

In Cold Blood

Johnny Thunders

Well, I was raised in the street
A city boy if you please
I probably forgot more, than you'll ever be
No doubt about it You gotta (bop?) down, down the street Hey!
You afraid of those creeps?
Guardian angels are what we need
New York city police are so sweet In cold blood
In cold blood Well you probably think I'm pretty mad
Just because I like it down there
Well don't you worry dear
You'll never end up dead In cold blood Well no one here gets out alive
Living here its suicide
Avenue A you might survive
Riverton you'll finally die In cold blood
In cold blood

Songwriters

GENZALE, JOHN Published by

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