

Mr. Integrity

L7

Stranded in the streets of San Francisco
A rusty car pulled along side of me
I looked behind the wheel and I started to squeal
An idol's face was staring at me. Don't preach to me
Mr. integrity Sittin' shotgun, out of my brain
Im up for draggin' through the art ghettos
Stepped on the gas, gums started to flap
Punk rock manifestoes Spittin', fumin',
The streets are filled with so much glass that I wanted to break
Eyes spinnin' 'round
As my feet shook the ground
Like the San Francisco earthquake
Don't preach to me
Mr. integrity
Don't preach to me
Mr. integrity
I'm not the enemy
Please don't preach to me
Mr. integrity Stranded in the streets of San Francisco
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Don't preach to me
Mr. integrity
Don't preach to me
Mr. integrity Don't preach to me
Mr. integrity (ha!)
I'm not the enemy (no)
Please don't preach to me
Mr. integrity

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>