

Whirlwind

Rancid

every city got an artery where the blood
breaks down an avenue or a boulevard
and a boy who wears a crown
indignant live styles implies simply lack of means
dogmatical authoritarians dictate the cities remains
a promise to go to heaven wont put salvation
in sight

Whirlwind is coming down on me
when the factory shut down so did the place
he lived blood money for junk bonds by a
white collar fugitive
all the tax free insentives ain't going to
help him now
generations of job security gone out
like the horse and plow
a promise to go to heaven wont put salvation
in sight

Whirlwind is coming down on me
my old man worked his troubled life
in a nowhere dead end he drank
the pain away i'll be damned if thats
me having my dreams robbed
the working class carries a country
that has been rotting inside for years
the rigs cuffed my old man in the front
yard i saw through my eyes of tears
a promise to go to heaven wont put salvation
in sight

Whirlwind is coming down on me

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