I Raise My Fist

Randy

This very morning at six a clock sharp.
I stepped out in the light straight from the dark.
I went from the club to the buss and my bed.
I had some sunglasses on and took a pill for my head.I was low I was worn out and used my light had burned out to a glow.
I was low I don't remember that much but my friends, well they told me so.I woke up around a quarter to three.
Another parking lot in another city.
Already been here a time or two.
Don't need no map or some guide to know what to do.I know which street to walk which stores to see to find the necessary.
I know in which restaurants I need to be to find some good food for me.I'm still vegetarian, anti-American I'm still socialist and I still
raise my fist.
I'm still anarchist; I'm still atheist I'm still pissed, because some
things they enlist.
I raise my fist.After sound-check I felt better again.
I went to the backstage where I met a friend.
He said he had some plans for me and the band.
After the show we had a party to attend.You know that I always said it's better to do something than just sit around waiting to die.I'm still vegetarian, anti-American I'm still socialist and I still
raise my fist.
I'm still anarchist; I'm still atheist I'm still pissed, because some
things they enlist.

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