

Noise Brigade

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Without any training
It's pouring, it's raining
Training or a trade
Hey, you bet I'm afraid
Unepuipped with a skill
But I'm thrilled with the thrill
Underskilled, unprepared
Hey, who wouldn't be scared
Bring on the obstacles
And burn me a bridge
I'm not sure, should I call
This my range or a ridge?
There ain't none too high
If I'm up for a climb
I'll go zero to sixty
And stop on a dime
A dime for a dozen
If that's what you're after
A moment of silence
A lifetime of laughter
On the brighter side
And on a happier note
The noise, well it's just love
That gets caught in my throat
The end of the line's
Not the end of a rope
Just a salesman
Selling a bucket of hope
When the bucket gets kicked
And my chips are all cashed
My intention, conventions
Are finally smashed

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