

Rancid, The 11th Hour

Hey 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 end with you
the face of isolation well well this one you recognize
well you can't get staright 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 coul almost touch the things that I'd done wrong
my sungle's made of concrete through silence I could feel
my aim is true I will walk on through these mountains made of steel.