

Dri, Thrashard

There's a gig
At 5th and Main
Gonna catch the bus
Or take the train
We'll steal or find
Or borrow cash
And we'll be there
Ready to thrash

The band kickes in
They begin to rage
No-man's land
In front of the stage
Poseurs in the bathroom
Still looking at their hair
Thrashers in the foreground
Doing what they dare

In the pit [5]

Thrashing and slamming
Like hell in the pit
Tomorrow they know
May not come
Banging and moshing
Like they don't give a shit
To the rapid beat
Of the drum

A boot to your forehead
A knee in your face
Your nose and lips
Start to bleed
Like a wild Indian
From outer space
Drunk and
High on weed

Guitar seems so fucking loud
People walking on the crowd
Diving off the P.A. stacks
Breaking ankles, necks and backs
Then the circle begins
In the thrashing pit
Fist are flying
People getting hit
Tooth chippers left and right
Skinheads in another fight
Banging heads and broken jaws
Because there are no laws

In the pit

Then you start thrashing
Like never before
Stagediving, headwalking like mad
Doing your thing
All over the floor
The best time that you've ever had

You are hurt all over
But can't feel a thing
Not until the next day
Then you wake up

Stiff as a board
And the pain won't go away

Another gig at 5th and Main
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And we'll be there
Ready to thrash

In the pit [5]