

DANG

Do you remember the old ways of rockin' it?
Layin' the law down and microphone talkin'-it.
Tellin' it. Spellin' it out in block capitals.
Cardboard boxin' and rap battlin'...

Dang-diggy-dang...

Border towns burning. Churches with the roof off.
Searching for purchases, we play fight and goof off.
Streets ain't safe. Television talking trash.
Travelling. Horseback. Collecting scars. Clocking cash.
Pocket changes. Rocket ranges. Seeking the heat.
Straight muscling. Hustling. Freaking the beat.
Sharks circling. Working. Bees buzzing like cel phones.
Hell no's and yes-y'allin'. Assholes and elbows.
Customized hot rod. Fire you should face.
Funny papers? Ha! Money can't buy you good taste.
Heads popping off. You're an orgasm addict.
Cock buzzing. Supertime - you're having haddock.
White rice and vegetables. Wild style illegible.
People skills dubious. Memory incredible.
Lemons and rusty cages. Dusty pages turning over.
Calling shots. Color commentary. Earning clover.
Ten fold. Leaving women wondering, men fooled.
Struggling. Sick in the head like Glenn Gould...

Dang-diggy-dang...

Boycott! Don't believe the hype. Shoot the umpire.
Up in the air, shots rang out like gunfire.
Gainsbourg. You need Lou Reed and Beefheart.
Push the button, burn the house down and re-start.
Drum sends messages. Touched by a golden finger.
Midas beside us. Head stuck up the colon-sphincter.
6 million ways. Household made of glass.
Edge. I'll look you dead in the face and say, "degoulassé".
Faceless. The odors are colorless and tasteless.
Silly goose, too stupid to realize you're racist.
Motorcycle chain and disdain for the money-clippers.
Strippers taking time off, wearing fuzzy bunny slippers.
Las Vegas war zone. Idiots and sundry dummies.
Stumbling. The rumbling of hungry tummies.
Zig-zagging. Criss-crossing. Hell's down and heaven's up.
Animal noises. The sounds of engines revving up like...

Dang-diggy-dang...

FIFTY SEVEN

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed.
Devoid of conviction, conflicted, annoyed.
Kicked at and worn down. 6 6 6.
Beat. Looking for the next quick fix.
Unpopular prophets with problems
Up against angels in disguise who want to rob them;
Who didn't want to end up crushed by god's embrace
In the age of the cold wind blowing and dogs in space;
Who's faces are fading. They're the loneliest drunk.
In empty rooms haunted by Thelonious Monk.
Felonious punks and plate glass squares
That see empty eyes that look straight past theirs.
Street walking cheetahs with a gun in each hand
Who are lost at sea and are desperate to reach land.
Orpheus descending. Swimming in the crooked waters.
Hello Sid Vicious, goodbye Brooklyn Dodgers...

No joke. Hit the low note.
We all go to heaven in a little row boat.

1957 Chevy Bel Air. Interior velvet especially.
Bloody probably. Stereo: Buddy Holly, Elvis Presley.
Black Flame Trilogy. Quadruple louder bass.
Battle sites. Little Rock. Satellites in outer space
Words won't help but a few bucks can.
Crew cuts and black leather. Ku Klux Klan.
Men wear hats. In fact, harems are shared.
Opiates addicted to and parents scared.
The underground is real. Delivered greens to river queens.
Perpetual motion of free-thinkers and libertines.
Who suffer alone all night with pains
Hooked on drums and who fight with chains.
It's Faulkner and Baldwin. Insult and curse reality.
Spy vs. spy and the cult of personality.
What can the numbers and the words in my head mean?
Killroy was here and so was Buster Crab and Ed Gein.

No joke. Hit the low note.
We all go to heaven in a little row boat.

The pen keeps moving in attempt to sink the jingoes.
Fight 'em with hula hoops, frisbees and pink flamingoes.
Up running all night. Late sleep ordered.
'Have gun will travel'. Great leap forward.
Man on the corner with dark glasses free and preaching.
Appetite is monstrous. Diet is Dionysian.
All over the world, so much peril in one show.

