

# Silence Is Golden But Duct Tape Is Silver

Against All Authority

Me and Billy like to sleep all day, on the floors where we decay.  
Mohawks in disarray from cutleridge to motherfucking Biscayne Bay.  
The gangs tried to kill us but we wouldn't take flight, brass  
knuckles and rusty knives keep the wolves at bay  
and we play in traffic downtown, turn it up and take me away.

What do you do when there's nowhere to go? Empty pools and punk  
rock shows, anger that nobody knows and the sun goes down and the  
streetlights glow. We rolled through the city in a bucket of rust  
with the punk rock South Dade girls screaming lyrics at us. From the  
backseat kicking up dust to the sound of the only people we can trust  
.

Out of control and you've shivered my timbers, i'm all fucked up the  
moon's just a sliver yea silence is golden but duct tape is silver  
like the lining of the clouds that conceal the killers.

The streets aren't safe when the winds start blowing, in the eye  
of the storm the blood starts flowing, we're gathering bricks and  
we're gonna start throwing them at you (We'll throw them at you)

Yea, The streets aren't safe when the winds start blowing, in the eye  
of the storm the blood starts flowing, we're gathering bricks and  
we're gonna start throwing them at you (We'll throw them at you)

Me and Billy like to sleep all day, on the floors where we decay.  
Mohawks in disarray from cutleridge to motherfucking Biscayne Bay.  
The gangs tried to kill us but we wouldn't take flight, brass  
knuckles and rusty knives keep the wolves at bay, and we pray from  
traffic downtown, turn it up and take me away.

The streets aren't safe when the winds start blowing, in the eye  
of the storm the blood starts flowing, we're gathering bricks and  
we're gonna start throwing them at you (We'll throw them at you)

Yea, The streets aren't safe when the winds start blowing, in the eye  
of the storm the blood starts flowing, we're gathering bricks and  
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Kick us when we're down we're not going away, we're the stray dogs th  
at  
chase you the ones that betray you. Run wild through the streets  
and sleep with the decay of all that you have left us like fit disarr  
ay

Out of control and you've shivered my timbers, tell us to shut up  
and we'll give you the finger, yea silence is golden but duct tape is  
silver  
silence is golden but duct tape is silver OBEY!