

Street Rats

Ted Nugent

Midnight in the cellar
Dinner on the floor
Sleeping in the gutter
He fights a private war
Hiding in the doorway
Weapon at his side
Rob you for a nickel
You'd better run and hide

He's a street rat
Nothing to offer
Street rat
Snake in the grass
Street rat
Steals another meal
Street rat
But it maybe his last

The look of desperation
Sure to bite the dust
His constant nauseation
A real social cross
He's a street rat
Nothing to offer

Street rat
Snake in the grass
Street rat
Steals another meal
Street rat
But it maybe his last

Post war anti-social
A fading of the brain
He's hopeless at his high school
And lurking in the rain

His face is badly beaten
A nasty thing to see
Street rats on the rampage
You'd best keep away from me

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