

Spirit of '87

Rancid

Saturday, where else are you gonna go
theres no way,
i'm gonna end up at the disco
make my way, to fist fights and stilletos
to rock and roll, rock and roll, rock and roll

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There's a club on the coast where kids get lost and no ones gonna stare
Chuck T's, bleached jeans with dayglow mohawk hair
Misfits and homeless kids all call their home there
Don't tell me it aint real
Don't you fucking dare
10 punx pile in the car
nothing going on
turn up the radio cuz it's my favorite song
there's a club on the coast where all the kids get along
skins and punx and wayward one's
nothing can go wrong

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Do you know what?
when i show up there's gonna be so fuckin action
so many styles, always so wild
that's the fuckin attraction
she said what, i'll fuck 'em up
that's the satisfaction
bottle of reds straight to the head, detox transaction
hells angels ran my neighborhood
it was always understood
i was runnin errands for the angels
i was a little fuckin hood
punk rock was my way out, it was always in my blood
i don't give a fuck, i was locked up, should be dead on in jail

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family turns their back on thier son
now we're all alone
now we aint got a home
now we're among our own

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