

Night Shift

Mickey Avalon

Working the night shift
We got whatever you need
Working the night shift
With the hookers and freaks
Working the night shift
I'm a slave to the streets
Working the night shift
On the A-V-E

Dirty laundry, dirty mind
Dirty money, for a dirty time
For a nickel, for a dime
Straight A students, turned to crime
Stuck in the middle of a rock and a pipe
You might get locked up in the cellar for the rest of your life
A bed and breakfast is depressive when you smoking that ice
And if you ain't got no protection she won't put up a fight

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Broken windows, broken bones
A broken promise, from a broken home
Sold some shatter, sold some lines
Sold her body in record time
Standing on the rooftop ready to jump
And nobody cares 'cause your life's in the dumps
You could say your prayer to your God up above but you could dance with the
Devil and keep doing your drugs

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