

## Collision Course

Rancid

Did I mention to you about my punk rock radio?  
Words don't apply on my push it up stereo  
Transistor party but the dead alright  
All these people come and blast it on a reggae all the night  
Sham sixty-nine rocks reggae rocks laying on my temple  
With a forty-five record on the turn table  
With the turntable ticking, tick all night  
And the sun comes a rising as the song begins, singing

We're on a mission, got no remorse  
One hundred miles an hour, collision course

When I blow up the line, put my radio down  
from the wicked fowl  
I drop the needle, watch it clean this up  
While I play it back, man, at the record shop  
Deep in the night in the chaos storms  
My rhythm gets driven by the beat of the drums  
Forty-five, thirty-three, five PM  
Hey mr. DJ, let us in

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