashion dictates if you're wrong or right  
 Abercrombie Fitch, Gap what a fright  
 Versace, Prada, Diesel and many more  
 Label Flashing shit, what a bore

Punk queers shit let's put it where it's at  
 Bald or hairy, thin or thick you know I like  
 That fat  
 Pull off your punk shirts and lets not hide  
 Let's rework this thing they call pride

**Recruiting Time**  
 Limp Wrist recruits you  
 X up the kids and get in line  
 With you the crew grows  
 Cuz its Limp Wrist time

Why do you think we want you in our crew  
 Just cuz you got dick it doesn't mean you'll do  
 Don't try to flatter you little  
 Homo phobic ass  
 Paranoid kid you know we're Limp Wrist  
 And we got class  
 LIMP WRIST RECRUITS, YEAH, FUCK YOU!



### Angry Queen

Won't buy – don't buy  
 No profit from pride  
 Target me target you  
 Queer marketing – Jcrew  
 Gap, Fitch, and Coors alike  
 Sponsors of gay pride  
 Proudly profit from labor abuse  
 Sweatshops to sitcoms pride in who?  
 My sexuality has no label or tag  
 You cant market this fierce fag.

### The Ode

Cross-dressing punks will make Jane County cream  
 Orgasm addict with Pete Shelly I sing  
 Dicks like Gary Floyd I truly adore  
 I want Biscuits from the Big boys knocking on my door

For You! For You!  
 Limp Wrist sings this song for you!

Put me in a pit with Mike Bullshit, Lets Go!  
 Want the kids of Warpath hanging at out shows  
 Nikki Parasite can sing a medley for me  
 I want Josh of the Mukilteo Fairies cruising this scene

For You! For You!  
 Limp Wrist sings this song for you!

For all who are living out  
 Putting life on the line it's a constant bout  
 We want you to know Limp Wrist sings this song for you, too.

Harum Scarum got the power that's right  
 Re-Sisters take on Europe with all their might  
 Punk dykes fore fronted this fight for so long  
 And we're backing them up, cause we know they ain't wrong

For You! For You!  
 Limp Wrist sings this song for you!



pic. Karoline Collins

### Complex

Tear them pages out one by one  
 Lets rip them up one by one  
 Air-brushed to perfection for the world to see  
 Ridiculous standard its not for you its not for me

In recent years men got it bad  
 Body size complex – zero body fat  
 We've become so scared for what or for whom  
 I ain't going back to no high school locker room

We've got ourselves caught up worrying about size  
 Its your attitude and character that make you a prize  
 Don't care if your hung or not I could care less  
 If we're making each other happy  
 It'll work out for the best

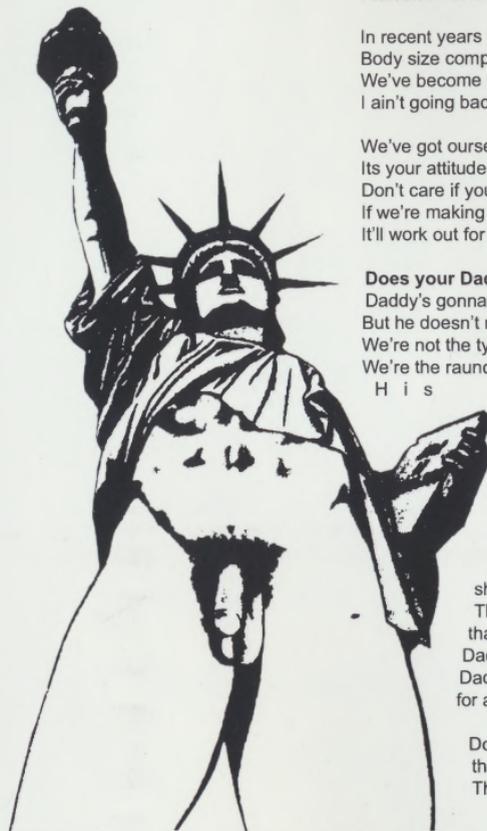
### Does your Daddy Know?

Daddy's gonna drop his boy off at the show  
 But he doesn't realize Limp Wrist is playing, oh no!  
 We're not the typical safe punk band  
 We're the raunchy ol' Wrist A band of punk fags

