

Frehley's Comet, 2 Young 2 Die

Walking urban streets and we got ourselves a gun
Thinking about our lives and the shape, shape, shape
Shapes of things to come

Ducking down the alleyways of fear
A hungry cat calls and he knows, knows, knows
Knows the end is near

Now we can't take it no more
We'll smash down society's walls

Bad Boys are comin' its too late to cry
Better start runnin' or kiss your ass goodbye
Bad Boys are comin' its too late to cry
Too fast to live too young to die

Listen little darlin' I said you'll never understand
Our times running out in this jungle land
Clock strikes twelve and the wind begins to moan
Shivers down our spines and there's no returning home

Now we can't take it no more
Were gonna rip down society's walls

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