Bloody Pig Pile

Dropkick Murphys

Now let me tell you a story
of a big ole' skinhead
On a tragic and fateful day
He put 10 cents in his pocket
kicked his wife and family
And went to ride on the M.B.T.A.
[chorus]
Did he ever return,
no he never returned
and his fate is still unknown
he may ride forever
neath the Streets of Boston
he's a skinhead who never returned.
Skinhead goes down to the Kendall Sq. Station
and he changes For Jamaica Plain,
the conductor says skinhead I need a nickel,
skinhead punches him in the brain.
Did he ever return,
no he never returned
and his fate is still unknown
he may ride forever
neath the Streets of Boston
he's a skinhead who never returned.
Now all night long
skinhead drives through the station
Wondering who can I go and see
Can't afford to buy crack in Chelsea
or a bundle in Roxbury.
Did he ever return,
no he never returned
and his fate is still unknown
he may ride forever
neath the Streets of Boston
he's a skinhead who never returned.
Skinhead's wife goes to the Scollay Square Station
Everyday at quarter past two,
and through the open window
She hands skinhead a grenade
as the train comes a rumbling through.

Did he ever return,
no he never returned
and his fate is still unknown
he may ride forever
neath the Streets of Boston
he's a skinhead who never returned.
Now you citizens of Boston
don't you think it's a scandal
How the skinhead stole the train
What's the big fuckin' deal,
he'll work for beer
Let skinhead drive that fuckin' train.
Did he ever return,
no he never returned
and his fate is still unknown
he may ride forever
neath the Streets of Boston
he's a skinhead who never returned.
Did he ever return,
no he never returned
and his fate is still unknown
he may ride forever
neath the Streets of Boston
he's a skinhead who never returned.
He's the skinhead who never returned.
He's the skinhead who never returned.
I said the skin never returns.

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