

## JOHNNY'S OUT CRUISING

JOHNNY'S OUT CRUISING DOWN THE FAST FOOD STRIP; HE RIDES A HIGH WHEELER  
FOUR

HE'S DOWN HERE EVERY EVENING SINCE THE SCHOOL LET OUT;

ORDINARY MEN WOULD BE BORED

JOHNNY GOT THE HUNGER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL HEART,

AND A TANK FULL OF MINIMUM WAGE, SO ITS SIX LIGHTS DOWN AND SIX  
LIGHTS BACK

PACING LIKE A LION IN A CAGE.

HE'S RUNNING ON A TETHER, TEARING AT THE GROUND

TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO BREAK THE CHAIN

THIS HOWLING IN THE DISTANCE IS A CAPTIVATING SOUND

CAN'T TELL IF IT'S ECSTASY OR PAIN; SATURDAY THEY'LL ALL BE BACK AGAIN

ALL THOSE ENGINES PULLING ALL NIGHT LONG

STILL MAKES A SLOW MOVING TRAIN

THEY CAN SCREAM OUT THEIR FREEDOM WHEN THE LIGHT TURNS GREEN

BUT THEY'RE BOUND TO COME 'ROUND AGAIN.

STANDING AT A DISTANCE THERE'S THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL

JOHNNY DOESN'T KNOW HER NAME

HE HOWLS HIS ENGINE LIKE A BIG BLACK DOG,

CHOKING ON HIS COLLAR BY HIS CHAIN.

IT'S LONELY LIKE HUNGER DRIVEN TO THE SAME OLD PLACE; RUMBLE LIKE  
THUNDER,

DON'T YOU THINK THAT THE ANGELS HEAR THE PASSION OF THIS HUMAN RACE.

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