

Journey to the End of the East Bay

Rancid

Reconcile to the relief
Consumed in sacred ground for me
There wasn't always a place to go
But there was always an urgent need to belong, yeah All these bands and all these people
All these friends and we were equals but
What you gonna do
When everybody goes on without you? To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end
To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end
To the end, end
To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end Started in '87, ended in '89
Got a garage or an amp we'll play anytime
It was just the 4 of us, yeah, man the core of us
Too much attention unavoidably destroyed us 4 kids on tour, 3000 miles in a 4-door car
Not know what was goin' on
We got a million years tourin' out like this
Hell no no premonition could've seen this To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end
To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end
To the end, end
To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end Matty came from far away
From New Orleans into the East Bay
He said, "This is a Mecca"
I said, "This ain't no Mecca man, this place's fucked" 3 months go by, he had no home
He had no food, he's all alone
Matty said, "Fool me once shame on you
Didn't fool me twice," He went back to New Orleans To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end
To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end
To the end, end
To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end

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