Playwright Arthur Miller marries Marilyn Monroe.
Hard rain falling. Babies sleeping in God's palms.
Alarm clocks ringing. Warrior monks and bomb squads.
Invasion Of The Body Snatchers. Clairvoyants and mediums.
Believers in nothing. Speed freaks and bohemians.
Red is the new black. Identity files.
Rebels and grand dragons. Obscenity trials.
Lolita and Bobby Fisher country. No part is red,
Just black and white. Humphrey Bogart is dead.

No joke. Hit the low note.
We all go to heaven in a little row boat.

HO-BOYS

Ho-boys! Small army. Beat to a pulp.
Keep to ourselves. Recruited from streets to a cult.
Itinerants. Power of observation and inference.
Between the lines of obstacle and hinderance.
Travelers. Cavalier, fearsome, overpowering.
Foreigners on the corner of Houston and the Bowery.
Dregs of the wasteland, part of an erased plan.
Product of the union of a wicked witch and spaceman.
Fall collections. Break 'em down in smaller sections.
The Japanese word meaning 'in all directions'.
Unwelcome. No words found.
Lower ground's ours. Homeward bound.
It's a forward sound of war drums and ghost stories.
So sorry. The have-nots with the most glory.
H. O. - hopping the B. O. - box cars.
Up in arms. On top of it. The opposite of rock stars.

Hoo-hoo!
Ho-boys!
Get 'em while the going's good...
Hoo-hoo!
Ho-boys!
Making the record scratch...

Utterly out of touch. Exiled. No one gone.
We have no idea what the hell is going on.
Outcasted bums, we outlasted angelinas.
Demands demean us. Biting the hands that feed us.
We kindle wicks. Candles. Bamboozle and swindles tricks.
Punchy, wandering the country with bindle sticks.
No assurance or health care or welfare.
Deep snow abd keep going. Try our luck elsewhere...

Hoo-hoo!
Ho-boys!
Get 'em while the going's good...
Hoo-hoo!
Ho-boys!
Making the records scratch...

Arms were drawn. In the morning, alarms were on.
Home after the war, our families and farms were gone.
Half-asleep, stirring all night long during.
Waking up in clothing that smells like urine.
Yolks over our shoulders, we're soldiers and drifters.
Not looking for a handout, we do beg to differ.
Drums of despair, listen. Crumbs in our hair.
On the side of the road with our thumbs in the air.
Fugatives. Offensive. Convention demolishers.
Running with the bulls and unknowns and bone polishers.
Career misfits. Rotten apples and beer tickets.
Looking for work we smoke snipes and spear biscuits.
Scope and frame. Filled with both hope and blame.
Rope and chain. Cooking over an open flame.
Depressed clown, dressed down, heading for the next town.
It's almost time for me to catch the west bound...

Hoo-hoo!
Ho-boys!
Get 'em while the going's good...
Hoo-hoo!
Ho-boys!
Making the records scratch, like this...

LIPSTICK

Nice and naughty. Dark angel. Enticing body.
Oddity. Sexual object. Hot commodity.
I've seen the future. The source of metamorphosis.
Broken home. Spoke alone. Grew up in an orphanage.
Free spirited. Easy-going. Percipient.
Hot under the collar. A scholarship recipient.
Neck sore. People should explore sex more.
X. Not exactly the girl next door.
Queen of hearts. Everybody's seen the parts.
Dark corners for the very most obscene of arts.
Body beautiful, long hair, coal black,
Whole stack. Never been one to hold back.
The eyes have it. Few words said cryptic.
Cameras flashing, nothing on but red lipstick.
Dangerous curves. Kids crying, adults wallowing.

Girl with the perfect figure and cult following.

