

# Among The Dead

Tim Armstrong

Among the dead  
We will rise

If you count me out you better think again  
You better realize now that I ain't stopping  
This is where I start, this is where I begin  
This is where you stop, this is where you end  
Woke up in a downtown street  
We were crashed out living in rubble  
Broken bones, broken homes  
Broken kids living in the jungle  
Nineteen eighty seven in the east bay cold as hell it's the middle of summer  
Me and Jesse and Matt and Dave Mello, he was the drummer  
My momma said you better watch your back boy  
Keep your head up and be a shot blocker  
On the outside looking in wit the freaks and the thugs and all the punk rockers  
They say I'm outta step in this world so step back man I ain't gonna warn ya  
Here's a message for the disenfranchised of East bay California

Let me tell you something about the Eastbay: it's California but it ain't sunny  
All my dreams came crashing down I'm outta home my street got no money  
And got no band, and got no one around, and all the music is gone man  
No where to sleep on the ground wondering what the fuck went wrong now  
Know what it's like to walk among the dead?  
I'm alone in total isolation  
No ones there this is my final destination.  
Old man preaching bout war and peace and the path and total damnation  
I always seem to get up get out and survive in every situation

Than one day Matt says let's get the band together let's do this one more time  
So I'm, ok that sounds good, let's give it a try, let's give it one more run  
we got garage  
we got drums  
we got guitars  
we got the songs all night long