

Randy, Me And The Boys

It's time to pack, load the van and go.
Hit the road again, do another show.
We try to sleep or listen to the radio,
Might as well get comfortable we've got a long, long way to go.
If we get there early, we park the car
Then we try to find out where the record stores are.
Then we unload our stuff and hope we get some food,
Which always taste like shit but we try not to be rude.

Me and the boys ain't afraid to raise our voices
But we hardly ever act
It is sad but it's a fact,

Then it's time to play, oh man the crowd is crazy.
At least the two drunk punks, who ever said that punks are lazy?
When the show is over and all of the people has gone,
We talk about the gig and all the mistakes we've done.

Me and the boys ain't afraid to raise our voices
But we hardly ever act it is sad but it's a fact,
There is much for us to do, to tear down and build up new,
But we speak from all our heart and that's a start.

I never thought we'd go this far,
I mean, we even got our own car
And it takes us where ever we want to go.
We get to play in lousy bars
And hang out with the superstars
From the local support act.

Me and the boys ain't afraid to raise our voices
But we hardly ever act it is sad but it's a fact,
There is much for us to do, to tear down and build up new,
But we speak from all our heart and that's a start.