Slapshot, In Your Face

I keep my head in tune with my thoughts - are always clear
How can you think straight when you've had to much - in excess
You don't know what that shit does to you
How can you say that it's safe in small amounts
Until it's to late and the damage has been done

Straight-edge - in you face
Straight-edge - in you face
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Straight-edge - in you face

Clubs all night is your life
Drink to much, passing out
One day you get to much - then you go out

You are dead and nobody cares about you
Nobody's learned anything, cause they all do what you do
Everybody does it, why shouldn't I?
'Cause it's sick!

Get your booze away from me
Keep your pills out of sight
Don't get smoke in my face
Or you'll get the straight-edge in your face

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