Brutal, beautiful Strung out, hung out Screaming sirens, scryscraper coffins Shambolic, chaotic Computer boffins Strip-tease, traffic lights Cut throat beer fights Poison friends, fakers and takers Stoic spectators And you're all cold, cold heart breakers Drunks slumped, cans tilted Lost your mind in the violent crime Strobes and flashes, knife gashes Bright lights, jilted lovers Piss stains and splattered brains Corruption production, fag packets Prediction rackets You're all bribes and lies Did you slip inside and get too low? Did you slip inside and wanna know? Smashed up limbs, stifled screams A battle of lies, lightweight street fights Monday mourning, pungent yawning Inner-city casualty Science and technology battle against me I know there's something terminal eating away at me A vulture's nest Jesus, what a test Did you slip inside and get too low? Did you slip inside and wanna know? I used to fall in love with everyone I'd meet And then I realized it's murder out Murder on the streets Yeah, I used to fall in love with everyone I'd meet And then I realized it's murder out on the streets You know it's murder out on the streets So don't fall in love with everyone you meet 'Cause I know it's murder out on the streets You know it's murder out Murder on the streets