

# 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