

Pinhead Gunpowder, West Side Highway

There's a million Jews in New York
And I'm one of them!
There's a million stars in the sky
And a million cars on the West Side Highway

Back at home, I didn't feel this free
Up and down the boulevard, I could hear them scream
"Hey faggot", "How much?"
"I'm gonna kick your ass motherfucker"

But I held my head up high
Let them suffocate and die
In their ordinary lives

There's two hundred punks in the park
And I'm one of them!
There's a place to go
After all these years of feeling alone

Back at home, walking down the street
People pulled their kids aside
Like I was some kind of disease

But as much as I tried to hide
And plug my ears it hurt inside
It curled up and wounded my pride

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And I'm one of them!
There's a million stars in the sky
And a million cars on the West Side Highway

As I ride, I can feel the street
Like a river, it flows rapidly
Through the city, it propels
Me towards a tragic, bloody crash oh well

An inch from death seems to be
The only place to find some peace
The only place to ride a bike and
Feel alive and find a sense of pride
And dignity