Rancid "Leicester Square"

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I got some hard times Two punks up on the subway It's a long way to go To get to Leicester Square

A hard line It's the one you gotta cross The one you gotta cross To get you anywhere

Michael's on his way to pay back syndication
A fist? and his backstreet education
The 8-ball stops him low
Demonstrations show
It's crystal clear it ain't so great for those who become broken in here yeah

I got none
I got no mind for... nothing
I got no insight, I got no feelings
I got nothing that you want, so stay away from here

The clockers (?) that could swamp us now, the prime objective: Fear
To rob us for some different ? places no one near
The tension begins to grow
? so
He ? yeah

I got none
I got no mind for... nothing
I got no insight, I got no feelings
I got nothing that you want, so stay away from here

Yeah!!!

Ah no no!!! ah no!!! Ah no no no no!!!

I got some hard times Two punks up on the subway It's a long way to go

To get to Leicester Square

A hard line It's the one you gotta cross The one you gotta cross To get you anywhere

Mike gets whipped, his boy-face slapped around a cheap cigar
His gang could sing cause they're always seeing the trouble from afar
He act so (?apropos?) ? stall
He makes his point then jumps in joint to the backseat with a bottle of beer (?mulatto girl?)

I got none
I got no mind for... nothing
I got no insight, I got no feelings
I got nothing that you want, so stay away from here

Yeah!!!

Ah no no!!! Ah no!!! Ah no no no no

I got some hard times Two punks up on the subway It's a long way to go To get to Leicester Square

A hard line It's the one you gotta cross The one you gotta cross To get you anywhere

Yeah!!!

You see I got none
I got no mind for... nothing
I got no insight, I got no feelings
I got nothing that you want, so stay away from here

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