

Hoover Street

Rancid

She's a Salvador immigrant, head through a thin walls
A frail hooker, holding her carnal walls
Gleaming sky scraper bunker he looked down
Laugh hysterically and then he spread around
On Hoover Street, then he must be alone
The precious little kid cashed the woes
Salvadorian girl, she kind of made you spill
Her brother Mario got shot four times in the head
Now see poor Mario, he caught a hot one
Through the lung, now he's done so God bless the man
Cocaine moved through that system, like a river forever winding
To the last party of the lower class
Even distance, just a bunch of kids who don't wanna finish last
Now see the market place has changed the weight of the scale
You either get out and die or go to jail
And your best intentions splinter and frail
And a few weeks of promises and attempts to fail
It's a glass-pipe murder
Glass-pipe murder, oh yeah
Glass-pipe murder
It's a glass-pipe murder, oh yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
They kick a bottle of beer and a letter
Simple things made Mario feel better
You see it falls on you and it falls on me
Self-annihilation, catastrophe
Two packs of cigarettes
For two dollars and seventy cents
And a bottle of wine that's been opened
And he said, "Why do I do this?"
A shiver through his body like a bottle of CC
Not encouraging reality or me
He said, "It's who I am, baby, back to it"
Off the deep end the record changed
You see, no one stood up and cheered for him
Everyone sat down with something that happened
Began to happen
It's an old school dorm mystery
And the handcuffs bleed
It's a glass-pipe murder
Glass-pipe murder, oh yeah
Glass-pipe murder
It's a glass-pipe murder, oh yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Who was the killer? It's in the
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh yeah
Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh yeah

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