

Rancid

"Stop"

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Small sacrifices or otherwise few
Unity for the sake of the many forms
Oh they use imagination only few can go
Touch of madness only few ever know

Well you can go on your way
Or you can stagger through hell
You can lie on your back
Or you can stand up tall
In a state of confusion
Got nothing to do
I was connected respected
Watching you make it through

And all this rhetoric
They tell me to sing along
They said that you were dying
But I know that they were wrong

Second generation melting pot
You're ripped apart but you're never done
There she goes
It's all right
Nothing to do
Waste your time
And all this rhetoric
They tell me to sing along
They said that you were dying
But I know that they were wrong

Well you can go on your way
Or you can stagger through hell
Or you can lie on your back
Or you can stand up tall

State of confusion
You got nothing to do
Connected respected
I'll watch you make it through

And all this rhetoric
They tell me to sing along

They said that you were dying
But I know that they were wrong

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