

# Ballad Of The Lower East Side

Michael Monroe

Things are different today back in New York.  
I lived down on third street way back in that day.  
There were junkies, pimps and whores. Hallelujah!  
Now it's squeaky clean, there's no place left to stay.

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I remember well the streets and all that smell.  
Rats around stayed safe in my kitchen. Oh fuckn'n h\*\*l!  
They lured, at my door, always wanted more.  
Local dealer, kept theft out of way! (Hey, go!)

It was such a perfect mess, what they call the L.E.S.  
Life was odd on every corner, but now there is so much less.  
That's why I find talk is square. They ask me if a care.  
Gimme back that Apple In Decay! (Let's go!)

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