

Queensberry Rules

Gallows

Scratch one more to the body count,
Another dead kid you don't care about.
Forget what the paper reads,
Safe in your house while another kid bleeds.
Everyone of us to blame,
For each capital teen who died in vain.
We are fucking worse if not the same,
We read the filth but forget their names.

No money for a funeral.
'Til you sell your story out to the world.
Hoods up, knives out,
"Protect ya neck"
With no remorse and no respect.
And for every teen who lost their life
Hung on the end of a kitchen knife
We will carve this cross into your chest
To remind you of this fucking mess.

Kitchen knives and the silent kill.
Gun shots start the rumor mill.
Let's take this back to the old school
Live our lives by the Queensberry rules.
Two fists clenched tight
Two fucking wrong-uns who both think they're right.
The bigger they are
The harder they fucking fall

No money for a funeral.
'Til you sell your story out to the world
Hoods up, knives out,
"Protects you neck".
No remorse and no respect.
And for every teen who lost there life
Hung on the end of a kitchen knife
We will carve this cross into your chest,
To remind you of this fucking mess.

The union jack has bled away.
It's black and white and it's fucking grey.

The cells are cold,
The streets are the same,
It's been a dead summer and we're praying for rain.
Your heart of gold is dead and cold,
And you wonder when your dreams got old.
Walk yourselves down to the Thames,
And throw you knives in so that this can end.

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written by CARTER, CHRISTOPHER FRANK/BARNARD, LAURENT BENJAMIN/BARRATT, LEE
PHILLIP/CARTER, STEPHEN WILLIAM RICHARD/GILI-ROSS, STUART LESLIE

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