

In Cold Blood

Johnny Thunders

Well, I was raised in the street
A city boy, if you please
I probably forgot more than you'll ever be
No doubt about it

You gotta bop down, down the street Hey!
You afraid of those creeps?
Guardian angels are what we need
New York City police are so sweet

In cold blood
In cold blood

Well you probably think I'm pretty mad
Just because I like it down there
Well don't you worry, dear
You'll never end up dead

In cold blood

Well no one here gets out alive
Living here, it's suicide
Avenue A you might survive
Riverton you'll finally die

In cold blood
In cold blood