

Little Lisa was a nice enough girl
If you gave her the time
Found her dead in a hotel room
With a needle in her eye
Blood on the sheets
And a bottle by the door
They left her alone
For a little too long
But she couldn't hang on
Life became far too hard
They were young and wild
Lonely genocide
Inside/Oustide love can grow old
Don't listen to whispered lies
Inside/Oustide love can grow old
Oh baby, run and hide
Pretty Bobby used to
Slam dance romance
Every other night
Older boys used to dance
With pretty Bobby
'Cause he gave a good time
But he couldn't hang on
Life became far too hard
They were young and wild
Lonely genocide

(Chorus)

Inside/Oustide, It's a game
Inside/Oustide, Drive you insane
Inside/Oustide, Don't you try
Inside/Oustide, Suicide
Inside/Oustide
Inside/Oustide
Inside/Oustide
Inside/Oustide