Jeff Bridges
"Back In N.Y.C"

I see faces and traces of home back in New York City
So you think I'm a tough kid? Is that what you heard?
Well I like to see some action and it gets into my blood.
They call me the trail blazer - Rael - electric razor
I'm a pitcher in the chain gang, we don't believe in pain
only as strong,
'cos we're only as strong, as the weakest link in the
chain.
Let me out of Pontiac when I was just seventeen,
I had to get it out of me, if you know what I mean, what I
mean.
You say I must be crazy, 'cos I don't care who I hit, who
I hit.
But I know it's me that's hittin' out, and I'm, I'm not full
of shit.
I don't care who I hurt. I don't care who I do wrong.
This is your mess I'm stuck in, I really don't belong.
When I take out my bottle, filled up high with gasoline,
You can tell by the night fires where Rael has been, has
been.

As I cuddled the porcupine
He said I had none to blame, but me.
Held my heart, deep in hair,
Time to shave, shave it off, it off.
No time for romantic escape,
When your fluffy heart is ready for rape. No!
No time for romantic escape,
When your fluffy heart is ready for ape. No!
Off we go.

You're sitting in your comfort you don't believe I'm real,
You cannot buy protection from the way that I feel.
Your progressive hypocrites hand out their trash,
But it was mine in the first place, so I'll burn it to ash.
And I've tasted all the strongest meats,
And laid them down in coloured sheets.
Laid them down in coloured sheets.
Who needs illusion of love and affection
When you're out walking in the streets with your
mainline connection?

Connection.

As I cuddled the porcupine
He said I had none to blame, but me.
Held my heart, deep in hair,
Time to shave, shave it off, it off.
No time for romantic escape,
When your fluffy heart is ready for rape. No!
... No time.