

Quincy Punx, 5 State Killing Spree

Sitting in the backseat of a stolen car
Wondering if we're gonna get very far
Pocket full of bullets for the gun in my hand
Nothing to lose 'cause we're already damned
The needle on the dash says 105
The needle in my arm makes me feel so alive
Reds in my head and I'm doing just fine
Ten more miles and we'll be at the state line

[Chorus:]

Gonna see my face on TV
Americas most wanted is me
Gotta keep running if we wanna be free
We're on a five state killing spree

Got a bunch of drugs and a trunk full of booze
We've killed six cops so we got nothing to lose
Living on the run stealing everything we need
We got high quality pharmaceutical speed
Booze & guns & ammo & a bunch of porno mags
Stacks of twenty dollar bills stuffed in plastic bags
Tossing fast-food styrofoam out the window as we go
'I Wanna be a Dyke' blasting on the stereo

[Repeat Chorus]

Two weeks later, can't beleive we're still alive
Roadblocks and shoot-outs still we manage to survive
Never leave a witness who has seen our face
We make sure to shoot everybody in the place
See us on the news each and every night at ten
Psychos on the freeway in a gunfight again
Never going home 'cause its a pirates life for me
Me and all my friends on a five state killing spree

[Repeat Chorus]