Turn Up That Dial

Dropkick Murphys

Open your eyes to the sound of the street
To the pounding of the metal like the "Clampdown" beat
You're my inspiration, you got something to say
Now turn up that dial 'til it takes me away

These days can be dark, they're lonely and long
Thank God for the music that made me belong
That motivates and captivates my senses and soul
I was empty inside, but then you filled the hole

We took on the world
With these songs in our ear
They told us to listen
But you were all we could hear
You were our sound
You were angry, loud, and raw
They wrote the rules
But you were the law

I have hope to share and I've got love to give
I have power and passion of desire to live
Things are looking up, but sometimes I'm down
You're the message that moves me and turns me around

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My escape, my solution, my savior, my friend
Three minutes of fury I wish wouldn't end

They feed us the lie, but we don't subscribe
To the horrors you preach, we rebel 'til we die
We're never ones to follow like lambs to the slaughter
We won't be your servants and we won't be your fodder
(We'll never be your servants, and we'll never be your fodder)

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