

Bombs Over Providence, Broken Records

Well, it was all roses and wine circa 1999.

Back when my mentors spoke through headphones and my victories all had soundtracks.

I'm only getting back there just today

by the good graces of those to whom I ache to say "Thanks for playing the way you play."

'Cuz all I stand for are these broken records.

And all I stand for are these broken records.

You know what? Screw the kids.

Screw the battles I won't win due to the condescending ways by which I try to promote change.

Because when all is said, My heroes are all dead,

Save for those precious few who stayed as strong as the backbones of their protest songs.

Just when that needle hits the groove, walls shake, floors break, this body moves.

The smoky nightclubs are where I grew in 4/4 time.

Revolt, resist, and press repeat, I'm fighting with my tapping feet.

This time, this song, they're mine.

The local halls where I grew a spine.

I came alive again tonight watching the great blow minds

simply by taking the time to convince us we're in a mismatches fight.

You know I wouldn't change a thing.

To have grown up this way, nothing will ever be the same, nor could I go back to quieter days.

Just when that needle hits the groove, walls shake, floors break, this body moves.

The smoky nightclubs are where I grew up in 4/4 time.

Revolt, resist, and press repeat, I'm fighting with my tapping feet.

This time, this song, they're mine.

The local halls where I grew a spine.

And heart. And eyes. And a tongue to cut 'em all down to size.

You must excuse these tired lines, but they've always suited me fine.

I get what it means to gamble hard, to flirt with losing all but heart.

Got a dancehall putsch? Hey, you know I'm in it.

All for 78 revolutions a minute.

Just when that needle hits the groove, walls shake, floors break, this body moves.

The smoky nightclubs are where I grew up in 4/4 time.

Revolt, resist, and press repeat, I'm fighting with my tapping feet.

This time, this song, they're mine.

The local halls where I grew a spine.

And heart. And eyes. And a tongue to cut 'em all down to size.

This time, this song, they're mine, all mine.

They're ours.