

## Steady Riot

Big D And The Kids Table

Lower Allston Rising

The music's made on Boston's dejected streets  
In polluted rooms and sweat dripping ceilings  
We come together, defiance on the road  
But the freeway can be brutal with no dosh or a home yeah

Music, a steady riot in my soul

My buddy Johnny, he can never get up  
But it's him who should be admired  
Not those fame driven shmucks  
Works at a bar, gives me pints and free eats  
I swear, Johnny alone feeds the Allston music scene

And then there's Sudz, yeah he can get bummed  
After a long night of drinking in that rude riot fun  
But it's easy to get down when you view life as a stray  
But my man he brings me up  
I should tell him one of these days

Music, a steady riot in my soul  
Always in me

Just walking back from Central Square  
Thinking about what I heard this smart guy share  
S'like there's a time to drink and to dream  
Then create and complete  
My life, resistant words, a good riff and a beat

A steady riot