

# Roger Miret And The Disasters, Kiss Kiss Kill Kill

Summer punks on Avenue B  
Grubbing change and pissing the fuck out of me  
Their gutter smell offends me  
Who made it cool to live in poverty?

On the beat, cop'ers running the street  
Taking New York City away from me  
They want to rule my life!  
Wanna strip me of my beliefs

Dirty deeds ain't never been cheap  
Paid my dues to this life I choose to live  
nothings ever been free  
Nothings ever been given to me

Those many nights I've felt insane, I don't need to justify  
I can't no longer feel the pain, can't tell what's wrong from right

A fist full of anger, tired of the same old stories  
no substitutions, no sorry's  
Kiss me - Kill me.