

Iggy Pop, Neighborhood Threat

Down where your paint is cracking
Look down your backstairs buddy
Somebody's living there and
He don't really feel the weather
And he don't share your pleasures
No he don't share your pleasures
Did you see his eyes?
Did you see his crazy eyes?
And you're so surprised
He doesn't run to
Catch your ash
Everybody always
Wants to kiss your trash
And you can't help him
No one can
And now that he knows
There's nothing to get
Will you still place your bet
Against the neighborhood threat
Somewhere a baby's feeding
Somewhere a mother's needing
Outside her boy is trying
But mostly he is crying
Did you see his eyes?
Did you see his crazy eyes?
And you're so surprised
He doesn't run to
Catch your ash
Everybody always
Wants to kiss your trash
But you can't help him
No one can
And now that he knows
There's nothing to get
Not in this place
Not in your face
Will you still place your bet
Against the neighborhood threat
Now that he knows
There's nothing to get
Nothing to get
Not in this place
Not in your face
Will you still place your bet
Against the neighborhood threat