## Randy, I Raise My Fist

This very morning at six a clock sharp.

I stepped out in the light straight from the dark.

I went from the club to the buss and my bed.

I had some sunglasses on and took a pill for my head.

I was low I was worn out and used my light had burned out to a glow. I was low I don't remember that much but my friends, well they told me so.

I woke up around a quarter to three. Another parking lot in another city. Already been here a time or two. Don't need no map or some guide to know what to do.

I know which street to walk which stores to see to find the necessary. I know in which restaurants I need to be to find some good food for me.

I'm still vegetarian, anti-American I'm still socialist and I still raise my fist. I'm still anarchist; I'm still atheist I'm still pissed, because some things they enlist. I raise my fist.

After sound-check I felt better again.
I went to the backstage where I met a friend.
He said he had some plans for me and the band.
After the show we had a party to attend.

You know that I always said it's better to do something than just sit around waiting to die.

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