

# Green Day, St. Jimmy

St. Jimmy's comin' down across the alleyway  
Up on the boulevard like a zip gun on parade  
Light of a silhouette  
He's insubordinate  
Coming at you on the count of 1,2,1,2,3,4!

My name is Jimmy and you better not wear it out  
Suicide commando that your momma talked about  
King of the forty thieves  
And I'm here to represent  
The needle in the vein of the establishment

I'm the patron saint of the denial  
With an angel face and a taste for suicidal

Cigarettes and ramen and a little bag of dope  
I am the son of a bitch and Edgar Allen Poe  
Raised in the city under a halo of lights  
The product of war and fear that we've been victimized

I'm the patron saint of the denial  
With an angel face and a taste for suicidal

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

I'll give you something to cry about.

ST. JIMMY!

My name is St. Jimmy I'm a son of a gun  
I'm the one that's from the way outside  
I'm a teenage assassin executing some fun  
In the cult of the life of crime.

I really hate to say it but I told you so  
So shut your mouth before I shoot you down ol' boy  
Welcome to the club and give me some blood  
And the resident leader at the lost and found

It's comedy and tragedy  
It's St. Jimmy  
And that's my nameeeeeee... and don't wear it out!