

# 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