

Turntable

Rancid

Yeah, he's gonna go, go get it
Gonna run, run, set it
In another wise hidden realm
Oh, everybody knows, it's fucking wild
And there's no fronting about it Hey, it's not the style, nor a trial
It's the best of love and hate
Oh, come on, everybody, let's get together
I appall the backdrop of hate Well, there's no more food on the table
Well, what was strong, no longer able
And an open mind, no longer stable
And it spins like a DJ's turntable A million eyeballs and a blink and a smile
With no dimensions in sight
Well, given an inch, a billion colors
The entire world's contrast light Oh, it ain't right, another fight
Well, all of it's so very clear
With my passion on a stud, I walked through
I walked through the vicious ones
And I really don't care Well, there's no more food on the table
And what was strong, no longer able
And an open mind, no longer stable
And it spins like a DJ's turntable My western mind has a hard time
(Hard time)
Getting across this trust
Passive resistance, your assistance
You're the one smoking dust It ain't a style, nor a trial
It's the best of our love and hate
(Love and hate)
Come on, everybody, let's get together
I appall the backdrop of hate Well, there's no more food on the table
I once was strong, no longer able
And an open mind, no longer stable
And it spins like a DJ's turntable Well, ya spin like a DJ's turntable
Well, ya spin like a DJ's turntable
Well, ya spin like a DJ's turntable

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