

A Month of Sundays

Sick Of It All

Two o'clock on a Sunday afternoon
Hop on the 7 train, we know just what to do
Switch at Jackson Heights for the F downtown
When we hit the Bowery, we're ready to explode
Time - never seemed to cross our minds
Never thought that this would end
Change - after all was said and done
We would never be the same
Rain or shine, didn't mean a thing
Came for the friendly faces and to blow off steam
Big Charlie, Tommy Rat, Brendan's on the door
Hanging with Johnny Stiff, watching Murphy's Law
Time - like a thief in the night
Blink your eyes and it's gone
Change - after all was said and done
We would never change a thing
When life got rough
We couldn't get enough
It's where we grew up
Down at the matinee
We made friends for life
Yeah, there were fights
But we turned out alright
Down at the matinee
Now CB's is closed, the building has been sold
They took away the heart but couldn't kill the soul
NEW YORK HARDCORE - lives inside of me
NEW YORK HARDCORE - the flag so proudly raised
WORLDWIDE HARDCORE - that's our family
I'M SO THANKFUL - for those times at the matinee

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