

Intercourse

Battalion of Saints

Summer time to me
Is lots of fun
But there's nothing to do
The people come to see
The beaches and the palm trees
Runaways are out here too
They try and make it in the movies
But something isn't right
The parts so easily got

So they walk the streets late at night
Trying to make money so they can survive
Selling their bodies for a cheap price
Any old john will suffice
Intercourse is the only way
That some kids can stay alive

Their future isn't bright
Since a lot of them
End up being murdered
Their parents don't really care
They think that's what they deserve
The boys and girls that have died
No one knows who they really are
There's no star above their door
Just a small gravestone

[Chorus]