

Okay, and I was standing
I don't care, I don't care, I don't care
And I worked on it with my friend
Back in 1849, times were hard

I think I'd be a sawed-off shotgun
They had a double-breasted jacket on
I don't care
Take a load off

Out of my freakin' face
You'd be a punk without me
No money without love
Nothin' but a problem, nothin' but a problem

New York's got a problem
Where's our money, money, money, where's our money?
Stop practicing Dr. Marx and John Lennon
No bull

Stop it!