

Tim Armstrong, Among The Dead

Among the dead
We will rise

If you count me out you better think again
You better realize now that I ain't stopping
This is where I start, this is where I begin
This is where you stop, this is where you end
Woke up in a downtown street
We were crashed out living in rubble
Broken bones, broken homes
Broken kid's living in the jungle
Nineteen eighty seven in the east bay cold as hell it's the middle of summer
Me and Jesse and Matt and Dave Mello, he was the drummer
My momma said you better watch your back boy
Keep your head up and be a shot blocker
On the outside looking in with the freaks and the thugs and all the punk rockers
They say I'm outta step in this world so step back man I ain't gonna warn ya
Here's a message for the disenfranchised of East bay California

Let me tell you something about the Eastbay: it's California but it ain't sunny
All my dreams came crashing down I'm outta home my street got no money
And got no band, and got no one around, and all the music is gone man
No where to sleep on the ground wondering what the fuck went wrong now
Know what it's like to walk among the dead?
I'm alone in total isolation
No ones there this is my final destination.
Old man preaching bout war and peace and the path and total damnation
I always seem to get up get out and survive in every situation

Then one day Matt says let's get the band together let's do this one more time
So I'm, ok that sounds good, let's give it a try, let's give it one more run
They got no rides
we got drums
we got guitars
we got the songs all night long