

Ballad Of The Lower East Side

Michael Monroe

Things are different today back in New York.
I lived down on third street way back in that day.
There were junkies, pimps and whores. Hallelujah!
Now it's squeaky clean, there's no place left to stay.

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I remember well the streets and all that smell.
Rats around stayed safe in my kitchen. Oh fuckn'n h**l!
They lured, at my door, always wanted more.
Local dealer, kept theft out of way! (Hey, go!)

It was such a perfect mess, what they call the L.E.S.
Life was odd on every corner, but now there is so much less.
That's why I find talk is square. They ask me if a care.
Gimme back that Apple In Decay! (Let's go!)

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