

Rancid

Roots Radicals

Took the 60 bus, out of downtown Campbell
Ben Zanotto he was on there he was waiting for me
All the punk rockers and the moon stompers
were out on the corners where they're sparing for change
I started thinkin, ya know I started drinkin
I don't really remember too much of that day
Something struck me funny when we ran out of money
Where do you go now when you're only 15?

C - F - / G F C - /

With the music execution and the talk of revolution

It bleeds in me, and it goes...

Give em the boot, the roots, the radicals

Give em the boot, ya know I'm a radical

Give em the boot, the roots, the reggae

on my stereo....

G - F - / D - - - /

C - F G / 3rd / 3rd / C - G - /

The radio was playing, Desmond Dekker was singing
on the 43rd bus as we climbed up the hill
nothing incoming but the reggae drumming
and we all come from unloving homes
I said "why even bother" and I picked up the bottle
hey Mr. bus driver please let these people on
rude girl carol was a miniskirt girl
my blurry vision saw nothing wrong

CHORUS

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah.....

F - - - / 1st / 1st / F - D - /

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