

Well I got my head in my hands again
I got my heart in my fist again
I do my soul through the twist again
Head in my hands, heart in fist, soul doing the twist
And we'll be seeing you often again
Out on the streets you'll be killing again
You'll have a kid in a coffin again
I can't make up my mind
I couldn't do it cause I don't ?? ??
You can't make up your mind
You couldn't do it cause you don't have one
Don't ask me for a dime, you're poor
And we can't hurt you, we can't hurt you no more
So you come on down, kick around, leave em' in the gutter to bleed
Then you come on back tomorrow, you can do it again
?? (don't know this line)
Walk back down the streets, teaching the young your evil ways
So you went upstairs, washed your hands, come back down, get em'
' dirty again
Oh yes you went up stairs washed your hands, come back down, get em' dirty again
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I got my heart in my fist again
I do my soul through the twist again
And we'll be seeing you often again
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I couldn't do it cause I don't ??
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