

# Scream

L.A. Guns

How come every time I think I've got it all worked out  
Some one comes and turns it over, turns it upside down

I ride these city streets at night  
Sometimes I do things that ain't right  
A lonely heart, tears me apart  
Some times I just want to scream

Should we all go down together, I don't really care  
Rather lose in Babylon than make it anywhere

I rode this town for 13 years  
I've seen sinners, saints and queers  
You best believe, you can never leave  
Some times I just want to scream

You make me scream  
How come every time I think I've got it all worked out  
Some one comes and turns it over, turns it upside down

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You best believe, you can never leave  
Some times I just want to scream