

William Nowik

"Rockets Red Glare"

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I dont know what youve been told
Aint no streets here made of gold
There aint no use in askin me why
Everybody, everywhere tells you lies

You grow up hard here
You grow up mean
You never get used to it
Its a really bad scene
It dont do you no good to cry
Dont look in no rearview mirror
When you wave bye-bye

You dont know your mama
You dont know your dad
Lookin over your shoulder
So you dont get had
Just getting outa here is one big dream
Wakin up before you scream

Cities all around are burnin down
You wind up lookin like a fool in the lost and found
They wont let you keep nothin
You got nothin to lose
No choice left or right
Nothin to choose

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You grow up mean
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Its a really bad scene
It dont do you no good to cry
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