

St. Marks

Ann Beretta

I wanna go where the action is, I wanna run where the good times roll, Where all the mods are hanging at the high, I wanna go where the punkers run the corners, And they just sit around and beg, Where they don't spill blood on the avenue. Riding on the subway heading back for queens, Going home beneath the big apple, Going home back to my scene??? You can't say it's St. Marks fault, When he don't even own the block, You can't say it's St. Marks fault, When he won't even come around. I wanna go where the traffic is, I'm gonna run where the street lights shine, I wanna play the game where the stakes are high, I wanna go where the drifters run the corners, And they just sit around and beg, Where there's a 100 faces that you never know. You can't say it's St. Marks fault, When he don't even own the block, You can't say it's St. Marks fault, When he won't even come around. I wanna go where the action is, I wanna run where the good times roll, Where all the mods are hanging at the high, I wanna go where the punkers run the corners, And they just sit around and beg, Where they don't spill blood on the avenue. Riding on the subway heading back for queens, Going home beneath the big apple, Going home back to my scene??? You can't say it's St. Marks fault, When he don't even own the block, You can't say it's St. Marks fault, When he won't even come around, Don't come around. 1,2,3,4 You can't say it's St. Marks fault, When he don't even own the block, You can't say it's St. Marks fault, When he won't even come around.