Hellhole

Charged 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 timeIt's like a dream when I wake and scream
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellholeLooked 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 endIt's like a dream when I wake and scream
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellholeBought a gun disciplined himself
Shoot those those bastards right between the eyes
Crime figures fell like dead leaves
The city breathed a sigh of reliefIt's like a dream when I wake and scream
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellholeBought a gun disciplined himself
Shoot those those bastards right between the eyes
Crime figures fell like dead leaves
The city breathed a sigh of reliefIt'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 wolfNow 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 nameIt's like a dream when I wake and scream
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellhole, a hellholeIn a hellhole

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