

In the Streets of Boston

Dropkick Murphys

Got a bleak perspective,
I'm a streetwise man.
Going nowhere with my life.
Careening toward an early death,A streetwise man;
On the corner every night.
So brace-for impact,
Brace-for impact,Brace-for impact,
Why don't you brace.
The end is coming,
No time for running.Dealing drugs to little kids,
A streetwise man.
Selling death and making cash.
Pulling scams and moving bids,A streetwise man.
Society has called my bluff tonight.
So brace-for impact,
Brace-for impact,Brace-for impact,
Why don't you brace.
The end is coming,
No time for running.The end is coming,
No time for running now!

Songwriters

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