

Roger Miret And The Disasters, Kiss Kiss Kill Kill

Summer punks on Avenue B
Grubbing change and pissing the fuck out of me
Their gutter smell offends me
Who made it cool to live in poverty?

On the beat, cop'ers running the street
Taking New York City away from me
They want to rule my life!
Wanna strip me of my beliefs

Dirty deeds ain't never been cheap
Paid my dues to this life I choose to live
nothings ever been free
Nothings ever been given to me

Those many nights I've felt insane, I don't need to justify
I can't no longer feel the pain, can't tell what's wrong from right

A fist full of anger, tired of the same old stories
no substitutions, no sorry's
Kiss me - Kill me.