

Thursday

"No Loot, No Booze, No Fun"

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There's no loot, there's no booze, and it's no fun.

Oh, Dee Dee Ramone where have you gone?
In misery all day long, to shoot some dope right into
your arm.

Oh, the sun does rise, the birds do sing.
They fly around and shit on me.
There's nowhere to go.

No loot, no booze, no fun.

God, there's nowhere to sleep, nothing to do,
I don't know how you made it through.
Nowhere to go, belonging to no one.
You snorted coke 'till you turned blue,
and walked the streets with nothing to do.
There's nowhere to go.
No loot, no booze no fun.

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