

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