

Dickinson Bruce**"No Lies"**

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CHORUS:

No lies. No angels. No heaven. oh.oh.oh.oh.
No lies. No angels. No heaven. oh.oh.oh.oh.
No lies. No angels. No heaven. oh.oh.oh.oh.

Waiting on a corner on a red light street.
Were the dealers and the junkies and the graveyards
meet.
By the light of a street light moon.
If you hang around here Babe your leaving soon.
On the run from the country from the law.
Well, here's a safe place behind every front door.
Wanna wonder where the guidebook doesn't go.
Watching the windows. Part of the side show.

CHORUS:

Where the money mens wallets bleed.
Where the fat cat sinners go for his needs.
Where the vicor goes for his sins.
Where the stick up artists get stuck in.
Look around here it's no big deal.
For an ounce of pleasure or a five minute feel.
Riding side saddle on a rented machine.
Hang on loosely. Part of the scene.

CHORUS:

From eag116@psu.edu.

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