

# City Boy

## Blood for Blood

I got a story, a story to tell.  
About a long road  
back from a sory of hell  
I been flying almost every night.  
I been ready to burn  
and I been living to die.  
SO take a look, take a look in my eyes:  
Cause I got no remorse for all the hate  
that burns inside.  
Take a look at my suicide.  
Self destruction  
I know the streets can be so cold  
I know these streets  
can make you feel so cold.  
I've got this gun to my head all alone.  
Another bottle of pills almoste gone;  
My cigarette burns  
right trouth my soul.  
I'm almoste home.  
And I'"ve seen:  
broken hearts and broken dreams  
like broken bodies.  
under the pale street lights tonight.  
I've seen the hate and yeah;  
I've heard the lies.  
So I turned my back  
and now I'm on the outside  
I know the streets can be so cold  
I'm almoste home.  
Self destruction.  
I'm on my way home.

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