Shy but daring. More poses. Try comparing.
Without glitz, homemade outfits that I am wearing.
Outrageous extrovert, I speak up with passions.
Business and politics. Don't keep up with fashions.
The camera loves me more than the typewriter or drink tray.
I'm humble. My favourite record's 'Rumble' by Link Wray.
Hair, makeup. Don't care. Shake it in their snake pit.
I love to swim and roam around the home bare naked.

Simple and exotic why should you be afraid
Of a cutie displayed in the pages of 'Beauty Parade'?
Duty betrayed. Cry and beg. Watch out for the flying leg.
Hips and shoulders. The drips can go fry an egg.
Sweaty. Painless. I'm getting to be pretty famous
Amused man plenty. I'm a huge fan of Bette Davis.
Some call me jungle girl. Polka dot. Peppermint.
Effortless. See me in a bikini made of leopard print.
Cavorting in the forest nude, I go there still.
Most parties and dances are nowheresville.
Joe blows and bozos with weird fetishes and no-no's.
The S&M themes pay me for the other photos.
It's necessary. Better than being a secretary.
Oddly assuming there's nothing wrong with the human body.
But this month there's a witch hunt. They chase me today.
I wish a flying saucer would take me away sometimes

SHUTTER BUGGIN'

Dog eats dog. Give and take - take and giving.
Hands that feed. A man's gotta make a living.
Charcoal barbeque. Station wagon. Nice dream.
Selling cigarettes and men's magazines and ice cream.
There's all kinds of hunger pains, enzymes and hormones,
500 flavors, hard drugs and pornos.
You want it, I got it. Low-life, high-strung.
I just wanna watch the game, get fat and die young.
I go to church, pay my taxes, smile nice, won't swear
I don't understand your needs and frankly I don't care.
He wants to be a cowboy and she wants to be an actress.
I just want to stash some money under my mattress.
Wine and candy, fine and dandy. Old and proper unity.
Community be damned, I see a golden opportunity:
Women with hips and brains instead of scrounging for tips and change.
Ships and planes. High heel shoes and whips and chains...

Flashy-flash! Watch the birdy!
Trashy-trash! Wash the dirty...

Mail order fantasies. Glamour for shipment.
I got a good eye for beauty and some camera equipment.
My sister's friends call me Mr. Lens. I'm focused.
The girl next door becomes a goddess like hocus-pocus.
Studio lights and bondage gear hangs on coat hooks.
Descriptions of fetishes written down in some notebooks.
The customer's always right even if you say it's wrong.
I don't always ask questions and the girls just play along.
Venus in furs, black nylon, go-go boots.
There's always an exuberant mood at the photo shoots.
Handcuffs and harnesses. Whatever else if it pleases.
Plus, some 8mm films of some strip teases.
Two pretty girls in broad daylight, they might
Play fight and tie each other up if the pay's right.
Senators and next door neighbours, it's a funny biz.
Not saying that I like it, it's just where the money is...

Flashy-flash! Watch the birdy!
Trashy-trash! Wash the dirty...

Tore up the rule book. Flaunted convention.
Undaunted, drew some unwanted attention.
Weirdos and do-gooders, big shots and minimalists.
Women with serious problems and criminals.
Fifty thousand names on the mailing list estimated.
Under attack, being tested and investigated.
Juvenile delinquency my ass! What is this shit?!Fought by some of the same men that I do business with.
They focus on the negatives, treating us like common crooks.
I'm an artist goddammit! They said the same thing about comic books.
Who could have guessed it? Created a mob scene.
The demand is undeniable, but they say it's obscene.
Spread eagle, American beauty: Stranger and splendid.
Major offended. Naked as nature intended.
Leaves a bad taste in some peoples mouths, maybe bitter.
Don't want your manure, I'm an entrepreneur not a babysitter...

SPREAD 'EM

Alright, hands up! Better yet, hit the dirt
Pervert. Nobody move, nobody get hurt.
It's a bust. Gonna tear this place apart and dust for prints.
We're not looking just for hints. Now it's the judge you must convince.

