Sunday Hardcore Matinee

Dropkick Murphys

Fifteen kids in a pickup truck your Chucks, a case of beer
Pack of Luckys, jeans rolled up your one way out of here
Heard them on a compilation we traded in the mail
Been waiting such a long time tonight we cannot fall
On the way to a matinee a Sunday hardcore show
They played it loud, they played it fast most folks don't want to know
Dancing hard, skank and slam the action never ends
Stagedive, kick, jump and flip pig pile on all your friends
We had each other
Things are different today
We've still got each other and the glory never fades away
The glory never fades away
If you didn't get the flier then you weren't in the know
GBH, Agnostic Front see you at the show
Time to hit mom's pocket book four bucks you're in the door
Minor Threat, the Bad Brains who could ask for more?
The last band has played the show is done the kids have all gone home
Your ears ring, your body aches you're once again alone

Beaten, bruised and bloodied never made us turn away
Next weekend they'll be more great bands at the Sunday matinee
We had each other
Things are different today
We've still got each other and the glory never fades away
The glory never fades away
And the glory never fades away
The glory never fades away
We had each other
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