

## Journey to the End of the East Bay

Rancid

Reconcile to the belief consumed and sacred ground for me  
There wasn't always a place to go  
But there was always an urgent need to belong  
All these bands and all these people  
All these friends and we were equals, but  
Whatcha gonna do when everybody goes on without you

To the end, to the end, I'll journey to the end  
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To the end, yeah  
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started in '87, ended in '89  
You got a garage or an amp we'll play anytime  
It was just the 4 of us yea man the core of us  
Too much attention unavoidably destroyed us  
Four kids on tour 3,000 miles  
In a four door car not knowing what was going on  
Not if we got a billion years it would turn out like this  
Hell no, no preminition could have seen this

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Matty came from far away  
From New Orleans into the east bay  
He said this is a mecca  
I said this aint no mecca man, this place is fucked  
Three months go by, he had no home  
He had no food, he's all alone  
Matty said fool me once, shame on you  
He said fool me twice, he went back to New Orleans

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