The unjust and untrue. There's nowhere to run to,
You're dead stranded. We caught you red handed.
Put your clothes back on slowly and drop the junk.
No funny stuff. We caught the punk. Hurry up, pop the trunk.
Scumbags, cum rags, hard drugs and loaded weapons.
Harry, Dick and Tom. A ticking bomb that could explode in seconds.
Tweed geeks. Speed freaks that push the limits, up the bids.
Rebels without causes. The dishonest corrupted kids.
Pleasure seekers with leather sneakers, loud music and underwear
Inside out. They have a hideout and I wonder where.
Fooled by the gear and the camera, veneer and the glamour.
Now you're looking at a year in the slammer.

Spread 'em!

Alright, reach for the sky. No surprises,
Tough guys. Hand over your supplies and disguises,
Cash and the porn stash. Erratic behaviour, spastic motions.
Fake moustaches, hair products and magic potions.
Strip search. Stand tough. Here comes the handcuffs.
Suspicion. You're in no position to demand stuff.
It's your own fault. You get one phone call and a journey to the
Big house, Stink-mouth - you got the right to an attorney.
Guns are the best tool. A billy club is less cruel.
Criminals that dress cool turn the city into a cesspool.
Killer with a chainsaw. Sang froid. Wonder girl,
Bare naked. Drug addict drawn into the underworld.
It's a crying shame. Pointing fingers. Bad guys denying blame.
Playing a violent game. Live fast, die in vain.
It's your town - under siege, out of focus in the foreground.
Dragnet. Search warrant. Breaking the door down...

Spread 'em!

THE REBEL

Mavericks and renegades. Belt buckle. Brandishes
Baseball bats and we dealt knuckle sandwiches.
Motor-psycho. Organized deadly doctrine.
Around back. Soundtrack - steady rockin' Eddie Cochran.
Gene Vincent. Supreme instant acceleration.
Contradictory. Bowling alley victory celebration.
With broken bones, outspoken. Condone smoking winstons.
Backseat bingo and pink flamingo, for instance.

Ripped in half. The joker and the devil.
The slower and the several. I'm lowering my level.
(repeat)

I'm running from the law, breaking the law...

Solitary alignment. Jack of diamonds. Cuts glass.
Remain solid. Chain wallet, switch blade and duck's ass
Deluxe class top model. Toiled alone.
Court order. Spoiled. Motor oil cologne.
The wild one. On top of it. The opposite of wholesome.
Isn't innocent. Fair trial. Hairstyle: folsom prison.
Square mile iconoclast. Outclassed. Concerned mother -
I learned from her - how to take a hit and burn rubber.

Ripped in half. The joker and the devil.
The slower and several. I'm lowering my level.
(repeat)

I'm running from the law, breaking the law...

Johnny Guitar. Scarred quicker. Part time card flicker.
Bootlegger. Roustabout. Douse the flames with hard liquor.
Hair pins and wide turns. Do things on my terms.
Cuffs in my jeans, leather jacket and sideburns -
That's class. At last, slowpokes I blast past.
Cold war brewing? I don't give a rat's ass.
Miserable fights for civil rights. Bag faces,
Pinball, pretty girl in bondage and drag races.

Ripped in half. The joker and the devil.
The slower and several. I'm lowering my level.
(repeat)

I'm running from the law, breaking the law...

WAY BACK WHEN

Old days. Golden. Covering the bases.
Back when we used to punch each other in the faces.
Under my skin. Try on the ions.
See how it feels. Let bygones be bygones.
Path of the obscure. Script of the well known.
That's when we didn't know shit from the elbow.
Underground meant something. Low-watt apocalypse.
Cats stuck in trees. Robots and rocket ships.

