

# Travis Bickle

## Rancid

Well all the junkies they know my name  
And every city looks the fucking same  
And the derelicts the street are all insane  
And the scum surges up and there's no one to fucking blame  
Game over it's no fun  
Got me on the run  
I'm gonna go get my gun  
Blam, blam, blam you're done  
Game over it's no fun  
Got me on the run  
I'm gonna go get my gun  
Blam, blam, blam, you're done  
All the prostitutes who run around midnight  
And the junkies and hypes are all trying to get tight  
They're all trying to find some hope for sale  
But there's no fucking way outta this hell  
Game over it's no fun  
Got me on the run  
I'm gonna go get my gun  
Blam, blam, blam, you're done  
Game over it's no fun  
Got me on the run  
I'm gonna go get my gun  
Blam, blam, blam, you're done  
Allegiance to scum promising nothing to a world that's lost strife and conflict,  
encounters with the devil, Incarnate destruction and annihilation in the city, Acqueducts of blood, Alleyways  
extort and uproot the forgotten dead, Polluted and incapacitated crippled masses, Polluted and incapacitated  
crippled masses  
Game over it's no fun  
Got me on the run  
I'm gonna go get my gun  
Blam, blam, blam, you're done  
Game over it's no fun  
Got me on the run  
I'm gonna go get my gun  
Blam, blam, blam, you're done  
Yeah! You're fucking done!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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