Trenches

1987 at a 7-11 police out looking for problems but i'm no average hoodlum still running from the pigs so it seems to me this is not the land of love and liberty it's more like a waiting room in hell drink a qwart and watch me dwell i got it right out in the trenches tonight glass towers rise above the filth and the pain im a moral degenerate feel my pain pass out in a squat on mission that night i was shocked into submission straight down straight down to hell i head systems of sewers is where i lay my head people on their way are like on a different dimension i need no correction i got it right out in the trenches tonight some of my friends moved on a simple domestic life they're all gone only a few of us remain only few of us want to keep in the same i got it right out in the trenches tonight

Rancid