Way back when... Solid gold! That song on the radio is nice! x 4

Hooks for hands. Trash in a can.
Cash and a plan. Flash in the pan.
Baseball, baseball - making the catches.
Tearing the roof off. Playing with matches.
Bumped and bruised. Dumped by the girlfriend.
Satan and Santa Claus. Waiting for the world's end.
Dancing in the bathroom. Suffering and hatred.
Cutting the trees down like nothing is sacred.
Struck by lightning. brand new exciting dance.
Writing grants. We might have had a fighting chance.
Words like weapons that dealt a crushing blow
Under the stars on the edge of touch and go.
Boogeymen, dirty books, fingers crossed, just in case.
Sadly mistaken. Trying to make it to second base.
Men drew lines, young boys drew knives.
Heavy study. Everybody had two lives.

Way back when... Solid gold! That song on the radio is nice! x 4

Dry heaves. It's over so why grieve?
Out to lunch. Used to be so naïve.
Odd jobs. We bought stories and sold bottles
Living in the world of superheroes and role models.
Big deals, outer limits and fringes.
Stop and start. Throwing shopping carts off bridges.
Men of the rodeo and women of burlesque.
Epic battles and apples on the teachers desk.
Crying wolves awaken in a cave.
Weakness. Secrets taken to the grave.
The bigger the better. Unfair and so drastic.
Things made of wood, long days and no plastic.
Floozy weighed a ton. Forty-fifths, thirty-thirds.
Limits untested, first kisses and dirty words.
Devil's in the details. God saw everybody.
Bad joke like, 'haha very funny'...

Way back when... Solid gold! That song on the radio is nice! x 4

COP SHADES

Icono-classic! Magnetic mix tape. Fantastic.
Turntable gymnastic. Circular thin plastic.
Spectacular action. The science of friction.
Attraction. Sink in the kitchen. Addiction.
Ridiculous. Attention to details: meticulous.
The nucleus: the two of us - the nicest and the spookiest.
Priceless and lucrative. Who could have guessed it?

Destined to polish and demolish the next contestant.
Consistent. Constant. Never non-stopping it.
Kissing a model. Taking a piss in a bottle.
Never missing a battle. Permission is granted.
Just listen. Listen to this. Listen to this!
Loosen yourself up chosen one, learn your lesson.
Swallow this to burn your stress and earn your blessing.
Make the sign of the cross-fade in the first place.
Stereo system. The scenario is worst-case.
Back to the birth place. This is how it's meant to be.
The signal was sent to me as a separate entity.
Identity crises. Born as a pisces.
Out on the high seas. Vaguely-precisely.
Ugly but loveable. Partially invisible.
The spiritual and physical. The lyrical and mystical.
Difficult, isn't it? The point? Irrelevant.
Clumsy and elegant. The mouse and the elephant.

Cop Shades!
Falcon vs. eagle.
Cop shades!
Weapons and sex toys.

Run with the hunted, the pundits, the self-funded bozos.
In this corner it's the 1200 Hobos.
Make no bones about it till the ozone drops.
It's promo stops and robo cops.
Oh, so pretty. She's oh so pretty.
Tougher than tough, the beat suffers from obesity.
At least have the decency to keep your distance peacefully.
I aint heard nothing that interests me recently.
Its been a long time, baby. Maybe I'm wrong.
Rappers lift weights but still can't rhyme strong.
The line's drawn but I don't know who drew.
If you don't like it I would like to see you do it.
Give it a go! Under the lights! No looking back! Hail to the boss!
Fill in the blanks! Never look down! No second chance! Nailed to the cross!
Difficult, isn't it? The point? It's obvious.
Probably it's the difference between professionals and hobbyists.

Cop shades!
Falcon vs. eagle.
Cop shades!
Weapons and sex toys.
Kill! Kill! Pussycat, faster and more often.
Lay down in your coffin. Get harder or soften.
Sensation wore off and I'm lost in Penn Staition.
I can resist anything except temptation.
Trust me. It figures. My fingers are dusty.

Friggin' with some snakes and diggin' for drum breaks.
It takes one to know one. I am rubber, you are glue.
Number two, remember me? I'm working undercover.
For the love of the thunder, I wonder where I should wander.
Slaughtering, slithering hither and yonder.
Water and wind. Earth and fire independent.
why bother? Is it worth defending the first amendment?
Sign of the times - choose a blind man to guide the blind.
We all try to find a good excuse to hide behind.
Difficult, isn't it? The point? There is none.
Forget what you know, because that's true wisdom.

