

# Karate High School, Three Strikes And You're In

Three strikes and you're in.

You couldn't trust yourself, and you didn't read the signs,  
so I you again for the third time. And now you're mine.

I ran to Washington Square.

I took the back streets and every alley to get there.

The bells were ringing with clues.

And there it was, written on the side of the statue.

My fingers traced every line:

&quot;To our boys and girls, who will soon take out place and pass on.&quot;

Three strikes and you're in.

You couldn't trust yourself, and you didn't read the signs,  
so I you again for the third time. And now you're mine.

200 years in one night.

I told myself what had to be done to make things all right.

All my life, I never wanted to end up like this, but not I know what I came for:  
to end the curse of generations that came before.

Three strikes and you're in.

You couldn't trust yourself, and you didn't read the signs,  
so I you again for the third time. And now you're mine.

For our children, who will soon take our places and pass on.

Three strikes. Is there enough time to make it right?

Three strikes and you're in.

Three strikes and you're in.

You couldn't trust yourself, and you didn't read the signs,  
so I you again for the third time. And now you're mine.