

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