

California Redemption

"Equals"

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Everywhere you look, everywhere you go, school, work,
markets, even our shows,

segregation at the roots; judging on differences and
by looks.

That's fucked up wait till you know the kids you judge
by their clothes.

They might have problems, not know better. That poor
girl judged by her gender.

My friend John, he's got a Mohawk. He wears plaid
pants and has no socks.

Got's converse shoes and tattoos, walks around with a
bottle of booze.

Eyes follow him wherever he goes. Where he is
everyone knows.

He gets the attention he never had growing up with no
dad.

My friend Mike has no hair, wears tight pants and
doesn't care.

He does what he wants all day long he has no job: he's
never wrong.

No direction, nowhere to go, he wishes he had a place
to grow,

to learn about life in this concrete cage, guidance lost
at a very young age.

Well look at me, I just cut my hair. I'm a clean cut kid
no one should care.

I go to school and try my best. Voice my opinion unlike
the rest.

So what if we look different? Inside were all the same.

Let's all accept each other and end this awful game.

Here I am in the human race, punk rock show: this is our place.

I think this is where I belong, please help me sing this song.

We are all equal no one should take the blame.

No matter gender race or nation we suffer all the same.

Inside were all the same, we all feel pain.

It's time to stand united and end this f-ing game.

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