Cop shades!
Falcon vs eagle.
Cop shades!
Weapons and sex toys.

THE BEATIFIC

Know-nothing bohemians, arcane and lenient.
Disobedient hicks addicted to the main ingredient.
There's more of us. It's safe to assume there's a movement.
Drown in doubt. Down and out. There's room for improvement.
Casualties, gradually wreaking havoc, wreckin' spots.
Connect the dots. No such thing as second thoughts.
Representatives of new truth and evidence. Hardly darker.
Cycles and currents. Disciples of Charlie Parker.

Che Guevera, rock star. F- off.

The plot thickens! The clock's tickin'. Time's already brief.
On the road and underground. The steady grief of the petty thief.
The hustler. Muscular body, lazy brain.
Riding the crazy train. Link in the daisy chain.
Jism and Benzedrine. Booze and shock therapy.
Heresy. We look dangerous and talk terribly.
A nation of millions. Exclusive. Only the lonely.
I know for a fact that your heroes are phony baloney.
Maybe it shows. Known for the brainiest flows.
Poems for no one spontaneous prose.
It's important. Vital. Complex text distorted.
The coming of war and the next recording of Dexter Gordon.
Vs. everything! The lowest life. Dizzy heights.
Shitty sights. Shots in the dark and city lights.
Laws of the lords. Applause and awards.
Everything belongs to me because I am poor...

Che Guevera, rock star. F- off.

Abstract expression. No control. Hood jacket.
Work boots. Swollen pockets. Stolen goods racket.
Neutral. Camouflage. Better to show no style.
Stay normal. Amoral. Keep a low profile.
Smuggler. Fighter. Struggling writer. Pervert.
Competitive fetishist. Bad seed, preferred dirt.
Words hurt. Above and beyond extreme legality and censorship.
Enter the new supreme reality.

Che Guevera, rock star. F- off.

MR. NOBODY

Mr. Nobody. Real life, fake lotus.
Break focus. Way too normal to take notice.
Women and rage. Sugar, salt, cinnamon, sage.
The city throbs. Endless shitty jobs and minimum wage.
It's nonsense. Flashy patterns, polka dots and gold checkers
Cold efforts. Avid collector of old records.
Mostly poor. Little things you have to look closely for.
I hate kids and standing in line at the grocery store.
I'm divorced. Exile enforced. New fears
A few beers. I haven't had sex in over two years.
I've tried to trust. It's useless. I wallow in my disgust.
Why discuss it? No car, I ride the bus.
Steel doesn't decide to rust it just does.
Words written out with your finger where the dust was.
Cliché. He-say she-say. So funny
Forgot to laugh. Go study. Call me Mr. Nobody.

The invisible man.
I'm hiding in the bushes.
The invisible man.
I'm stewing in my own juices
The invisible man.
Writing letters to the editor.
The invisible man.
Riding a bike with a flat tire...

Unfurled young girl. Stand up. Strike back.
Get dressed. Don't hold yourself open like that,
It's terrible. Carryin on. Precarious position.
Jumpin', kissin'. I look in your eyes and I see that something's missing.
You've been punished, brainwashed. Pain squashed,
Haunted and hunted. You could have had anything you wanted.
Now you're ruined. Screwing around with a villain.
If I ever find out who did this to you, I swear to God, I kill him.

The invisible man.
I'm hiding in the bushes.
The invisible man.
I'm stewing in my own juices.
The invisible man.
Writing letters to the editor.
The invisible man.
Riding a bike with a flat tire...

BENZ.

You're going down...

