

Dead End Boys

The Bruisers

Kids standing in the streets
Angry faces and weapons on their feet
Broken step broken bottles on the ground
Tension's thick you can feel it all around
A bottle flies someone falls to the ground
There's a pool of blood and there's fighting all around
Blood runs hot and no one asks why
Runs like the respect that they always get denied
Dead end boys they push out to keep us down
So we stick together so we don't get pushed around
Dead end boys you say but what'd you expect
At the bottom of the ladder you take what you can get
Standing by each other's the way it's got to be
Not turning on your brothers like the ones we always see
No knife in your back every time your back is turned
What you give you get, get respect and don't get burned
The papers show the hatred but not the fire in our eyes
Show the violence in the streets but don't ask why
We'll take their lies take their abuse and we deal with it all
Cause at the end of the day we still stand tall
Dead end boys in the streets
Dead end boys weapons on their feet
Dead end boys won't keep us down
Dead end boys won't push us down

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