

Nickels and Dimes

Social Distortion

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm a Cadillac tramp at the end of his road
A swap meet rat who's sittin' on gold, yeah baby
I'm a guitar gangster without a tune
I'm the baseball bat that's waiting to swing
Your loan shark friend with the broken knees, yeah baby
I'm a penthouse pauper with nothing to do Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I'm chasing nickels and dimes
The rest of the world passes me by
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah I'm just wasting my time
I'm just sitting here and wondering why I'm the high rollin' creep that's in too deep
With the slicked back hair and the silver teeth, yeah baby
I'm a vagabond king with a stolen crown
I'm a jail house poet, a genius, a fool
I'm the pimp who's lost his cool, yeah baby
I've got first class taste in a second class town Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I'm chasing nickels and dimes
While the rest of the world passes me by
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah I'm just wasting my time
I'm just sitting here and wondering why, yeah I'm a loaded gun pointed at the mirror
A drugstore cowboy whose end is near, yeah baby
I'm a big time schemer with broken down dreams
I'm a derelict rebel without a cause
I ain't the cat with the sharpest claws, no baby
'Cause sometimes life just ain't what it seems Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I'm chasing nickels and dimes
While the rest of the world passes me by
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah I'm just wasting my time
I'm just sitting here and wondering why I'm just sitting here and wondering why
And just like you I'm wondering why

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