

Mustard Plug, You Can't Go Back

Slow summer so Rick Johnson booked a show
At the Ice Pick, fucked up punk rock club
Used to go there way way back in the day
I walked in, seemed like nothing had changed

You can't go back, you can't go back
If you could would you want to anyway

We took the stage and the beer cans flew by
Then I saw him lurking out the corner of my eye
Fucking bonehead with a spray paint can
Drew a swastika on the wall to our back

I grabbed a hammer
I smashed the fucking wall
There's a hole now