

Dri, Paying To Play

I've lived in a van and i've lived in a tree
Never did what anyone expected of me
I ate at soup kitchens and i slept in squats
Abandoned buildings and parking lots
I borrowed money and played for free
Living in america in poverty
Pay! paying to play!
Pay! paying! paying to play!
Pay! paying to play!
Pay! paying! paying to play!
But a tour or a show was always in the works
With coc, the dks, or the circle jerks
We would play for beer, for food, and for gas
Eating government cheese and trading blood for cash
I was always hungry, tense and weird
Trench coat, mange, half a beard
I slept on park benches and i'll never forget
The cold and rain and all the shit
Everyone with money and me with none
When you don't have any, it's not much fun
Pay! paying to play
Pay! paying! paying to play!
Pay! paying to play!
Pay! paying! paying to play!

[lyrics: brecht]