

Stick to Your Guns

The Quakes

They say there's no rockin' in the USA.
Well man that sure is a sad day.
Everybody singing about love this
And love that, and all that crap.
Every time I turn on my stereo all I hear is rap. Crap.

All of these self proclaimed rebels think they know,
Sittin' around and listening to their top forty radio.
But they don't know, they'll never know, so why try?

All you rockin' cats,
Keep your head up high!

You're out numbered a hundred to one.
But man, don't you run.
You gotta stand and fight.
Cause man, you know you're right.

Stick to your guns, you'll never die.
Keep your head up high.

Well you're a real rebel in your black leather jacket.
Your parents keep telling you to turn down that racket.
But they don't know, they'll never know, so why try?

All you rockin' cats,
Keep your head up high!

You're out numbered a hundred to one.
But man, don't you run.
You gotta stand and fight.
Cause man, you know you're right.

Stick to your guns, you'll never die.
Keep your head up high.

You're sick of school. You're sick of work.
Always seems you're taking orders from some jerk.
But they don't know, they'll never know, so why try?
All you rockin' cats,

Keep your head up high!

You're out numbered a hundred to one.

But man, don't you run.

You gotta stand and fight.

Cause man, you know you're right.

Stick to your guns, you'll never die.

Keep your head up high.

Lyrics submitted by Christina Forsh.

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