

Pantera, The Undeground In America

Put in position to wage teenage mayhem
A common affair for the ones who are juiced
If it is weakness that grants us the power
We thrive on what's stronger than most of the world

Glass breaks/the dimming lights/sweat, heat and profane debate/
The smart ones stay on the outside/while drunken heads and
Arms erupt/centered man swings a punch, spits a tooth, postures
Odd/a punk rock escapade/five bucks a head to be king dick in the crowd

We are the ones who must sport the position
Cheap beer/trendy clicks/lesbian love is accepted and right/
Shaved heads meet hair in the mix/blending the 80's and 90's
With hate

Shows on/dates canceled/kicked out for reasons that seem !
so

Un
Fair/skin crusts against the cops/a foregone conclusion that's
Tired and beat
Ringworm,crabs and lice/v.d. ecstasy, speed and horse/a
Heaven/of unmatched importance/an honor of sex to be stuck by the
Punk
Rich homes/with money and food/abandoned for the bums on the
Street/a lifestyle that's unexplainable/don't try and save what is
All meant to be

If it is free/from (a) family that's seen/you can just keep it
If you must beg/it's better instead/you must follow the etiquette
You know when it rains you're in your bed at home
You act so real when you are alone
You better not let the mohawked crowd see
Give it five years, you'll retire your piercings
You must admit that you mimic the weaklings