

Street Rats (Album Version)

Ted Nugent

Midnight in the cellar
Dinner on the floor
Sleeping in the gutter
He fights a private warHiding in the doorway
 Weapon at his side
 Rob you for a nickel
You'd better run and hideHe's a street rat
 Nothing to offer
 Street rat
 Snake in the grass
 Street rat
 Steals another meal
 Street rat
But it may be his lastThe look of desperation
 Sure to bite the dust
 His constant nauseation
A real social crustHe's a street rat
 Nothing to offer
 Street rat
 Snake in the grass
 Street rat
 Steals another meal
 Street rat
But it may be his lastPost war anti-social
 A fading of the brain
 He's hopeless and he's hostile
And lurking in the rainHis face is badly beaten
 A nasty thing to see
 Street rats on the rampage
You'd best keep away from meStreet rat, street rat
 Street rat, street rat
 Street rat, street rat
 Street rat, street rat
 Street rat, street rat

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