

# Nothing To Lose

L.A. Guns

We're lost at the edge of time  
No money, it ain't a crime  
Doing things the way that I choose  
Gonna make the front page news  
My finger on the gun  
Bang, bang, gets things done

You got nothing, nothing to lose  
Street life, paying your dues  
Gonna sing the young man blues  
You got nothing, nothing to lose

I want dollars, sex, instant fame  
Let it rock, the name of the game  
Steal a car, and I'm ready to fight  
Fat cop gonna read ya your rights

I'm lost on the heartbreak zone  
Hold tight, don't let go, no, no, no  
You got nothing, nothing to lose  
Street life, pay your dues  
Gonna sing the young man blues

Fall from grace, child in time  
Born of thunder, one of a kind  
Fire and ice, battle cry  
Powers within, they multiply, yeah

Oh...

Loose gun and I can't be beat  
White trash kickin' the street  
A city brat gone far from home  
A city brat don't want anymore,  
My finger on the gun  
A bang, bang gets things done  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

You got nothing, nothing to lose  
Street life, paying your dues  
Gonna sing the young man blues  
You got nothing

You got nothing, nothing to lose  
Street life, paying your dues  
Gonna sing the young man blues  
You got nothing, nothing to lose

You gotta scream and fight  
Hey, hey, yeah, hey, hey, yeah  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa  
No, no, no, no, no, no  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh  
Yeah, Yeah