

# Sonic Boom Six, Play Inna Day

Once upon a time when all we had to do was make rhyme it didn't matter what they say.  
Then other boys and girls would stop our games and call us nasty names  
I couldn't pretend I was from the USA.

I guess the scene had never wanted to be mean,  
Suburban debutantes in mother's car with brand new guitars,  
Never took the time to innovate,  
Just imitate and claim they never did it to be stars.

Something to say,  
So we find a way,  
Repeating it over and over,  
If I believe in the things they say then maybe I can play in a day and you can too.

All the stickers in the world on your guitar don't change the sound when it's a birthday toy  
And you rock a reggae riddim like a middle class whiteboy.  
For one night only we can pay for punk and kareoke ska and all pretend we're from LA.

Was never fond of fishes in the local pond.  
Would never change my tune for fickle political guestbook goons,  
would never get upset by people that I've never met and never get a meeting to respond.

Something to say,  
So we find a way,  
Repeating it over and over,  
If I believe in the things they say then maybe I can play in a day and you can too.

You can too, every one of you; It's inside you.

You'd better be making notes and taking the lesson in the sound,  
Whether up on the chart or deep underground,  
Don't believe them when they say there is enough of it around.  
Never dibbi-dibbi when the tape a rewounda.  
So buy the tape and wear the shirt and write a song and when its time to bring style grab the micro

It isn't easy to turn over a new leaf,  
it isn't easy to ignore the criticisms you receive  
But that's the consequence of living with your heart upon your sleeve, if you believe.

Something to say so we find a way,  
The stories a long way from over,  
And I believe in the things I say so maybe then despite what they say I can play in a day and you c