

Lynch Mob, Street Fightin' Man

Music: Lynch, Logan
Lyrics: Logan, Esposito

He was a back alley street fightin man
He just do what he please
A bad struttin mother, a sucker for
His gun and his needs

Yeah, mad at the world
Thrown down and tied to the whippin'
Post, oh he's a lost soul
Who wants it all

You know a poor boy with muddy hands
Ain't got no childhood memories
There's no way out for this punk called

Street fightin' man
Yeah, street fightin man

Well there's a black cloud that covers
The city a shadow he stands
Taken through the darkest alleyways and
Taught fist, blood, and greed
And nothing more

Sad at the world
Like a heart that bleeds with a cut
Od a knife oh he's a lost soul
Who wants it all
Mad at the world
Poor souls how no respect
For no one at all

Oh I won't be coming home
No I won't
Street fightin' man

He was a back alley street fightin' man
He just do what he please
For ever to be damned
Just a beggar, begging on his knees
You know it;s down, down, down
To the depths of his soul
There ain't no loving home man
For tha street fightin' man
Street fightin' man
And mad at the world
No I won't be coming
I won't be coming
Home