

# Collision Course

## Rancid

Did I mention to you about my punk rock radio?  
Words don't apply on my push it up stereo  
Transistor party, but the fader's right  
They're gonna speak, come and blast it on a reggae, all the night Whoop! Sham 69, roots reggae  
on my temple  
With a 45 record too, on the turntable  
With the turntable kicking, man, it took away, yeah  
When the sun come a rising and let the song begins  
Singing! We're on a mission, got no remorse  
One hundred miles an hour, collision course With the glow of the light and my radio down  
Four better pieces from the record found  
I dropped the needle watching Creedle and Shout  
Now, I'm playing a black man at the record shop  
Deep in the night in the caos scums  
My rhythm gets striven by the beat of drums  
45, 33 RPM,  
Hey, Mr DJ, let us in! Check it! We're on a mission, got no remorse  
One hundred miles an hour, collision course

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>