

Green Day, Viva la Gloria (Little Girl)

Little girl, little girl
why are you crying?
Inside your restless soul your heart is dying
Little one, little one
Your soul is purging
Of love and razor blades
Your blood is surging
Runaway
From the river to the street
And find yourself with your face in the gutter
Your a stray for the salvation army
There is no place like home
When you got no place to go
Little girl, little girl
Your life is calling
The charlatans and saints of your abandon
Little one little one
The sky is falling
The lifeboat of deception is now sailing
In the wake all the way
No rhyme or reason
Your bloodshot eyes
will show your heart of treason
Little girl little girl
You dirty liar
Your just a junkie
Preaching to the choir
Runaway
To your lost tranquility
And find yourself with your face in the gutter
Your a stray for the dregs of humanity
There is no place like home
When you got no place to go
The traces of blood
Always follow you home
Like the Mascara tears
From your getaway
Your walking with blisters
and running with shears
So unholy.
Sister of grace.
Runaway
From the river to the street
And find yourself with your face in the gutter
You're a stray for the salvation army
There is no place like home
When you got no place to go