St. Jimmy - Green Day

St. Jimmy's comin' down across the alleyway
Up on the boulevard like a zip gun on parade
Light of a silhouette
He's insubordinate
Coming at you on the count of 1,2,1,2,3,4!

My name is Jimmy and you better not wear it out
Suicide commando that your momma talked about
King of the forty theives
And I'm here to represent
That needle in the vein of the establishment

I'm the patron saint of the denial
With an angel face and a taste for suicidal

Cigarettes and ramen and a little bag of dope
I am the son of a bitch and Edgar Allen Poe
Raised in the city under a halo of lights
The product of war and fear that we've been victimized

I'm the patron saint of the denial
With an angel face and a taste for suicidal

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

I'll give you something to cry about.

ST. JIMMY!

My name is St. Jimmy I'm a son of a gun
I'm the one that's from the way outside
I'm a teenage assassin executing some fun
In the cult of the life of crime.

I really hate to say it but I told you so
So shut your mouth before I shoot you down old boy
Welcome to the club and give me some blood
And the resident leader at the lost and found

It's comedy and tragedy
It's St. Jimmy
And that's my nameeeeeee...and don't wear it out!