

2*sweet

"There Is Only One Kind Of Rock And Roll"

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We are the boys of sin, putting our chips on bets that
could never win

We are the rolling stones, the dead ramones, the
untouchable boys from back home
(She is a timebomb ticking trouble till the end)

So lets burn this prairie state to the ground

Honey, if you got the money then Ive got the time
Im giving up if youre giving in, id rather die than let you
win

When youre on the run and theres a price on your head
Any body feels right in a different bed
Im dropping out and giving up
Your selling out and living it up

Im never making love
In this city again
Im a long shot girl, and hes a gun to the head

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