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 We'll catch the bus Or take the train We'll steal or find Or borrow cash And we'll be there Ready to thrash

In the pit [5]