

# Vice And Virtues

## Dropkick Murphys

Now hear me all you victims  
Come listen, gather around  
For now we'll tell the story of four brothers in the ground  
One died from the bottle though he wouldn't harm a fly  
He froze in the south end alley  
Behind a gin mill left to die  
And another died by the bullet at the hand's of a sniper's gun  
In the valley of the Nha-Trang for a war we never won  
Whiskey, War, Suicide & Guns  
The next one took his life  
They said there was never any hope  
He was shocked and institutionalized  
Found hanging from a rope  
And another son was shot again  
But this time over drugs  
There'll be no heroes welcome  
For this small time city thug  
One from the whiskey  
One from the war  
One by suicide  
And another by the gun  
Whiskey, War, Suicide & Guns  
They took their lives, they took their sons  
One died from whiskey  
And another in the war  
One died by suicide  
And the last one by the gun  
Whiskey, War, Suicide & Guns  
They took their lives, they took their sons  
Whiskey, War, Suicide & Guns

Songwriters

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