

Stand Your Ground

Rancid

Hold your head up high,
Cuz tomorrow you may die,
Cuz no one's safe around here,
No one's safe around here.
Stand your ground,
Til you're the last one in town.

Someone that you trust turned out to be a tricker,
Smoking cigarettes, getting stoned on liquor,
Getting really dizzy, only getting sicker,
Small problems now only seem bigger.
America's a safe place,
If you're gonna leave it,
And the rhetoric is there,
If you're gonna read it,
And the hollow masses,
The machines defeated,
And the rich look down to arrive on the bleeding.

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Hardly enough,
It gets tough when you're running,
So you bust out the homeless,
When they start coming,
In LA, Broadway, it's wicked when they're watching,
And your backup and your backup and your backup ain't working.
There's no food, so you're spurred into action,
Set up and go to no satisfaction,
Ice and snow is the city passion,
When you walk in the shadows, girl, there's no protection.

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OK, well,
This is the city of Los Angeles,
And it never sleeps,
It may look like it,
But it doesn't.
It lives and breathes nocturnally,
So when you've got no place to sleep at night,
And you're all huddled up,
And you're cold,
Well, this song goes out to the city's forgotten.
Hey, Tim, take us on home....

Underlying reason, well she can't keep it going,

In the middle of the night,
they found her frozen,
And the Wal-Mart sign,
Keeps on glowing,
And the winds of change keep on blowing.

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