

The 11th Hour

Rancid

Hey sister do you know what time it was when you finally seen all your broken
dreams come crashing down your door they demand an answer and they demand it
quick or the questions fade and the wasted days come crawling back for more
do you know where the power lies? and who pulls the strings do you know where
the power lies it starts and end with you the face of isolation well well this
one you recognize well you can't get staright it's a lonely place and it's one
you do despise boredom is for sale now and helplessness you feel it's a
wounded dove and the hawks are above blood splattered on a reel to reel I was
almost over my world was almost gone in a sudden rush I coul almost touch the
things that I'd done wrong my sungle's made of concrete through silence I
could feel my aim is true I will walk on through these mountains made of steel

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