

# 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