

Rancid

"Hoover Street"

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She's a Salvador immigrant, head through a thin wall
A frail hooker, holding her carnal walls
Gleaming sky scraper bunker he looked down
Laugh hysterically and then he spread around

On Hoover Street, then he must be alone
The precious little, the kid cashed/cast the woes
Of a ? girl she kind of made you spill
Her brother Mario got shot 4 times in da head

Now see poor Mario, he caught a hot one
Through the lung, now he's done so God bless the man
And the cocaine moves too fast through their system
Like a river forever winding
To the last party of the under/loner class

? distance just a bunch of kids who don't wanna finish
last
Now see the market place has changed the weight of
the scale
You either get out and die or go to jail
And your best intentions splinter and frail/fail
And a few weeks of promises and attempts fail

It's a glass-pipe murder
Glass-pipe murder
Oh yeah

Glass-pipe murder
It's a glass-pipe murder

Oh yeah!!!

(Oh yeah!!!)
(Oh yeah!!!)
(Oh yeah!!!)

They kick a bottle of beer and a letter
Simple (sip of?) things made Mario feel better
You see it falls on you and it falls on me
Self-annihilation, catastrophe

Two packs of cigarettes
For two dollars and seventy cents and a
Bottle of wine that's been opened
And he said, "Why do I do this?"

A shiver through his body like a bottle of CC
Not encouraging reality or me
He said, "It's who I am baby, back to it."
Off the deep end the record changed

You see, no one stood up and cheered for him
Everyone sat down with something that happened
Began... to happen
It's an old school dorm mystery
And the handcuffs bleed...

It's a glass-pipe murder
Glass-pipe murder
Oh yeah

Glass-pipe murder
It's a glass-pipe murder
Oh yeah!!!

(Oh yeah!!!)
(Oh yeah!!!)
(Oh yeah!!!)

Who was the killer?... it's in the...

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