Nothing to Lose

L.A. Guns

We're lost at the edge of time
No money, it ain't a crime
Doing things the way that I choose
Gonna make the front page news
My finger on the gun
Bang, bang, gets things done
You got nothing, nothing to lose
Street life, paying your dues
Gonna sing the young man blues
You got nothing, nothing to lose
I want dollars, sex, instant fame
Let it rock, the name of the game
Steal a car, and I'm ready to fight
Fat cop gonna read ya your rights
I'm lost on the heartbreak zone
Hold tight, don't let go, no, no, no
You got nothing, nothing to lose
Street life, pay your dues
Gonna sing the young man blues
Fall from grace, child in time
Born of thunder, one of a kind
Fire and ice, battle cry
Powers within, they multiply, yeah
Oh
Loose gun and I can't be beat
White trash kickin' the street
A city brat gone far from home
A city brat don't want anymore,
My finger on the gun
A bang, bang gets things done
Yeah, yeah, yeah
You got nothing, nothing to lose
Street life, paying your dues
Gonna sing the young man dues
You got nothing
You got nothing, nothing to lose
Street life, paying your dues
Gonna sing the young man blues
You got nothing, nothing to lose

You gotta scream and fight
Hey, hey, yeah, hey, hey, yeah
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
No, no, no, no, no, no
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Yeah, yeah

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