

Against All Authority, The Bottle's Lookin' Better

Going down with the rest of the rats on this stinking ship
Gonna drown in this dirty sea that smells like shit
Another night coated with blood, sweat and spit
Wake up again with a face full of floor
In another town that I've left before
At another time with all the memories that I could hoard
You can try to hold us down but we won't submit
A mouthful of slogans might as well be shit
It all tastes the same to a bunch of hypocrites
We roam the land, living in a van
Hosing down wherever we can
And I trace it all back to six days in Amsterdam
I'm tired but I'm persistent I took the path that was most resistant
I've covered so much distance, I never asked for any assistance
Rock bottom ain't that bad, the bottle's looking better every night
To this lad, I can't measure my wealth by the things I have
But I'll sleep tight tonight
Sweating blood to make it work
I woke up alone again in a park somewhere in Koln
I can still taste the blood I've left on every microphone
From Cutler Ridge to the Berlin Wall
Throwing up blood and alcohol
Lost an engine but I found myself in a whack shack in Arkansas
The suits came knocking, said they represent
Some fat cat asshole seeking settlement
For defacing an American dream his -AAA-dvertisement
Another time, murder on my mind
A cold shiver runs down my spine
I can trace it all back the these feelings I confine