

Olympia, WA

Rancid

Hangin' out with Lars down on 6th street he knew that I was in trouble
I was feeling much like the devil
There was something burnin' deep inside of me
Ran into three Puerto Ricans these girls took us to the fun house
Where we played a lonely pinball machine Hangin' on the corner of 52nd and Broadway
Cars passin' by but none of them seem to go my way
And New York City well I wish I was on a highway
Back to Olympia I'm having a hard time understanding, it gets all too demanding
She's all gone and I'm stranded
Something burning deep inside of me
All I know it's 4'o'clock and she ain't never showed up
And I watched a thousand people go home from work, yeah Hangin' on the corner of 52nd and Broadway
Cars passin' by but none of them seem to go my way
And New York City well I wish I was on a highway
Back to Olympia How many times will it take me before I go crazy?
Before I lose everything?
Something burning deep inside of me
Ran into three Puerto Ricans those girls took us to the fun house
I don't wanna be alone again Hangin' on the corner of 52nd and Broadway
Cars passin' by but none of them seem to go my way
And New York City well I wish I was on a highway
Back to Olympia

Songwriters

Lars Frederiksen; Timothy Ross Armstrong; Roger Freeman Published by

I WANT TO GO WHERE THE ACTION IS

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