

## 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