

## A Month of Sundays

Sick of It All

Two o'clock on a Sunday afternoon  
Hop on the 7 train, we know just what to do  
Switch at Jackson Heights for the F downtown  
When we hit the Bowery, we're ready to explode

Time - never seemed to cross our minds  
Never thought that this would end  
Change - after all was said and done  
We would never be the same

Rain or shine, didn't mean a thing  
Came for the friendly faces and to blow off steam  
Big Charlie, Tommy Rat, Brendan's on the door  
Hanging with Johnny Stiff, watching Murphy's Law

Time - like a thief in the night  
Blink your eyes and it's gone  
Change - after all was said and done  
We would never change a thing

When life got rough  
We couldn't get enough  
It's where we grew up  
Down at the matinee  
We made friends for life  
Yeah, there were fights  
But we turned out alright  
Down at the matinee

Now CB's is closed, the building has been sold  
They took away the heart but couldn't kill the soul  
NEW YORK HARDCORE - lives inside of me  
NEW YORK HARDCORE - the flag so proudly raised  
WORLDWIDE HARDCORE - that's our family  
I'M SO THANKFUL - for those times at the matinee