

# In Cold Blood

Johnny Thunders

Well, I was raised in the street  
A city boy, if you please  
I probably forgot more than you'll ever be  
No doubt about it

You gotta bop down, down the street Hey!  
You afraid of those creeps?  
Guardian angels are what we need  
New York City police are so sweet

In cold blood  
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Well you probably think I'm pretty mad  
Just because I like it down there  
Well don't you worry, dear  
You'll never end up dead

In cold blood

Well no one here gets out alive  
Living here, it's suicide  
Avenue A you might survive  
Riverton you'll finally die

In cold blood  
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