

Leicester Square

Rancid

I got some hard times, two punks upon a subway
It's a long way to go to get to Leicester Square
A hard line - It's the one you gotta cross
The one you gotta cross, to get you anywhere

Michael's on his way to payback syndication
Of fisticuffs, retired (?) and his backstreet education
The 8-ball stops him low
Demonstrations show
It's crystal clear it ain't so great for those who become broken here yeah

I got none
I got no mind for... nothing
I got no insight, I got no feelings
I got nothing that you want, so stay away from here

The cocaine's out, then the world goes (?) down, the prime objective: Fear
To rival forces from different times and places nowhere near
The tension begins to grow
His instincts tell him so
He (...?) yeah

I got none
I got no mind for... nothing
I got no insight, I got no feelings
I got nothing that you want, so stay away from here

Yeah!!!

Ah no no!!!
ah no!!!
Ah no no no no!!!

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Mike gets whipped, his bull-face slapped around a cheap cigar
His gang comes in cause they're always seeing the trouble from afar
He act so (....?)
(...) in and stalls
He makes his point then (???s) a joint in the backseat with a model, oh yeah

I got none
I got no mind for... nothing
I got no insight, I got no feelings
I got nothing that you want, so stay away from here

Yeah!!!

Ah no no!!!
Ah no!!!
Ah no no no no

I got some hard times, two punks upon a subway
It's a long way to go to get to Leicester Square

A hard line - It's the one you gotta cross
The one you gotta cross, to get you anywhere

Yeah!!!

You see I got none
I got no mind for... nothing
I got no insight, I got no feelings
I got nothing that you want, so stay away from here