

Little Lisa was a nice enough girl  
If you gave her the time  
Found her dead in a hotel room  
With a needle in her eye  
Blood on the sheets  
And a bottle by the door  
They left her alone  
For a little too long  
But she couldn't hang on  
Life became far too hard  
They were young and wild  
Lonely genocide  
Inside/Oustide love can grow old  
Don't listen to whispered lies  
Inside/Oustide love can grow old  
Oh baby, run and hide  
Pretty Bobby used to  
Slam dance romance  
Every other night  
Older boys used to dance  
With pretty Bobby  
'Cause he gave a good time  
But he couldn't hang on  
Life became far too hard  
They were young and wild  
Lonely genocide

(Chorus)

Inside/Oustide, It's a game  
Inside/Oustide, Drive you insane  
Inside/Oustide, Don't you try  
Inside/Oustide, Suicide  
Inside/Oustide  
Inside/Oustide  
Inside/Oustide  
Inside/Oustide