

Hellhole

G.B.H.

The poor man he had no dreams
He had no vices all he had was himself
Spent his days walking around
Thinking of things to do with his time
It's like a dream when I wake and scream
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellhole
Looked at himself then looked at the world
Decided things weren't going too well
Just a man with a sense of justice
Would his days of misery never end
It's like a dream when I wake and scream
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellhole
Bought a gun disciplined himself
Shoot those bastards right between the eyes
Crime figures fell like dead leaves
The city breathed a sigh of relief
It's like a dream when I wake and scream
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellhole
Bought a gun disciplined himself
Shoot those bastards right between the eyes
Crime figures fell like dead leaves
The city breathed a sigh of relief
It's not easy when you're making a stand
When it seems that all the world is mad
It's easy to fall by the wayside
But if you act like a sheep you'll get eaten by the wolf
Now the streets are safe for children to play
Couples can go walking in the park
The poor man is happy now
An unknown hero and nobody knows his name
It's like a dream when I wake and scream
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellhole, a hellhole
In a hellhole

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