

VIOLENCE-A-GO-GO

If our songs incite a riot
Then we're doing something right
But we can't be held responsible
If they only came to fight, tonight
We only came to have some fun
Get drunk and rock 'n roll
And we refuse to take the blame
For situations beyond our control
Go-Go!

You banned us from your club
Because you don't understand
And you were afraid of the skinheads
That came to see our band
You didn't like their presence
Or what they represent
You were too afraid to kick them out
So you kicked us out instead
Go-Go!

Violence! Violence-a-Go-Go! Go-Go!
You blame It On The Band!
You blame the band for the violence!

ZOMBIE LOVER

I'm a zombie lover
Won't eat your brains
But I'll fuck your brains out

I'm a zombie lover
Won't eat your brains
But you know I'll eat
Between your legs

ME & MY ATTITUDE

Just because
I seemed happy yesterday
Doesn't mean it was because of you
And just because
I woke up pissed today
Doesn't mean I'm pissed off at you
If I ask you,
"How was your day, today?"
Doesn't mean
I want a life story from you
And if I ask you
to leave me alone today
Doesn't mean
I'm only talking about you

It's just me
And my attitude
It's just how I am
Not because of you

Just because I don't wanna go out
Doesn't mean
I don't wanna go out with you
And just because I never showed up
Doesn't mean
I didn't want to be seen with you
If I tell you I don't feel like it today
Doesn't mean
I'm making up an excuse
And if I tell you to get away from me
Doesn't mean
I'm only talking about you

It's just me
And my attitude
It's just how I am
Not because of you

Get a life
This isn't about you
Get it?

T.R. KIDS

Living in abandonment
In an abandoned shack
But they're doing all right
They cover each other's back

Bonded by rejection
A brand burned into their skin
And they wear it with pride
Each with their own reason

In suburban destitution
The change they've made is spare
From condescending eyes
People pretend to care
But they don't want them there!
They are totally rejected

Surviving as a family
Something they've never known
Because the structure had been
broken
Long before they left home

White picket fences only hold in abuse
Restricted inside
Destroying America's youth

Living in abandonment
Bonded by rejection
In suburban destitution
What a combination!

They're the T.R. kids of suburbia
In dysfunctional America
All they've got is each other
But that's all they need
That's all they need

OI BOI

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!

What little I've got
I had to work really hard to get
I pay my dues with steel capped
boots,
calloused 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

NASTY COUGH

Well I got all fucked up last night
Drank a shitload of PBRs
Smoked all my god damn Pall Malls
Now I got a headache
I just can't shake
I got a nasty cough

*Well let me have Ugly tell you a story
About how this little song came to be*
So, some say that love is blind
But I must say, he disagrees
Yeah, sometimes he miss' that girl
Sure as hell don't miss that misery

So, I took him out
to get drunk, last night
To drink that girl right off his mind
Kept drinkin'
till he couldn't remember her name
Anymore
It was a PBR & Pall Mall night
Smoked & drank too much,
but just right
Till he got a nasty cough & stumbled
out the door

Well, I don't know
what I'm gonna do today
'cause tomorrow don't know
if she's ever gonna come
I don't know what I'm gonna do today
without you, girl
My sweet baby girl

Well, I'll say it again
And I'll fuckin' sing it again
Well I got all fucked up last night
Drank a shitload of PBRs
Smoked all my god damn Pall Malls
Now I got a headache
I just can't shake
I got a nasty cough

MY IRISH GIRL

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!

ROAD KILL

There are obstacles on the road of life
There's a path that is chosen
and a path you choose
And when the road forks
to the left and right
It's an opportunity to redirect your life

The warning signs
along the road of life
Are there to help you
steer in the right direction
So if you're speeding
down a dead end street
Better make a U-turn
or you're gonna crash and burn

Can't start it over
Just gotta deal with what you're dealt
Sometimes you come up aces
But sometimes you crap out
Can't start it over
There are lessons to be learned
And these experiences
give you strength
For when you take
your next wrong turn

HARDWARE

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

STORMTROOPERS ON PATROL

Our boots, laced up tight on our feet
Storm the streets, storm the streets
'Cause we're crucified for our beliefs
Storm the streets, storm the streets
Every day's another war
Which most of you choose to ignore
We're on the frontlines,
leading the rebellion
Planting the seeds along the beaten
path to glory & victory!

We are stormtroopers on patrol

This is our war. This is our nation
Storm the streets, storm the streets
This is a strike, an insurrection
Storm the streets, storm the streets
We fight for our fundamental rights
Such as our equality before the law
Freedom of speech & association
Freedom of belief and the promise of
glory & victory!

Sturmtruppen!!!

POST WAR CRIMES

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

I WANNA DO A DONNA

Donna R, Donna C
Makes no difference to me
Donna F, Donna A
Any time, Any day

Donna C, Donna R
In the back seat of my car
Donna A, Donna F
All night long till we run outta breath

IF NOT FOR THE RAMONES

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!

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