

The Target

D.R.I.

Somewhere, Out Past Nowhere
I Was Born In The Middle Of An Air Raid
Since I Hit The Dirt, I Was On The Run
The Son Of A Gun And A Switchblade
Got My Uzi Lying On My Bed Stand
I Made Napalm In My Sink
Pipe-Bomb In My Pants Pocket
I Just Put Cyanide In Your Drink
Mic Stand's Always At My Side
Jack-Knife In My Boot
Fully Automatic Machine-Gun
Is Loaded And Ready To Shoot
I Strayed Off The Beaten Path
Now There's No Place To Hide
My Sadness And My Wrath
Contemplated Suicide
Somewhere, Out Past Nowhere
I Lost My Way
No Money To Pay My Fare
The Driver Drove Away
I Remember Sunny Winter Sundays Spent
Shooting At The Sun With My Bb-Gun
Thinking, "This Is The Way That Life Should Be
Some Birds, Some Bbs, My Gun And Me."
But That Isn't The Way That Life Should Be
This Is The Way That Life Should Be
Guitars, Drums, A Mic And Me
The Band, Some Roadies, Electricity
Blasting Forth With A Million Watts Of Power
The Weak Get Sick And The Timid All Cower
'Cause We're Like A Gun And We're Taking Aim
Out Music's The Bullet, The Target Is Your Brain
The Guitar, Like A Laser, Cuts Through Your Head
You Drop To Your Knees And Wish You Were Dead
Than I Grab The Mic And I Start To Shout
Your Ear-Drums Burst And Your Brains Drain Out
When The Bass Kicks In, Your Bones Are Crushed
Your Eyes Roll Back As You Get A Rush
Then The Drums Pound You Right Into The Floor
Now You're Rotten To The Core