It could happen to you, a defect from the wasted outskirts of los angeles with a crumpled-up pass for the RTD and no authority or trajectory on the brink of insanity you'd better believe it because it's written all over your face just a neighborhood reject, out of step and out of place you'd better believe it would you ever have thought persistence could prevail against the almost unbearable weight of the system? with nothing better to do, and no one else who you can look up to you'd better believe it because it's written all over your face a political defect, out of step and out of place you'd better believe it and the future is bright when ideas run astray so turn out the light, a punk can't have a say sometimes desire is all that's there who said life was fair?