

Warrior Soul, Rotton Soul

Hey hey we're from New York City
Down town where the life is kill
Nobody's gonna pick you up
'Cos they're kicking you down ta hell
We live in a perma-crisis
Hope the landlord leaves ya alone

Don't bother goin' out anymore
'Cos I don't like anyone
Where it comes from I don't know
Just living here ya get a rot-rotten soul
Yeah it's rock 'n' roll
All the little kiddies are satiesfied
Livin' in the toilets, where they reside
Sittin' on the corner just gettin' reaction
Cuttin' all the deals just to get in the action
Where it comes from, I don't know
Just livin' here you get a rot-rotten soul

I got a rotten soul
Gimme, gimme, gimme
New York City punk
I got a rotten soul

Pumped up out on the skids breakin' laws
That hold ya down
(Yeah whatcha gonna do)
No-one's gonna pick you up
And save you from this town
(Yeah whatcha gonna do)
Twenty four hours around the clock
That's the way you gotta play
(Yeah whatcha gonna do)
Never gonna get a break and I hope it stays the way
(Yeah whatcha gonna do)
Where it comes from I don't know
Just living here you get a rot-rotten soul

I got a rotten soul
Yeah - rotten
I got a rotten soul

I'm sick of all the little babies
Just whining about their stupid lives
And all the cosmic millionaires
Tellin' us we're gonna die
Hey Geffen, look at me
I'm rockin' every single night
Criticized and crucify me 'cause
I'm ready for another fight
Where it comes from I don't know
Just livin' here you get a rot-rotten soul
I got a rotten soul