

No Use For A Name "Get Out Of This Town"

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Picked up a flyer just the other day
My favorite band was coming here to play
Last time they were here no one broke the silence
I hope this time it doesn't turn into a soundtrack for
violence
Hanging out in the parking lot and everybody's here
There's the straight edge guys and they're pounding
beer
Skaters poppin' ollies and skinheads talkin' shop
But here come the nazis at the end of the block
Get out of this town!
It's packed in this sweatbox as the band begins to blare
A swarming mass of tattoos, muscles, baldness, and
hair

But now there's a target it's a fascist attack
Twenty on one, they know he won't fight back
Get out of this town!
Got to get out, gotta get out
Gotta get out of this town
There's more of us than them but we still don't
intervene
The hatred of only a few wrecks everybody's scene
We can overcome their racist shit if everyone's
involved
The power of many can crush their few and the
problem will be solved
Get out of this town!

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