

Rancid, Idle Hands

Chaos discontent I'm a lunatic
Thirty days in the street is how I'm doing it
A life of no money a quart of Cisco
The horses are loose I got mine let's go
The enemy would not expect an attack at this hour
The moon is a sliver the darkness gives me power
Come and find me I'm gonna be here
Come and find me I like it
Spent some time in a shelter down on Webster
you think I'm going back you must be joking
If I ever forget how bad it was to be homeless
I must still be high from the dope I was smoking

Last night I was thinking
Early morning drinking
The devil's got work for
Idle hands

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