Corrosion Of Conformity, Not Safe

Your number's come up
Too bad you're fucked
In the wrong place
At the wrong time
Minding your own business
You put up no resistance
Now you lay bleeding
There was no feeling
You handed over the wallet
They just let you have it
On the quiet street
A block from your home
You were stalked
As you walked alone
Sensless death
There's no escape
Even in suburbia
You're not safe