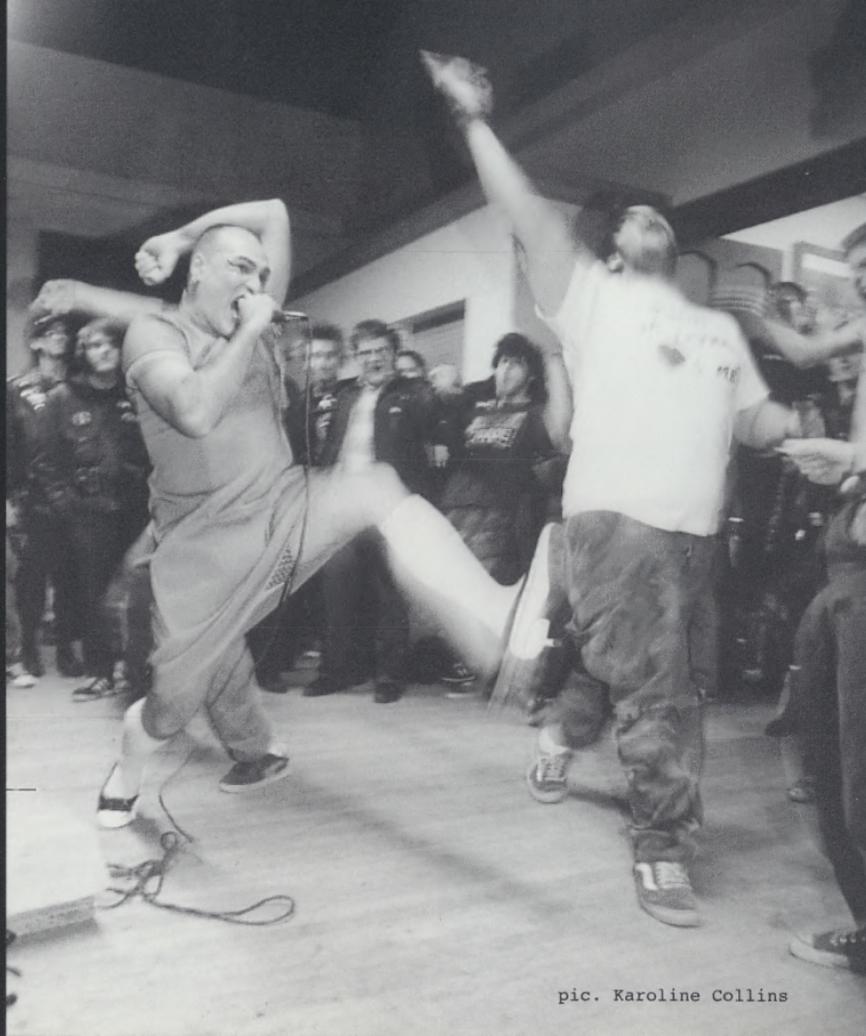
H i s son's 19 and bored with his life  
 It's a tired straight world, he doesn't  
 want a wife  
 Daddy thought he'd have some good  
 clean fun  
 Daddy let me tell you that your son's  
 the one

The kids here aren't like the ones at other  
 shows  
 The kids are really crazy here, it's the way  
 that it goes  
 Daddy didn't know his boy had a plan  
 Daddy did you know you're boy's out looking  
 for a man?

Does your daddy know who the hell is playing  
 this show?  
 The record and shirt you bought, you hid it  
 away  
 Cuz your folks will harass you  
 cuz they'll think that you're gay.  
 Does your daddy know?



AMERICAS HARDCORE



pic. Karoline Collins

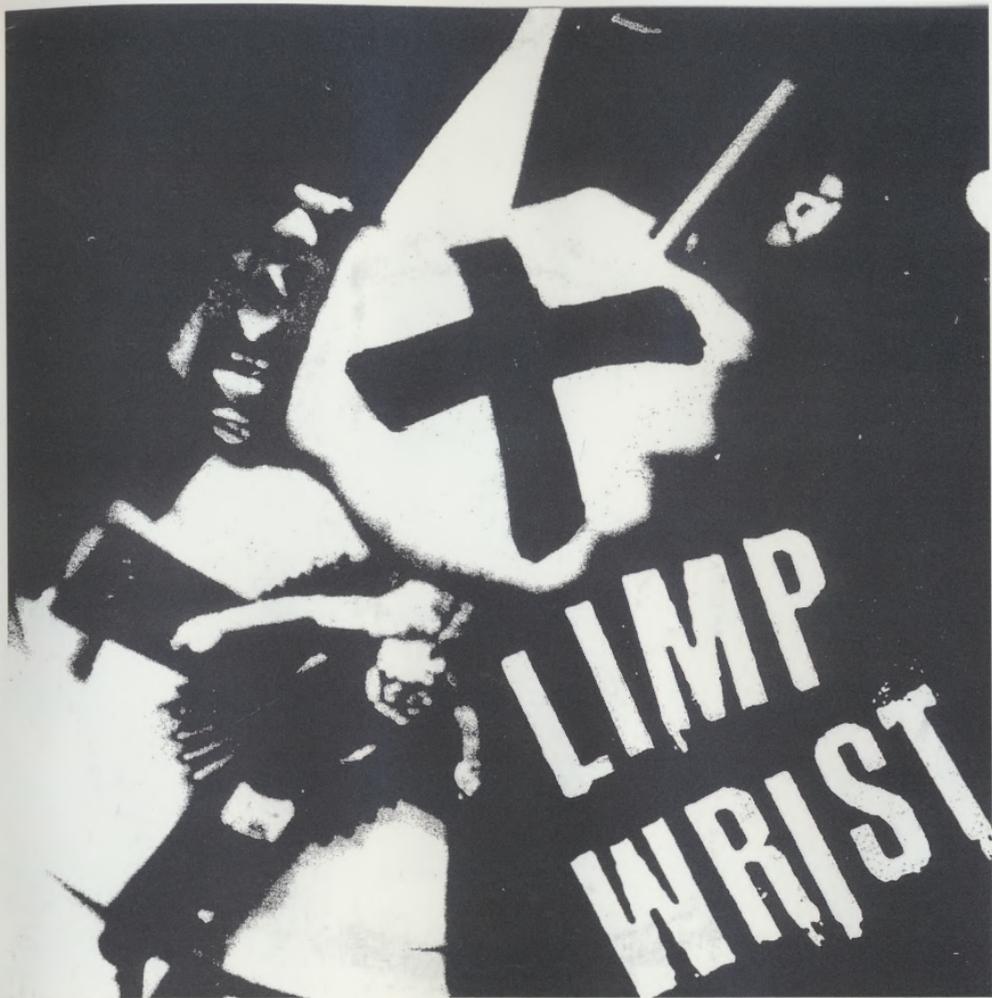


pic. Karoline Collins

# xLIMP WRISTx



out of the closet and into the pit



LIMP  
WRIST

