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 nauseation
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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