

Against All Authority, All Ages Show Tonight

They always shout so he tunes them out.
And turns it up.
He's found a place to go.
When he's had enough.
It's in the city where her parents said she couldn't go.
She don't care.
They hate her hair.
But she won't let it grow.
He ain't allowed to call.
Ripped the flyers off her wall.
Of that mohawked boy.
They fucking blame it all.

All ages show.
Forbidden city tonight.
It's all they know.
He's holding her so tight.

In the darkest corner of the club.
They're watching the band.
Holding hands tangled leather n studs.
Boots braces sucking on each others faces.
Tonight you know it just feels right.

Just another punk alone in the city.
With a skinhead girl a box of wine.
Yeah they're pretty fucked up.
And feelin shitty.
But at least they got each other tonight.

They feel this town as they spin around.
Together alone.
In the middle of the crowd.
They ain't going home.
No one's ever gonna tell them what to feel inside.
They don't care.
Blue Hair.
To match the feelings they hide.
Denied.
They've tried.
Now there just sick and tired.
Of not feeling alive

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