

## Travis Bickle

Rancid

All the junkies they know my name  
And every city looks the fucking same  
And the derilics who roam the streets are all the same  
And the scum surfaces up and has no one to fucking blame

Game over its no fun  
Got me on the run  
I'm gonna go get my gun  
Blam blam blam your done

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Why all the prostitution right about midnight  
And the junkies hives are trying to get tight --à??  
And I'm trying to find some ultra sound  
But there's no fucking way to get out of this hell

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YAH! Your fuckin done!