

Against All Authority, Living In Miami

He didn't fit in he always felt rejected
His father hit him and made him feel defective
He got a bottle
It seemed to take the pain away
He's only 15 and he don't know any other way
Always searching, never felt like he belonged
Always hurting, always told that he was wrong
He left home, the streets looked safer
All alone except a quart of Schaffer
All alone and nowhere to go
He feels at home at the punk rock show
And when he's hanging out with his crew
He's living on the streets of Miami
He'd rather die than go home to his family
And that's what he'll do
He doesn't want your pity
Miami can be a cruel city
He's always ready for a fight
He doesn't want your sorrow
Don't wanna think about tomorrow
He only wants to make it through the night