

1998

Rancid

White Stones, Queens 1974

Fathers talking shit, motherfucker slam the door
Hit the streets runnin' cannot take it any more?
In the reins of the trains I cuddle on the floor

Well the park bench is cold sleeping in the rain
Little kids sitting in the shooting gallery
Set yourself up from manifested misery
Oh if this is what you want
not the way of what they fucking say

Hangin out with Sid yet again in the USA
Sidney Sidney in the USA

Lower east side 1976

Who's got the dope and who's turning tricks?
Should I call a loser just for a fix?
Rippin' off some lady just to avoid from gettin' sick

Oh your life is low and you got no where to go
What the fuck happens to your soul when your low
Is he comin' over? is he comin' home?
Your mama's disappointed waiting by the phone

Yeah!!!

Hangin out with Sid yet again in the USA
Sidney Sidney in the USA

Same fuckin' shit 1998

Lifting bait, and by the fuckers that he hates
Hit some fucking people by the Kennedy strait
Who's got the bag gonna seal his fate?

By the park bench cold sitting in the rain
Little kids sitting in the shooting gallery
Set yourself up for manifested misery
Well this is what you want?
not the way they fucking say

Hangin out with Sid yet again in the USA
Sidney Sidney in the USA