

The Revolution Smile

"The Ride Of Los Angeles"

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I'm on the outside.
Afraid of looking in.
Bleeding one on the outside.
You know i'm not your kind.
If everyone was as plain as me.
Your city would not be.
If everyone was the same as me.
Your city would not be.
You say u wanna ride?
I fell on the outside.
I'll never be the same.
If you're not somebody.
I won't remember your name.
'cause everyone is stairs for me.
And fame is what I breathe.
I'm born again to make you leave.
If you have nothing to give me.

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