

Bomb The Music Industry!, 493 Ruth

I brought a guitar.
I brought a handful of credit cards.
I filled a van and a trailer up to the top with shit that I'll probably never use.

I took 95 and then I transferred to the I-85.
Took it to 441 South to North Ave. to Ruth
and I drove through my backyard.

I could never understand why people can't begin again.

It wouldn't stop raining (we didn't have our key)
'til we met Helen and JJ at about 1 AM.
They said, "From LA to London there is no other place I would rather live than here."

We had to unpack things just to get to the mattress and boxspring.
Flopped it down in the center of our shiny new home,
a blue house with no cable and with no telephone
just a bottle of champagne and we popped the cork.

I could never understand how people hate the Minutemen,
how people can appreciate it takes time to make something great.
Yeah, I know. I'm repeating myself here.
Yeah, yeah, I know, I know. I'm repeating myself again.

Shake the shakes away.
If you're going uphill at a very rapid speed,
Soon there's nowhere to go but down.
So take the time to rise back up.

I could never understand why people can't begin again.
Why people can't appreciate it's okay to do something great.
Yeah, I know.
I'm repeating myself again and again and again.