

POST WAR CRIMES

Words & Music by Ugly Lenny

When you came home from the war
They cussed and spit at you
And these were the people you were fighting for
You watched your friends die all around you
But you left there alive
They left their blood, with honor, in the killing fields

All those flag burning conscientious objectors
Are the true war criminals
Their anti-war hypocrisy preached peace with acts of violence
Then tried to start another war with you at home
But, to me, you'll always be a hero

You didn't dodge the draft or defect to Canada
(Unlike those traitors)
When Uncle Sam called up for you
You did your duty as an honorable American
With pride and loyalty to the U.S. of A.

Of thee I sing this song of praise as a small token
Of my appreciation for you
Many of us do remember your heroism
And your sacrifices on our behalf will never be forgotten
'Cause, you see, you'll always be a hero to me

MY IRISH GIRL

Words & Music by Ugly Lenny

I was sitting here with my Irish girl
I love her more than anything in the world
And she said she felt the same about me
Then, one day, she hopped on a plane
And went to a land half a world away
I didn't even know she was gonna leave

She went back
She went back to Ireland
Without me

Now, I'm without my Irish girl
I miss her more than anything in the world
I can still smell her perfume on my sheets
I don't see her anymore
Except when I pass out on the floor
I, sometimes, get to see her in my dreams

In nineteen hundred and ninety eight
I learned to drink my whiskey straight
But every time I drink I think of her

Erin Go Bragh!

I'D RATHER BE SQUARE

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With all those stuck-up pricks
In all their trendy little cliques
Why would you wanna be there?
All the bands there sound the same
And when I say, the same, I mean, really lame
So, why do you wanna be there?

I'm not gonna go
You go be cool if you want to
I don't wanna go
I'd rather be square at home

Their scene must be seen to be believed
Chock full of vain hipster wanna-bes
Why would you wanna be there?
Every one there is trying to fit in
Bragging about how they got in
So, why do you wanna be there?

HARDWARE

Words & Music by Ugly Lenny

You've been living in fear for as long as you can remember
It's to the point you don't remember why at all
And every time you're confronted you quickly change your views
The only things I've seen you lose is your stance, your pride,
And respect in my eyes
But to me these are things you should not want to be lost
A black eye will heal in a week or two
And once it's gone the pain's invisible
But respect takes a long time to earn
Maybe someday you will learn
The true power of a person is what's inside the mind
Not in the punch

HUMAN SPEED BUMP

Words & Music by Ugly Lenny

They put you down
Push you around
It never seems to end
You don't like what's going on
But don't say anything
They make you feel like you don't matter
And you never will
But you still call them friends of yours
Though they've broken your will

You just lie down and take it
You let them all run over you
A human speed bump is all you are to them
They're not your friends

She makes you feel ugly and worthless
In every way
Your heart's just an unwelcome mat
She steps on every day
You tell her that you love her
She laughs right in your face
Tell her she's the only one
Tells you she needs her space

But you just lie down and take it
You let her walk all over you
A human speed bump is all you are to her
She's not your girl

OI BOI

Words & Music by Ugly Lenny

Red blood
White honor and a
Blue collar

This is the true story of a working class man
The blood, sweat, honor and the struggle
to be the best he can
In a society where the rich get richer still
And fat men in armchairs light cigars with 20-dollar bills

I've got my boots & braces
I'm ready to work

I am always working 40+ hours a week
And I still can't seem to get my ends to meet
The struggle of the working man is my struggle every
day
Put in all the overtime I can;
But it's the taxman who gets paid

I've got my boots & braces
I'm ready to work
Oi! Boi!

Red blood
White honor and a
Blue collar

What little I've got I had to work really hard to get
I pay my dues with steel capped boots, callused hands
& sweat
Won't retire a rich man
Might have to work 'til the day I die
But power can't be found in your wallet
Power is your pride

I've got my boots & braces
I'm ready to work
Oi! Boi!

All lyrics ©Ugly Lenny's Rebellion.

Ugly Lenny - guitar & vocals;
tin whistle on all versions of

"My Irish Girl"
Tim Boyle - bass
Dan Skum - drums
Pegadeth - guitar (11-13)
Davey Quinn - Uilleann Pipes (10)

Thanks to everyone on our thanks list.

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SOMETHING TO DO

Words & Music by Ugly Lenny

I don't wanna read a book or vege out in front of the
tube
Don't wanna sleep the day away or sunbathe in the
nude
I don't wanna be alone
'Cause, then, all I do is feel empty & lonely
And sit around, thinking about her

Somebody call me up
Somebody take me out
C'mon, just for an hour or two
Somebody answer my call
Somebody go out with me
I could really use a friend, right now
I am really in need of a friend, like you

I don't wanna clean my room or my dirty fingernails
I don't wanna write a tune, like I'm doing, right now

I need something to do
To get my mind off of her
Gimmie something to do
So, I can stop thinking about her
It hurts

IF NOT FOR THE RAMONES

Words & Music by Ugly Lenny

I remember where I was at
When I first heard "Beat On The Brat"
I was sitting on Audrey's bed
On the first day I met her dad
I remember my first Ramones show
Waiting for the band yelling, "Hey! Ho! Let's Go!"
They came on stage, on came the lights
With 1-2-3-4 came "Durango 95"

If not for the Ramones
I wouldn't be behind this microphone
I wouldn't be in a band of my own
I wouldn't be up here playing this show
I'd probably never leave home

We want the airwaves
Remember rock 'n roll radio?
Don't wanna go down to the basement, Daddy-O
I know they wanna give me psychotherapy
Don't wanna be a pinhead no more
Not me!
Baby, don't go
I want you around
My brain is hanging upside down
I wanna be sedated
Gimme Gimme shock treatment
I'm a nazi baby
Yes I am
I'm against it!