

Stretch Armstrong, For The Record

I'm not exactly proud of the place I'm from
but I've been here my whole life so I guess I'll call it home.
In South Carolina a flag still shows the enslavement of our minds
but in South Carolina I learned from all the times.
We went to all-ages shows, Sunday matinees
hanging out wondering if the bands would show and even play.
The bands would come and we would all sing along (sing along sing along).
Would they ever know their impact would last so long?
The world is full of lonely places no matter where you're from.
A crowded show, familiar faces make me feel at home.
Many kids have come and gone but I know what kept me here.
The magic of those songs has sustained me through the years.
I heard the word sincerity and I know now what that means.
I learned it first with Black Flag, mohawks, combat boots and torn-up jeans.
We were more than just a tour date. You were more than just a song.
We sweat and sang together and that helped us to carry on.
We were more. You were more. For the record.

crbt2('Stretch Arm Strong','For The Record')

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