

The Young And The Ruthless

Impellitteri

It doesn't really matter to the kid any more
No it doesn't really matter at all
It doesn't really matter to the kid any more
No it doesn't, doesn't, doesn't

Little Stevie's got a Forty-seven
Got one thing on his mind
And he's boasting all the time
Making it clear he's got nothing to fear
When he's running with the pack
Rushing down the street
He might not make it back

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Every night in the city lights
See the murder in the streets
Homicide is the latest craze
You can do it on the screen
Senseless killings in a brutal wave
Another mindless crime
Violence is their point of view
In a twisted state of mind

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With nothing to fear
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With nothing to fear