Pantera "The Underground America"

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Put in position to wage teenage mayhem A common affair for the ones who are juiced If it is weakness that grants us the power We thrive on what's stronger than most of the world

Glass breaks/the dimming lights/sweat, heat and profane debate/ the smart ones stay on the outside/while drunken heads and arms erupt/centered man swings a punch, spits a tooth, postures odd/a punk rock escapade/five bucks a head to be king dick in the crowd

We are the ones who must sport the position cheap beer/trendy clicks/lesbian love is accepted and right/ shaved heads meet hair in the mix/blending the 80's and 90's with hate

Shows on/dates canceled/kicked out for reasons that seem so unfair/skin crusts against the cops/a foregone conclusion that's tired and beat Ringworm,crabs and lice/V.D. ecstasy, speed and horse/a heaven/of unmatched importance/an honor of sex to be stuck by the punk Rich homes/with money and food/abandoned for the bums on the street/a lifestyle that's unexplainable/don't try and save what is all meant to be

If it is free/from (a) family that's seen/you can just keep it

if you must beg/it's better instead/you must follow the etiquette

You know when it rains you're in your bed at home

You act so real when you are alone You better not let the mohawked crowd see Give it five years, you'll retire your piercings You must admit that you mimic the weaklings

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