Kan Mikami, In Front Of Hachiko

Long hair, blue jeans
Hugging a rifle to his chest
Pretty soon I'll forget you
But the girl you screwed
Is waiting now
In front of Hachiko, for a trick
Next time you see her, tell her
I said I like her still

Mohican cut, by the police box Ready to die to cut a pose So that's okay, why not, I say The guy you screwed Is waiting now In front of Hachiko, for a trick If I meet him now, I'll tell him for you You said you like him still

I can hear them singing the blues This town kind of sucks, you know In the black rain that's coming down It's your blood boiling up It's your blood sticking to the ground