Mr. Integrity

L7

stranded in the streets of san francisco
a rust car pulled along side of me
i looked behind the wheel
and i started to squeal
an idol's face was staring at medon't preach to me
Mr. integritysittin' shotgun,
out of my brain
our muffler draggin'
through the art ghettos
stepped on the gas
gums started to flap
punk rock manifestoes
spittin', fumin',
streets are filled with so much glass
that i wanted to break
eyes spinnin' 'round
as my feet shook the ground
like the san francisco earthquakedon't preach to me
Mr.. integrity
don't preach to me
Mr. integrity
i'm not the enemy
please don't preach to me
Mr. integritydon't preach to me
Mr.. integrity
i'm not the enemy-- no
please don't preach to me
Mr.. integrity

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