

Dad

"Riskin' It All"

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In a heavy-metal box
Where I was kept when I was little
It had locks on both ends
And a food tray in the middle

I could smell my fans
But I couldn't hear them shout
So I did a lot of thinking
And this is what it's all about

How much trouble can you make?
And how much shit can you take?

Riskin' it all
Yeah, you kill yourself for peanuts
Riskin' it all
Under the metal-law but I will not

Riskin' it all
With rock 'n' roll in mind but still
Riskin' it all
Don't need no average savage to kill my will

The choice between light and shade
Are out, beyond the bizarre
I mean, why waste an outfit
Among strangers in a bar?

You see it when I'm drunk
I'm an original punk

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