

## 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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