

Turntable

Rancid

Yeah!!!

He's gonna go go get it, gonna run run set it
In another white hidden realm (?)
Everybody knows, it's fucking wild and there's no fronting about it
It's not the style, nor a trial. It's the best of love and hate
Come on everybody, lets get together; I appall the backdrop of hate

Well there's no more food on the table
What once was strong, no longer able
And an open mind, no longer stable
And it spin like a DJ's turntable

A million eyeballs and a blink and a smile
With no dimensions of sight
Well within an inch, a billion colors
The entire world's contrast light
Oh it ain't right, another fight
Well it gets so very clear
With my passion on a stud, I walk through
I walk through the vicious ones
and I really don't care

Well there's no more food on the table
What once was strong, no longer able
And an open mind, no longer stable
And it spin like a DJ's turntable

My western mind has a hard time (hard time)
Getting across distrust
Passive resistance, Your assistance:
You're the one smoking dust!

It ain't a style, nor a trial, it's the best of love and hate (love and hate)
Come on everybody lets get together, I appall the backdrop of hate

Well there's no more food on the table
And what once was strong, no longer able
And an open mind, no longer stable
And it spin like a DJ's turntable

Well ya spin like a DJ's turntable
Well ya spin like a DJ's turntable
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