

# Die Kreuzen, On The Street

You're on the street  
Way down below  
Mother's calling don't make her fret  
Father's stick will hit you yet  
On your way home just going to bed  
You look at me wrong I'll kick you in the head  
No sense in fighting  
No sense in dying  
No right for you  
No wrong for you  
No wrong for me  
See how nice we live  
Together so happily