

The Underground in America

Pantera

Put in position to wage teenage mayhem
A common affair for the ones who are juiced
If it is weakness that grants us the power
We thrive on what's stronger than most of the world

Glass breaks
the dimming lights
sweat, heat and profane debate
the smart ones stay on the outside
while drunken heads and arms erupt

centered man swings a punch,
spits a tooth, postures odd
a punk rock escapade
five bucks a head to be king dick in the crowd

We are the ones who must sport the position

cheap beer
trendy clicks
lesbian love is accepted and right
shaved heads meet hair in the mix
blending the 80's and 90's with hate

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Shows on
dates canceled
kicked out for reasons that seem so unfair
skin crusts against the cops
a foregone conclusion that's tired and beat

Ringworm, crabs and lice
V.D. ecstasy, speed and horse
a heaven of unmatched importance
an honor of sex to be stuck by the punk

Rich homes with money and food
abandoned for the bums on the street
a lifestyle that's unexplainable
don't try and save what is all meant to be

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If it is free
from (a) family that's seen
you can just keep it
if you must beg
it's better instead
you must follow the etiquette

You know when it rains you're in your bed at home
You act so real when you are alone
You better not let the mohawked crowd see
Give it five years, you'll retire your piercings
You must admit that you mimic the weaklings