



That's why I'm doin' it my way

I took the law in my hands So here I am in the alleyway

A wad of cash in my pants

I get paid by a ten year old

He says he looks up to me

There's still crime in the city

But it's good to be free.

Yeah. Now I come from a family

That has a broken home

Sometimes I talk to daddy

On the telephone

When he says that he loves me

I know that he does

But I wish I could see him

I wish I knew where he was

But that's the way all my friends are

Except maybe one or two

Wish I could see him this weekend

Wish I could walk in his shoes

But now I'm doin' my own thing

Sometimes I'm good, then I'm bad

Although my home has been broken

It's the best home I ever had

Yeah. Well, I keep gettin' younger

My life's been funny that way

Before I ever learned to talk

I forgot what to say

I sassed back to my mom

I sassed back to my teacher

I got thrown out of Bible school

For sassin' back at the preacher

Then I grew up to be a fireman

Put out every fire in town

Put out anything smokin'

But when I put the hose down

The judge sent me to prison

He gave me life without parole

Wish I never put the hose down

Wish I never got old.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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