Psycho. Stimulating. Speed of sound. See the town
Friends call me Benz. Recommends, fun to be around.
Life of the party. All cylinders, engines spark.
Knife in the water. God, I'll keep your edges sharp.
Raise your game, everybody will praise your name.
Land of the lost boys lays your claim.
Straight razor. You owe me a favor. Good behavior.
Universal. Cursin'. I'm your personal saviour.
Stormy. Climb the walls for me. Back flip.
Cracked whip. Think fast, react quick. Ass kicked.
Drastic measures. Plastic treasures. Fools' gold.
Too cold. Breaking down, pouring a new mold.
Might spoil. Wrap it in a skin tight foil.
Screws turnin'. Burnin' the midnight oil.
Hand-eye coordinated. Keep moving. Kinetic.
Unsympathetic, sensational, synthetic.
Stay on your toes. Next morning, lay in your clothes.
Dominate. Terrorize. Prey on your foes.
Eat 'em alive. Cheat and survive. Cap the night
Gentlemen. Then again, I'll ruin your appetite.
Buck wild! Mule kick! Cruel trick. Ten speedin'.
Breathing heavy. Leaving every ten cent pen bleeding.
You can count on me. We're bound to be best friends.
The stress ends. Any time you need a lift, request Benz...

You're going down...

(Cadence Weapon)

I'm looking for a friend with a name like a vehicle I pray to my grave that you prey on my brain you been like others I'm in skin tight plus you're down with the runners at midnight you get like strips it's a litmus test you been the best you been the worst you are the first for me I used to be the top of my class in university diversity is how benny and the jets started hurting me certainly I've earned to be ? the bet to be the cleanest ? ether

and now I put it in my coffee on every off day I try softly to get it off me but I still buy the junk like I'm chilling at a swap meet this is a hot scene and it helps with the sound of music if it's good enough for ms garland it's good enough for me if you're in love with me this must make this a marriage I got tin foil up in the carriage for the benz

You're going down...

HEATWAVE

Long arm, that's me - strong supporter of law and order
Along the border. Some of these bums should be drawn and quartered,
As far as I'm concerned. I'm becoming submersed
In some of the worst perverts and scum of the earth.
I've taken ink prints of a sequence of delinquents,
Adults and juveniles and haven't had a drink since
High noon. It's a typhoon of deep trouble underground.
I wonder how she got so lost before I gunned her down.
A true hater of bad guys, I'm a civil rights crusader,
Few greater, but there's more work to do later.
For example, tomorrow I may handle the day's scandal
With sunglasses and a hat on and a suit made of grey flannel.
Raid the headquarters of the guy that supplies the trash.
Confiscated some of the contraband for my private stash.
Survived a crash, stab wounds and gunfire -
Some liar with one prior. King of rock, there's none higher.
One, two, three and four. Fought in the Korean war.
Marine corps. Sea and shore. Danger, I'll be seein' more.
Drug busts and young lusts. In my line of work
One must fight day and night against the unjust.
Obscenity. Amphetamines. Everybody has positions on
Bad conditions created by beat poets and jazz musicians,
Hoodlums and perverts - the worthless variety.
Surface propriety. Working for a perfect society...

Heat wave! Mean streets. Clean sweep.
Heat wave! Read 'em and weep losers!
Heat wave! Mean streets. Clean sweep.
Heat wave! I'm comin' to get ya...

No nonsense. Consequences. Clean cut, conservative.
Drugs and gang violence, obscene smut: affirmative.
Breaking the speed limit. Taking a free minute.
Mistakes it's ok to be making if he did it.
Peer pressure. Corruption - had to sentence bad lieutenants -
Denied crimes. We all have to follow the guidelines.
Observe we're correct. We deserve your respect.
I solemnly swear I'm just hear to serve and protect...

Heat wave! Mean streets. Clean sweep.
Heat wave! Read 'em and weep losers!
Heat wave! Mean streets. Clean sweep.
Heat wave! I'm coming to get ya...

