

Okay, and I was standing  
I don't care, I don't care, I don't care  
And I worked on it with my friend  
Back in 1849, times were hard

I think I'd be a sawed-off shotgun  
They had a double-breasted jacket on  
I don't care  
Take a load off

Out of my freakin' face  
You'd be a punk without me  
No money without love  
Nothin' but a problem, nothin' but a problem

New York's got a problem  
Where's our money, money, money, where's our money?  
Stop practicing Dr. Marx and John Lennon  
No bull

Stop it!