

Big D And The Kids Table, Steady Riot

Lower Allston Rising

The music's made on Boston's dejected streets
In polluted rooms and sweat dripping ceilings
We come together, defiance on the road
But the freeway can be brutal with no dosh or a home yeah

Music, a steady riot in my soul

My buddy Johnny, he can never get up
But it's him who should be admired
Not those fame driven shmucks
Works at a bar, gives me pints and free eats
I swear, Johnny alone feeds the Allston music scene

And then there's Sudz, yeah he can get bummed
After a long night of drinking in that rude riot fun
But it's easy to get down when you view life as a stray
But my man he brings me up
I should tell him one of these days

Music, a steady riot in my soul
Always in me

Just walking back from Central Square
Thinking about what I heard this smart guy share
there's a time to drink and dream
and then create and complete
My life, resistant words, a good riff and a beat

A steady riot