Cold Concrete

Time Again

Face down on the cold concrete
where the cops beat and battered me,
they got their guns drawn,
fingers on the trigger, crowds thinning out,
things are getting grimmer,
they said you got no rights you're a punk;
mohawk, tattoos, kid you're fucked,
you can make your phone call, but make it in handcuffs.

[Chorus:]
I didn't start no violence,
I never tried to fight it,
But with nowhere to go and nowhere to hide,
they say that I incited a riot.

Now I'm stuck in the dark cold cell,
and I called up my friends, post my bail,
and I said that I was wrongly accused,
I was wrongly beaten and wrongly abused,
they said I got no rights, I'm a punk;
mohawk, tattoos, I guess I'm fucked,
I can make my phone call, but make it in handcuffs

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