

Numbered Days

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Familiar with his kind
He'll beat someone down for fun
He's got an ax to grind
And he'll target anyone
Brass knuckled in his pocket
Steel-toed shoes
Live of the party
When you factor in booze
Familiar with his kind
He'll target anyone
He's got a group of friends
And they're all like minded guys
The fun never ends
And he didn't live through it
He's got a group of friends
They'll target anyone
Violence, when will they learn?
Time's running out
And the tables will turn
The days have been numbered
And your number's coming up
Senseless, when will they learn?
Time's running out
And the tables will turn
The days have been numbered
And your number's coming up
The charge what? homicide?
Alone he took the fall
His friends all testified
They weren't there at all
He cried like a baby
When his sentence was passed
For himself and not the victim
But this victim was his last
Still familiar with his kind
Too many of them left behind
Up to all that he once was
No other reason, just because
Too many incidents

None are isolated
Each coincidence
Is closely related
Familiar with his kind
He'll target anyone

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