The ragamuffin gunner is returnin' home like a hungry runaway He walks through town all alone

He must be from the fort he hears the high school girls say His countryside's burnin' with wolfman fairies dressed in drag for homicide

The hit and run, plead sanctuary, `neath a holy stone they hide They're breakin' beams and crosses with a spastic's reelin' per fection

nuns run bald through Vatican halls pregnant, pleadin' immacula te conception

And everybody's wrecked on Main Street from drinking unholy blo od

Sticker smiles sweet as gunner breathes deep, his ankles caked in mud

And I said "Hey, gunner man, that's quicksand, that's quicksand that ain't mud

Have you thrown your senses to the war or did you lose them in the flood?"

That pure American brother, dull-eyed and empty-faced races Sundays in Jersey in a Chevy stock super eight

He rides `er low on the hip, on the side he's got Bound For Glo ry in red, white and blue flash paint

He leans on the hood telling racing stories, the kids call  $\mathop{\text{\rm him}}\nolimits$  Jimmy The Saint

Well the blaze and noise boy, he's gunnin' that bitch loaded to blastin' point

He rides head first into a hurricane and disappears into a poin t

And there's nothin' left but some blood where the body fell That is, nothin' left that you could sell

just junk all across the horizon, a real highwayman's farewell And he said "Hey kid, you think that's oil? Man, that ain't oil that's blood"

I wonder what he was thinking when he hit that storm Or was he just lost in the flood?

Eighth Avenue sailors in satin shirts whisper in the air Some storefront incarnation of Maria, she's puttin' on me the s tare

and Bronx's best apostle stands with his hand on his own hardware

Everything stops, you hear five, quick shots, the cops come up for air

And now the whiz-

bang gang from uptown, they're shootin' up the street

And that cat from the Bronx starts lettin' loose

but he gets blown right off his feet

And some kid comes blastin' round the corner but a cop puts him

right away

He lays on the street holding his leg screaming something in Sp anish

Still breathing when I walked away

And somebody said "Hey man did you see that? His body hit the s treet with such a beautiful thud"

I wonder what the dude was sayin' or was he just lost in the fl ood?

Hey man, did you see that, those poor cats are sure messed up I wonder what they were gettin' into, or were they just lost in the flood?