THE OUTSKIRTS

Young and attractive. Quote-unquote "old soul".
Down in a cold hole. Playing my controlled role
The world is mine, good and bad. I never sleep. Odd charms
Fire trucks and squad cars. Struggling in god's arms.
Tempted and restless. Blood in my arteries.
Floods in the armories. Drugs are a part of me.
Circus and fun time. The surface is sunshine.
Brush your teeth. Stunned police. So much darkness underneath.
Parties and funerals. Nurseries and graveyards.
Lotteries and robberies. An old couple plays cards.
Company and visitors. A frequent surprise on
Weekends. A sequence of secrets and lies.
Oddities and prodigies. Fireworks and parades bore me.
Same story. All my decisions are made for me.
Reading from loose leaf. Misleading. Seduce me,
I'm so full of love I'm bleeding profusely...

Concrete and steel. I remember these drums.
A chill in the air. In September she comes.
Pretty and sad. Trying not to cry.
Trying not cry. So pretty and so sad.
(repeat)

These are my telephone poles, my dark trenches,
My broken windows, my park benches.
Raccoons and back rooms. Giants and small childrens.
Glittering traffic. The outlines of tall buildings.
Still, in self defense I kill, yes I will.
They make me do things against my will.
Some make fun of what I wear, they cut my hair.
Goblins and problems - I got my share.
And I bitch and complain. I admit that it's strange.
Parts of myself that I wish I could change.
Insecurities and complexes. X's for marking spots.
Complicated beauty of abandoned buildings and parking lots.
Sparkling thoughts and impulses. Rebellion and upheaval.
Tribal. Indescribable pleasure and such evil.
Review the proof - crime is going through the roof .
Accuse the youth. You'd puke if you knew the truth.

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WHITE BREAD

Military perfection. Fragile tranquility.
Artificial familiarity. Civility.
What happened? Nosey neighbours died of suspense.
Have a nice day and stay on your side of the fence.
My crew was called the Right Angles. We made a remark,
We played in the park and we're afraid of the dark.
Declared destroyed and paranoid in the bathroom. Checkers
3-D movies and Pat Boone records.
At noon that tune becomes my own truth.
22 grown youth crammed inside a phone booth.
Davy Crocket. Magic tricks. They call me 'Crazy Pockets'.
Butt kicked. A-bombs. Sputnik. Navy rockets.
Napalm and mustard on hot dogs at the diner.
Shoulder blades of older dates and waitresses on roller skates.
Solar plates and gasoline. Vaseline. Oh, Fanny Mae.
Hardware - the family trade. Planning a panty raid...

What'cha gonna do when the bad man comes back?

Beach blanket party. Clean faces, serene places.
Silence between spaces and submarine races.
Obscene cases of extreme racists. Stone jerk.
Diminished and degraded when I'm finished doing the homework.
White bread. Nose bleed. Chose speed. Don't need to
Grow weed. Law abiding citizen. Exposed greed.
Two-shoes. Optimistic, hoping for better weather.
Pretty girl with a pony tail I'll let her wear my letter sweater.
Working up a sweat. Bench press. Chin up curls.
Action-adventure in my bedroom with the pin up girls.
Perry Como. Johnny Mathis. Astronomy classes. Crap
You've been slapped wearing a coon skin cap.
Fingers and demonic jaws. Peace treaties. Atomic laws.
Cosmic flaws. Conspiracy theories and the Masonic lodge.
Milkshake - spilled mine. Guilt finer than silk twine.
Baby-doll: built fine. Lighting up the tilt sign...

What'cha gonna do when the bad man comes back?

THE OUTSKIRTS

Young and attractive. Quote-unquote "old soul".
Down in a cold hole. Playing my controlled role
The world is mine, good and bad. I never sleep. Odd charms
Fire trucks and squad cars. Struggling in god's arms.
Tempted and restless. Blood in my arteries.
Floods in the armories. Drugs are a part of me.
Circus and fun time. The surface is sunshine.
Brush your teeth. Stunned police. So much darkness underneath.
Parties and funerals. Nurseries and graveyards.
Lotteries and robberies. An old couple plays cards.
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