

Roger Miret And The Disasters, Run Johnny Run

Just the other day I threw the trash through Rony's window
Pissed on the wall of the 5th St. precinct
Ran around screaming LOUD FAST RULES! Ain't that the truth
Dead end boys we never gave a fuck

Run Johnny run, go have some fun
Run Johnny run, he's got a gun

So I rolled a yuppie for his Rolex
Blew it on some tattoos, bought some booze
Smashing loads of bottles along the way to the matinee
Ended up a guest of New York State

Problems! A no win, no solution for runaways
Product of our blessed institution
Runaway to your nothing revolution
Here we go again fixin' these mistakes

Blame it on the state, call him human waste
Mommy didn't care, daddy turned away
Tell him he's a loser, tell it to the press
Johnny's got no future, he's just a fuckin' mess