

# 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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