

Travis Bickle

Rancid

All the junkies they know my name
And every city looks the fucking same
And the derilics who roam the streets are all the same
And the scum surfaces up and has no one to fucking blame

Game over its no fun
Got me on the run
I'm gonna go get my gun
Blam blam blam your done

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I'm gonna go get my gun
Blam blam blam your done

Why all the prostitution right about midnight
And the junkies hives are trying to get tight --à??
And I'm trying to find some ultra sound
But there's no fucking way to get out of this hell

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YAH! Your fuckin done!