

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Noise Brigade

Without any training
It's pouring,
It's raining
Training or a trade
Hey, you bet I'm afraid
Unequipped with a skill
But I'm thrilled with the thrill
Underskilled, unprepared
Hey, who wouldn't be scared

Dime for a dozen if that's what you're after
A moment of silence, a lifetime of laughter

So, bring on the obstacles
And burn me a bridge
I'm not sure, should I call
This my range or a ridge?
There ain't none too high
If I'm up for the climb
I'll go zero to sixty
And stop on a dime

Dime for a dozen if that's what you're after
A moment of silence, a lifetime of laughter

On the brighter side
And on a happier note
The noise, well it's just love
That gets caught in my throat

The end of the line's
Not the end of a rope
Just a salesman
Selling a bucket of hope
When the bucket gets kicked
And my chips are all cashed
My intentions, conventions
Are finally smashed

Dime for a dozen if that's what you're after
A moment of silence, a lifetime of laughter