Shoot His Load

Agnostic Front

Minding his own business
Riding subway trains
Got ripped off twice
Ain't gonna happen again
Withdrew a hundred dollars
Bought himself a piece
Can't depend on anyone
He's his own police
Fourteenth Street station
This could be the night
December, he's heavily sweating
Collar feels too tight
Tired of being preyed upon
By the scum of the earth
Tonite he'll be the predator
Someone's gonna get hurt
Walked into an empty car
Found himself a seat
Five low lives waiting there
Waiting for fresh meat
One by one surrounded him
Trapped him by the door
Finger on the trigger
Got more than they asked for
A split second without thinking
Hot gun in his hand
Four shots of blood
Bernie gets his man
Now he stands trial
A criminal he's told
But he got the satisfaction
Of shooting his load

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