

Silence Is Golden But Duct Tape Is Silver

Against All Authority

Me and Billy like to sleep all day, on the floors where we decay.
Mohawks in disarray from cutleridge to motherfucking Biscayne Bay.

The gangs tried to kill us but we wouldn't take flight, brass
knuckles and rusty knives keep the wolves at bay, and we pray from
traffic downtown, turn it up and take me away.[Bridge:]

What do you do when there's nowhere to go? Empty pools and punk
rock shows, after that nobody knows and the sun goes down and the
streetlights glow. We rolled through the city in a bucket of rust
with the punk rock south day girls screaming lyrics at us. From the
backseat kicking up dust to the sound of the only people we can trust.[CHORUS: x2]

Out of control and you've shivered my timbers, i'm all fucked up the
moon's just a sliver yea silence is golden but duct tape is silver
like the lining of the clouds that conceal the killers. The streets aren't safe when the winds start blowing, in the
eye

of the storm the blood starts flowing, we're gathering bricks and
we're gonna start throwing them at you (We'll throw them at you) Yea, The streets aren't safe when the winds
start blowing, in the eye

of the storm the blood starts flowing, we're gathering bricks and
we're gonna start throwing them at you (We'll throw them at you) Me and Billy like to sleep all day, on the
floors where we decay.

Mohawks in disarray from cutleridge to motherfucking Biscayne Bay.

The gangs tried to kill us but we wouldn't take flight, brass
knuckles and rusty knives keep the wolves at bay, and we pray from
traffic downtown, turn it up and take me away.[Bridge][Chorus x2] The streets aren't safe when the winds start
blowing, in the eye

of the storm the blood starts flowing, we're gathering bricks and
we're gonna start throwing them at you (We'll throw them at you) Yea, The streets aren't safe when the winds
start blowing, in the eye

of the storm the blood starts flowing, we're gathering bricks and
we're gonna start throwing them at you (We'll throw them at you) Kick us when we're down we're not going
away, we're the stray dogs that

chase you the ones that betray you. And wild through the streets
and sleep with the decay of all that you have left us like fit disarray Out of control and you've shivered my
timbers, tell us to shut up

and we'll give you the finger, yea silence is golden but duct tape is silver
silence is golden but duct tape is silver OBEY!

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