Strike Up the Band

Interstate Rivals

Living off the friends we made, never ever getting paid
Kicking ass and paying dues, lose our mind in self abuse
Loving ladies by the score, waking up and wanting more
I hope my mama understands, when I strike up the band
Well I spit out my anger as the sweat do fly
Fifteen years of paying dues just to get me by
Now the barkeeps would pay us by the crowds we bring
But those son-of-bitches never paid us one damn thing
And my poor daddy, he just don't understand
It's balls out tonight, watch the shit hit the fan
When we strike up the band
Now those drop dead ladies line the very first row
I do believe, I'd like to spend some time after the show
Now them years gone by, the barkeeps pay in cash
And them lovely ladies feed me an earful of trash

And my old lady, she just don't understand
Why those floozies got their hands on her man
And my poor daddy, he still don't understand
It's balls out tonight watch the shit hit the fan
Give it all that we can, we don't give a goddamn
When we strike up the band, when we strike up the band
Living like a gypsy, an air conditioned hippie
Who's never seen the light of day
Rode dog and cowboy, don't know how, boy
I ever lived this long this way, no, no, said
And my poor daddy, he still don't understand
It's balls out tonight watch the shit hit the fan
Give it all that we can, we don't give a goddamn
When we strike up the band

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