

The Dictators

"Escape To L.A."

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Ghetto fight yah don't wanna start a riot yet
No not alone or in these clothes
But they just won't listen to me
Maybe I'm too young or down right naive
Ain't got no time for your rigid rules
Ain't got no time for the gutter or to booze
I made the escape to L.A. I can't just run away
I got to think about tomorrow and the very next day

Ghetto fight yah don't wanna start a riot yet
No not alone or in these clothes
The old town wanted me to stay
But I knew that it's only gonna have it's way
They scrub the streets 'cause they're filthy
Can't trust no one 'cause they're all guilty
So I sit and overheat surrounded by the sound of the
city street

Red light on the wall now it makes me think about
Who got the culprit and who got the shake
What you gonna do when you're thrown back in jail
Don't worry 'bout the rent now you gotta pay bail

There's that girl down on Nuclear Blvd.
Got a guy outside her window and he's beating up the
yard
He can't sleep on the street
Here come the HBT
They're gonna give him the sweep

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