Live Fast Die Young

Devotchkas

Boy with no name, he was only 18
Never lughed to much
Hated the monarchy
Yes he hated the queen
Real antisocial and he acted real mean
Was he in a dream?
Dowsing her lights was in
In his dreamsRumpa, rumpa, rumpa, hey, hey
Rumpa, rumpa
Rumpa, rumpa, rumpa, hey, hey
Rumpa, rumpaSo full of hate and full of fury
To tell you a story
You would say
He was a one man jury
Catalogue of anger posted through your door
Your door, your door, your door
A chance would come to even the scoreStole a gun and he stole a car
Oh boy, oh boy
With a pretty doll he would go far
Down to london where the bright lights are
Lights are, lights are, lights are
And i say
The mission his decisionHe took out the gun
On that fateful day
The winds blew cold , the sky turned grey
He pointed the gun
And then he pulled the trigger
The message that he would now deliver

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