

Journey to the End of the East Bay

Rancid

Reconcile to the belief consumed and sacred ground for me
There wasn't always a place to go
But there was always an urgent need to belong
All these bands and all these people
All these friends and we were equals, but
Whatcha gonna do when everybody goes on without you

To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end
To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end
To the end, yeah
To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end

started in '87, ended in '89
You got a garage or an amp we'll play anytime
It was just the 4 of us yea man the core of us
Too much attention unavoidably destroyed us
Four kids on tour 3,000 miles
In a four door car not knowing what was going on
Not if we got a billion years it would turn out like this
Hell no, no preminition could have seen this

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Matty came from far away
From New Orleans into the east bay
He said this is a mecca
I said this aint no mecca man, this place is fucked
Three months go by, he had no home
He had no food, he's all alone
Matty said fool me once, shame on you
He said fool me twice, he went back to New Orleans

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