Collision Course

Rancid

Did I mention to you about my punk rock radio?
Words don't apply on my push it up stereo
Transistor party but the dead alright
All these people come and blast it on a reggae all the night
Sham sixty-nine rocks reggae rocks laying on my temple
With a forty-five record on the turn table
With the turntable ticking, tick all night
And the sun comes a rising as the song begins, singing

We're on a mission, got no remorse
One hundred miles an hour, collision course

When I blow up the line, put my radio down
from the wicked fowl
I drop the needle, watch it clean this up
While I play it back, man, at the record shop
Deep in the night in the chaos storms
My rhythm gets driven by the beat of the drums
Forty-five, thirty-three, five PM
Hey mr. DJ, let us in

We're on a mission, got no remorse
One hundred miles an hour, collision course

We're on a mission, got no remorse
One hundred miles an hour
We're on a mission, got no remorse
One hundred miles an hour, collision course