

# Live Fast Die Young

Devotchkas

Boy with no name, he was only 18  
Never lughed to much  
Hated the monarchy  
Yes he hated the queen  
Real antisocial and he acted real mean  
Was he in a dream?  
Dowsing her lights was in  
In his dreams

Rumpa, rumpa, rumpa, hey, hey  
Rumpa, rumpa  
Rumpa, rumpa, rumpa, hey, hey  
Rumpa, rumpa

So full of hate and full of fury  
To tell you a story  
You would say  
He was a one man jury  
Catalogue of anger posted through your door  
Your door, your door, your door  
A chance would come to even the score

Stole a gun and he stole a car  
Oh boy, oh boy  
With a pretty doll he would go far  
Down to london where the bright lights are  
Lights are, lights are, lights are  
And i say  
The mission his decision

He took out the gun  
On that fateful day  
The winds blew cold , the sky turned grey  
He pointed the gun  
And then he pulled the trigger  
The message that he would now deliver