Violence Condoned

Razor

We only had forty-five minutes
Before we were to start our show
Our roadies had set up our gear
And we were (more than) ready to go
Then the owner of the bar came to see us
And he told us that we would't get paid
The thrashers in the bar had to wonder why the show was delayed
Violence condoned
Cough up the dough
We packed our guitars, we got in our cars
We drove off and we never looked back
Six fucking albums, still dealing with welchers
I think I'm about to attack
I love all our fans but I'm sick of this, man
If you book us then we'd better get paid
The thrashers in the bar all showed him a mistake had been made
Fans irate, the time was late, they knew the band was gone
Tempers smoked, a riot broke, the violent clash was on
Chairs were thrown, damage sown, they paid to see the band
Bottles flying, underlying vengeance for the fans
Take a stand and never change your plans
Demand respect or be a useless fool
Never let the big shots get away
With thinking that they're making all the rules
If they think that you're a weakling
You'd better fight and show them it ain't true
Teach them all a violent lesson
And show them just what you can do
Revenge, revenge, support it each and every day
Revenge, revenge, violence blows the weasels away

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