

1998

Rancid

White Stones, Queens 1974

Fathers talking shit, motherfucker slam the door  
Hit the streets runnin' cannot take it any more?  
In the reins of the trains I cuddle on the floor

Well the park bench is cold sleeping in the rain  
Little kids sitting in the shooting gallery  
Set yourself up from manifested misery  
Oh if this is what you want  
not the way of what they fucking say

Hangin out with Sid yet again in the USA  
Sidney Sidney in the USA

Lower east side 1976

Who's got the dope and who's turning tricks?  
Should I call a loser just for a fix?  
Rippin' off some lady just to avoid from gettin' sick

Oh your life is low and you got no where to go  
What the fuck happens to your soul when your low  
Is he comin' over? is he comin' home?  
Your mama's disappointed waiting by the phone

Yeah!!!

Hangin out with Sid yet again in the USA  
Sidney Sidney in the USA

Same fuckin' shit 1998

Lifting bait, and by the fuckers that he hates  
Hit some fucking people by the Kennedy strait  
Who's got the bag gonna seal his fate?

By the park bench cold sitting in the rain  
Little kids sitting in the shooting gallery  
Set yourself up for manifested misery  
Well this is what you want?  
not the way they fucking say

Hangin out with Sid yet again in the USA  
Sidney Sidney in the USA