I've got 30 cents,
in my hand
I got a jacket on,
it's kinda cold
I've got a coupon from...a Warren magazine
6 o'clock,
walking home
It's Friday night,
walk alone
I like it this way,
it's alright with me

But when I got upstairs,
somebody'd thrown out the poster, anyway
And all I saw was a dust square on the wall
A superball and a big fat pile of comic books, run away
And I hit my head on a light hanging in the hall
I got a paperback,
that I stole I got a cherry bomb,
two years old
I got Superstuff,
Wham-O strikes again
The day will come,
be complete
I'll find 20 bucks, in the street
I'll order everything, from a Warren magazine

But when I got upstairs, somebody'd thrown out the poster, anyway And all I saw was a dust square on the wall A superball and a big fat pile of comic books, run away And I hit my head on a light hanging in the hall Yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah,

Ive got a lot of time to play
All of that craps so far away
,I've got a lot of time to play
All of that craps still far away