

# Riskin' It All (LP Version)

## D-A-D

In a heavy-metal box  
Where I was kept when I was little  
It had locks on both ends  
And a food tray in the middleI could smell my fans  
But I couldn't hear them shout  
So I did a lot of thinking  
And this is what it's all aboutHow much trouble can you make?  
And how much shit can you take?Riskin' it all  
Yeah, you kill yourself for peanuts  
Riskin' it all  
Under the metal-law but I will notRiskin' it all  
With rock 'n' roll in mind but still  
Riskin' it all  
Don't need no average savage to kill my willThe choice between light and shade  
Are out, beyond the bizarre  
I mean, why waste an outfit  
Among strangers in a bar?You see it when I'm drunk  
I'm an original punkRiskin' it all  
Yeah, you kill yourself for peanuts  
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Under the metal-law but I will notRiskin' it all  
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Don't need no average savage to kill my will

### Songwriters

Binzer Jesper; Jensen Peter Lundholm; Pedersen Stig (dk 2); Binzer Jacob ArildPublished by  
EMI CASADIDA MUSIC;WARNER-TAMERLANE PUBLISHING CORP. Song Discussions is protected by  
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.