

Sunday Hardcore Matinee

Dropkick Murphys

Fifteen kids in a pickup truck your Chucks, a case of beer
Pack of Luckys, jeans rolled up your one way out of here
 Heard them on a compilation we traded in the mail
 Been waiting such a long time tonight we cannot fall
 On the way to a matinee a Sunday hardcore show
They played it loud, they played it fast most folks don't want to know
 Dancing hard, skank and slam the action never ends
Stagedive, kick, jump and flip pig pile on all your friends We had each other
 Things are different today
 We've still got each other and the glory never fades away
The glory never fades away If you didn't get the flier then you weren't in the know
 GBH, Agnostic Front see you at the show
Time to hit mom's pocket book four bucks you're in the door
 Minor Threat, the Bad Brains who could ask for more?
The last band has played the show is done the kids have all gone home
 Your ears ring, your body aches you're once again alone
 Beaten, bruised and bloodied never made us turn away
Next weekend they'll be more great bands at the Sunday matinee We had each other
 Things are different today
 We've still got each other and the glory never fades away
The glory never fades away And the glory never fades away
 The glory never fades away We had each other
 Things are different today
 We've still got each other and the glory never fades away
 We had each other
 Things are different today
 We've still got each other and the glory never fades away
The glory never fades away Stagedive, kick, jump and flip pig pile on all your friends

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