

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  
I got my head in my hands again  
I got my heart in my fist again  
I do my soul through the twist again  
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