

Rancid, The 11th. Hour

Hey little sister do you know what time it was
when you finally seen all your broken dreams
come crashing down your door
they demand an answer and they demand it quick
or the questions fade and the wasted days
come crawling back for more

do you know where the power lies? and who pulls the strings
do you know where the power lies it starts and ends with you

the face of isolation
well that's one you recognize
well you can't get straight
it's a lonely place and
it's one you do despise

boredom is for sale now
and helplessness you feel
it's a wounded dove and the hawks are above
blood splattered on a reel to reel

I was almost over my world was almost gone
in a sudden rush I could almost touch the
things that I'd done wrong
my jungle's made of concrete
through silence I could feel
my aim is true I will walk on through
these mountains made of steel.