

Johnny Black

Pro-Pain

here's a story 'bout an american man
who's always used to doin' things the best that he can he's got his wife, he's got his kids by his side he's got his
favorite band tattooed on his back
you know he'd rather fuck you up then swallow his pride dropped out of school because he loved the guitar
we'll call him johnny, and johnny wore black we used to check him out at all the clubs and the bars he'd rather
die on the outside, fight from within when everything was said and done he knew he would win
he called the shots - and straddled the line we knew he was lost all the time (johnny black) the years had passed us
and the crowd moved on we hadn't seen or heard from him in oh so long
we never even thought to pick up the phone or to take the time to see if johnny was home he had a motorcycle
parked in the yard
which was always there for cruisin' when the times were hard he never had a need to follow the mass and he was
all by himself as he stepped on the gas:

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