

Trenches

Rancid

1987 at a 7-11
police out looking for problems
but im no average hoodlum
still running from the pigs so it seems to me
this is not the land of love and liberty
its more like a waiting room in hell
drink a qwart and watch me dwell
i got it right out in the trenches tonight
glass towers rise above the filth and the pain
im a moral degenerate feel my pain
pass out in a squat on mission
that night i was shocked into submission
straight down straight down to hell i head
systems of sewers is where i lay my head
people on their way are like on a different dimension
i need no correction
i got it right out in the trenches tonight
some of my friends moved on a simple domestic life
they're all gone only a few of us remain
only few of us want to keep in the same
i got it right out in the trenches tonight

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