

Regular Guy

Dropkick Murphys

I've got two hands in my pocket and a pistol to my head as I walk the line in front of me there's no looking back. As I trudge the path of destiny my opinion doesn't pay, I'm a blue collar simple mind who cannot find his way. His Way. His Way. His Way. Now my Mind set may vary but here I still lay Don't know how I got here or think I care to stay The past will be present if I dare to forget I've got two feet in the future but it's not here yet Here Yet. Here Yet. Here Yet. This life is here to stay, and you can't take my pride away I was born in to this life, and these are the cards I'm dealt I've got two hands in my pocket and a pistol to my head as I walk the line in front of me there's no looking back. As I trudge the path of destiny my opinion doesn't pay, I'm a blue collar simple mind who cannot find his way. His Way. His Way. His Way

Songwriters

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