

# No Use For A Name, Get Out Of This Town

Picked up a flyer just the other day  
My favorite band was coming here to play  
Last time they were here no one broke the silence  
I hope this time it doesn't turn into a soundtrack for violence  
Hanging out in the parking lot and everybody's here  
There's the straight edge guys and they're pounding beer  
Skaters poppin' ollies and skinheads talkin' shop  
But here come the nazis at the end of the block  
Get out of this town!  
It's packed in this sweatbox as the band begins to blare  
A swarming mass of tattoos, muscles, baldness, and hair  
But now there's a target it's a fascist attack  
Twenty on one, they know he won't fight back  
Get out of this town!  
Got to get out, gotta get out  
Gotta get out of this town  
There's more of us than them but we still don't intervene  
The hatred of only a few wrecks everybody's scene  
We can overcome their racist shit if everyone's involved  
The power of many can crush their few and the problem will be solved  
Get out of this town!