One Man Army

Pro-Pain

Beat down like a pile of junk
Politically incorrect
We knew he deserved the best But he never got no respect
Six kids and an empty wallet
With a hole the size of a dime
Not a dollar or a dream to boot
He thanks God for a hell of a timeHere lies the middle class
What once was is now past
Our forefathers spent their lives cultivating this ?
One man army born and bred
Never cared much what no one said
Worked all dat till his fingers bled
He was a one man armyOne day he bought a shotgun
And went home and sat on the bed
He downed more than a couple of drinks
That put the 's' word in his mouth
So the future is not so bright when everything looks so dim
Then he tought about who he loves
But thought more about who loves himToo much pain and no gain
Suck the blood from my veins
I work too hard to have you
Take it all away

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