

## Hoover Street

Rancid

She's a Salvador immigrant, head through a thin wall  
A frail hooker, holding her carnal walls  
Gleaming sky scraper bunker he looked down  
Laugh hysterically and then he spread around

On Hoover Street, then he must be alone  
The precious little kid cashed the woes  
Salvadorian girl, she kind of made you spill  
Her brother Mario got shot 4 times in da head

Now see poor Mario, he caught a hot one  
Through the lung, now he's done so God bless the man  
Cocaine moved through that system, like a river forever winding.  
to the last party of the lower class

Even distance, just a bunch of kids who don't wanna finish last  
Now see the market place has changed the weight of the scale  
You either get out and die or go to jail  
And your best intentions splinter and frail  
And a few weeks of promises and attempts to fail

It's a glass-pipe murder  
Glass-pipe murder  
Oh yeah

Glass-pipe murder  
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Oh yeah!!!

(Oh yeah!!!)  
(Oh yeah!!!)  
(Oh yeah!!!)

They kick a bottle of beer and a letter  
Simple things made Mario feel better  
You see it falls on you and it falls on me  
Self-annihilation, catastrophe

Two packs of cigarettes  
For two dollars and seventy cents and a  
Bottle of wine that's been opened  
And he said, "Why do I do this?"

A shiver through his body like a bottle of CC  
Not encouraging reality or me  
He said, "It's who I am baby, back to it."  
Off the deep end the record changed

You see, no one stood up and cheered for him  
Everyone sat down with something that happened  
Began... to happen  
It's an old school dorm mystery  
And the handcuffs bleed...

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Who was the killer?... it's in the...