

Brixton

Rancid

I saw a new generation coming
Under the smoke of Oakland
In and out, the streets are breathing
Under the smoke of Oakland

Chaos, disorder, looting and loiter
From a blind man praying for some silence
Take a load of my mind, not a
My best intentions always ended in a fight
You can send me to hell, expose me, I'll tell
Take control and tell what they're doing
250 dead, the Tribune read
Oakland's going off like a bomb!

Armageddeon is coming so you better start runnin'
'cause the big wave is comin' to the shore
No surprise that you see through the lies
Of a system rotten to the core
High tech surveillance, paranoia and violence
Keeping the city at a calm
250 dead, the Tribune read
Oakland's going off like a bomb!

Man, it just don't seem right.
See, everytime I turn around it's the same old story.
And it just don't seem right.
And I wonder when's it gonna end?

Knockin' down the doors, slogans on the walls
One said Fight Back & The System Will Fall
Police came out with tear gas and flames
Chaos in the city beating them at the game
Don't pay the poll tax, the headlines read
30 cops beaten, another one dead
The fight lasted on til the break of the night
A thousand angry looters who knew they were right