

Concrete Jungle

Black Label Society

The freaks in the streets, the nuns with the shot gun
The graves rollin' by your side
Survival of the fittest and there ain't no pity
No one gets out alive In the concrete jungle, it's the well of the damned
Put your step inside and you'll understand
Misfits, psychos and the twisted slaves
The house of the sane, no one can be saved Rolling six feet under rollin'
Rolling six feet under rollin'
Rolling six feet under rollin'
Keep on rolling No one gets out, they're ready to die once again
No one gets out, they're ready to die Another day to bleed, another day to die
Another day to blackout and then go blind
Maniacal, Blitzkrieged where the maggots play God
Where the souls of the lost come to die The concrete jungle, it's the well of the damned
Once you step inside and you'll understand
Misfits, psychos and the twisted slaves
The house of the sane, no one can be saved Rolling six feet under rollin'
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