

# Lifter Puller, Lie Down On Landsdowne

i guess it starts with the sharks, i guess it gets to the jets  
i guess these bloods they can't stop bleeding  
the fighting started friendly enough, now everybody's makin love  
to guns and tons of biker drugs

we used to fight with our fists, we used to fight over chicks  
and we kissed at the flicks and people got pissed  
and they spit from the balcony  
these english majors wanna be some super genius novelists  
they end up music journalists, chicks ain't that into it

we are the troubadours and these are the news reports  
here we are in the holy war gettin lost in the liquor store  
makin love to hardwood floors, now we go into the 4/4

we did the black and the tans into the black and the blue  
we did the goats head soup into the tattoo you  
and the crazy fruity drinks you made, the grey goose and the gatorade  
the liquid tan and lemonade, made love to the waiting game

and the right brigade, that's the funny thing  
it ain't just a money thing it's a question of community  
the liberty, the exctasy, the love, the drugs, the unity  
and the busts they look just like the hey kool-aid commercial  
breakin down the walls and they're tippin over tables and it tastes great

i hate these strychnine shakes, looking for a closer  
clawin through the record crates, primpin like a poseur  
slippin through the subway grates, and you're tryin to get underground