Martin Luther Ave.

Strays Don't Sleep

Somewhere theres a little girl cryin
Somewhere theres an old man dyin
Somewhere theres a last hope tryin
To move and find its way through the dark
Ya gotta take it all while you can
Anytime, anywhere can be your last stand
Sometimes your worst enemies your best friend
Turns out we all go south in the end
In the end
Yeah youre just another coffin on Martin Luther Avenue
Like that cigarette crushed and stuck to the bottom of your shoe
When those thoughts become poison like hot water rollin round your head
If youre thinking that Im wrong, then you already left for dead
Left for dead
I wont sleep until my work is done
The day when I wont have to wait for anyone
Were born just like a bullet from a gun
Our shadows look small next to that sitting sun
Look at that sitting sun
Yeah youre just another coffin on Martin Luther Avenue
Like that cigarette crushed and stuck to the bottom of your shoe
When those thoughts become poison like hot water rollin round your head
If youre thinking that Im wrong, then youve already left for dead
Left for dead
Left for dead
Left for dead
Youre gonna have to x4
Youre gonna have to call em up, call em out, call em up and call em out
Youre gonna have to
Youre gonna have to
Youre gonna have to call em up, and call em out, call em up and call em out
Youre gonna have to
Youre gonna have to call em up and call em out

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