

# Street Rats

Ted Nugent

Midnight in the cellar  
Dinner on the floor  
Sleeping in the gutter  
He fights a private war  
Hiding in the doorway  
Weapon at his side  
Rob you for a nickel  
You'd better run and hide

He's a street rat  
Nothing to offer  
Street rat  
Snake in the grass  
Street rat  
Steals another meal  
Street rat  
But it may be his last  
The look of desperation  
Sure to bite the dust  
His constant nausea  
A real social crust

He's a street rat  
Nothing to offer  
Street rat  
Snake in the grass  
Street rat  
Steals another meal  
Street rat  
But it may be his last  
Post war anti-social  
A fading of the brain  
He's hopeless and he's hostile  
And lurking in the rain  
His face is badly beaten  
A nasty thing to see  
Street rats on the rampage  
You'd best keep away from me  
Street rat, street rat  
Street rat, street rat

Street rat, street rat  
Street rat, street rat  
Street rat, street rat  
Street rat, street rat

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