

# Pink Cream 69, Stray Kid

(Andi Deris)

Well, your Daddy died at 18  
While you were on the way  
And your Mama worked to feed you  
She said herself to pay  
She left a stray-kid to run  
A little stray-kid to run  
Hey little stray-kid better run  
In the rich man's fire  
In the rich man's fire

Stray-kid you'd better run  
Stray-kid he's got a gun  
Stray-kid you'd better run  
You'd better run, better run

Barefoot boy you're just a bigger  
And if you steal you'll die  
Know your brothers and your sisters  
Will sell you for a dime  
Hey little stray-kid better run  
In the rich man's fire  
In the rich man's fire

Stray-kid you'd better run  
Stray-kid he's got a gun  
Stray-kid you'd better run  
You'd better run, better run

You saw your friend shot in the back  
And the beach slowly turned to red  
The sun went down and blushed the sky  
And the world just sunk into blood

Stray-kid you'd better run  
Stray-kid he's got a gun  
Stray-kid you'd better run  
You'd better run, better run