Crack City Rockers

Leftover Crack

no panhandling they say it isnt a job
oh but i disagree ya ignorant slob
but there may come a day, when yer found down & out
and the hateful replies will fill ya with doubt
ya might be a skater ya might be a punk
just give us a quarter so we can get drunk
thank you for shopping and please come againyou suffer to know, try even harder to see
making sense of yer life in a fucked reality
from decatur st. up to avenue A
from El Guadelupe in texas to the san francisco bay
ya turned a spangin' job into a life long career
for a tin A' tabacco and a fourty of beer
now yer drinkin & yer thinkin is my bad luck runnin' out?yer stopped by the cops & ya hope & ya wish
& yer askin real nice for them to letcha go
so they ask if they were shot in the street
would ya laugh in their face and ya can't say noafter all of the times that ya barely scraped by
with the lice in yer hair and the gleam in yer eye
now yer drinkin' and yer thinkin is my bad luck runnin' out?with the cobra we drank and the shit we were talkin'
in the tenderloin gutter we were crack city rockin'
yeah when we were alive we were wicked and young
with the good times we had and the songs we sung
now it's sad that you died and i wish you would stay
but i sold all my stamps at the end of the day
and now i'm drinkin' and i'm thinkin' is my bad luck runnin' out?Popeye:
(yeah bad luck man, plenty of that to go around
my good friend gone was always there to share it with me)after all of the times that ya barely scraped by
with the lice in yer hair and the gleam in yer eye
now yer drinkin' and yer thinkin is my bad luck runnin' out?i got assualted by officer friendly
on the 4th of july stick a needle in my eye
i said "i didn't do nothin'" & "whats this all about?"
he said "resisting arrest" as his pulled his baton out
spitting bile and blood as they left me for dead
my thoughts leaked out through a fissure in my head
and the last one left is: is my bad luck running out?

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