

Rancid

"Spirit Of '87"

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Saturday,
Where else you gunna go?
There's no way,
I'm gonna end up at the disco,
Make my way,
To fist fights and stilettos,
To rock and roll, rock and roll.

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[Tim:] There's a club on the coast, where the kids get lost, and no one's gonna stare,
Yeah, chuck T's and bleached jeans with dayglow mohawk hair,
Yeah, misfits and homeless kids all call their home there,
Don't tell me it ain't real! Don't you fucking dare!
[Lars:] Yeah, punk style in the car, nothing going on,
Turn up the radio, cuz it's my favorite song,
There's a club on the coast where all the kids get along,
Skins and punx, and wayward ones,
[Matt:] Nothing can go wrong!

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[Tim:] Do you know what, when I show up, there's
gonna be some fucking action,
So many styles, always so wild, that's the fucking
attraction,
She said "What? I'll fuck 'em up", that's her
satisfaction,

[Matt:] Bottle of red, straight to the head, detox
transaction.

[Lars:] Hell's Angel's ran my neighborhood,
It was always understood,
I was running errands for the Angels,
I was a little fucking hood!
Punk rock was my way out, it was always in my blood,
I don't give a fuck if I was locked up, should be dead or
in jail!

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[Everybody:] Family turns their back on their son,
Now we're all alone,
Now we ain't got a home,
Now we're among our own!

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To rock and roll, rock and roll, rock and roll.
[fade out]

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