

## Dew-Scented "Thrashard"

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There's a gig  
At 5th and Main  
Gonna catch the bus  
Or take the train  
We'll steal or find  
Or borrow cash  
And we'll be there  
Ready to thrash

The band kickes in  
They begin to rage  
No-man's land  
In front of the stage  
Posers in the bathroom  
Still looking at their hair  
Thrashers in the foreground  
Doing what they dare

In the pit

Thrashing and slamming  
Like hell in the pit  
Tomorrow they know  
May not come  
Banging and moshing  
Like they don't give a shit  
To the rapid beat  
Of the drum

A boot to your forehead  
A knee in your face  
Your nose and lips  
Start to bleed  
Like a wild Indian  
From outer space  
Drunk and  
High on weed

Guitar seems so fucking loud  
People walking on the crowd  
Diving Off the P.A. stacks

Breaking ankles, necks and backs  
Then the circle begins  
In the thrashing pit  
Fists are flying  
People getting hit  
Tooth chippers left and right  
Skinheads in another fight  
Banging heads and broken jaws  
Because there are no laws

In the pit

Then you start thrashing  
Like never before  
Stagediving, headwalking like mad  
Doing your thing  
All over the floor  
The best time that you've ever had

You are hurt all over  
But can't feel a thing  
Not until the next day  
Then you wake up  
Stiff as a board  
And the pain won't go away

Another gig at 5th and Main  
We'll catch the bus  
Or take the train  
We'll steal or find  
Or borrow cash  
And we'll be there  
Ready to thrash

In the pit

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