

Little boy lost or Johnny go home  
All to much bother just to pick up the phone  
Your parents full of worry but you don't care  
Ran away from home just for a dare  
Met the wrong people in the amusement arcade  
Queers and perverts where there's money to be made  
Pushers on the corner selling you shit  
Avoid them at all costs they're only trying to make a hit

One more step and you're in the gutter  
You're down and out, down and out (2x)

Sleeping in cardboard by the bridge at night  
Winos and tramps as companions for the night  
Glue bag in hand when you're outta your head  
Thinking that you're in a four poster bed  
Wishing that you were at home by the fire  
Too much walking as your legs begin to tire  
No jobs to be found no streets of gold  
Just a load of lies that you've been told