

Dead End Justice

The Runaways

I'm a blond bombshell and I wear it well
You're momma says you go straight to hell
I'm sweet sixteen and a rebel queen
I look real hot in my tight blue jeans

Dead end kids in the danger zone
All of you are drunk or stoned
Dead end kids you're not alone
You sleep in the street when you're not at home

Long hot summers make you wanna fight
The roar of the city lasts all night
You like drugs you like brew
You won't believe what I can do to you

Dead end kids in the danger zone
All of you are drunk or stoned
Dead end kids you're not alone
You sleep in the street when you're not at home

I got away clean with my fake ID
No more school or mommy for me
Stealing cars and breaking hearts
Pills and thrills and acting smart

Dead end kids in the danger zone
All of you are drunk or stoned
Dead end kids you're not alone
You sleep in the street when you're not at home

In the naked city, spaces ain't that pretty
As I was getting dusted, I happened to get busted
Oh yes, I was arrested, oh God, how I protested
They beat me with a board, it hurt just like a sword

They kicked me in the eye, my brain began to fry
This is like a movie, I know I'm gonna scream
All the pain that I feel makes me feel mean
It's so sad and crazy here, I think I'm gonna cry

If I don't wake up from this dream
I think I'm gonna die

Where am I?
You're in a cheap run down teenage jail that's where
Oh my God
Yeah, blondie you're gonna be here till your 18 so get used to it

Behind the bars, there's a superstar
Who never had a chance, she could sing, she could dance
You don't sing and dance in juvie honey
Behind the walls, they've seen it all, gotta have, gotta have

Justice, justice
Don't want your law and order
Justice, justice
Or world wide disorder

What you in for? Wouldn't you like to know?
Behind the fence, there is no defense
There's murder, rape and bribery in and out, burglary
You don't look so tough, oh, I been around
On the planet sorrow, there is no tomorrow gonna get

Justice, justice
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You can't turn off the tears
They crawl in juvenile hall cruel reform schools
They don't smile, they got no bail or jury trial
Joan, lets break out tonite okay Cherie, whats the plan?

You grab the guard, in the prison yard
Get his keys and gun, we'll run
My old man's waiting outside in a van is he handsome?
You'll see ?cause you know, we gotta be free

Justice, justice
Don't want your law and order
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Or world wide disorder

We'll go far through the prison yard
You and me, we will be free
Just be safe, don't be late
If you see the guard don't hesitate

But Joan I'm getting tired, I've run out of fire
I can't go any farther but Cherie you must try harder
Joan, I'm down, my ankle, I can't go on, but I can't leave you
What do I do? Save yourself you know what you gotta do
Oh my God