

# Rancid, Spirit Of '87

Saturday,  
I saw ya, can I go?  
Ain't no way,  
I'm gonna end up at the disco,  
Make my way,  
Through fist fights and stilettos,  
To rock and roll, rock and roll.

Saturday,  
I saw ya, can I go?  
There's no way,  
I'm gonna end up at the disco,  
Make my way,  
Through fist fights and stilettos,  
To rock and roll, rock and roll, to rock and roll, rock and roll.

[Tim:]  
There's a club on the coast, where the kids get lost, and no one's gonna stay,  
Yeah, sharp T's and bleached jeans with bigger mohawk hair,  
Yeah, misfits and homeless kids call their home there,  
Don't tell me it ain't real! Don't you fucking dare!

[Lars:]  
Yeah, punk style in the car, nothing going on,  
Turn up my radio, cuz it's my favorite song,  
There's a club on the coast where all the kids get along,  
Skins and punx, and wayward ones,

[Matt:]  
Nothing could go wrong!

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[Tim:]  
Do you know what, when I show up,  
there's gonna be some fucking action,  
Show me the styles once in a while, that's the fucking attraction,  
She said I'ma fuck 'em up, that's the satisfaction,

[Matt:]  
Bottle of red, straight ahead, detox transaction,

[Lars:]  
Hey! I'm sneaking outside in my neighborhood,  
It was always understood,  
I was running errands for the Angels,  
I was a little fucking hood!  
Punk rock was my way out, it was always in my blood,  
And didn't give a fuck if I was locked up, should be dead or in jail!

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To rock and roll, rock and roll.  
Everybody: Family turns their back on their son,  
Now we're all alone,  
Now we ain't got a home,  
Now we're among our own!  
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To rock and roll, rock and roll, rock and roll  
To rock and roll, rock and roll, rock and roll  
[fade out]