

Pro-Pain, Johnny Black

here's a story 'bout an american man
who's always used to doin' things the best that he can
he's got his wife, he's got his kids by his side
you know he'd rather fuck you up then swallow his pride
he's got his favorite band tattooed on his back
we'll call him johnny, and johnny wore black
dropped out of school because he loved the guitar
we used to check him out at all the clubs and the bars

he'd rather die on the outside, fight from within
when everything was said and done he knew he would win
he called the shots - and straddled the line
we knew he was lost all the time
(johnny black)

the years had passed us and the crowd moved on
we hadn't seen or heard from him in oh so long
we never even thought to pick up the phone
or to take the time to see if johnny was home
he had a motorcycle parked in the yard
which was always there for cruisin' when the times were hard
he never had a need to follow the mass
and he was all by himself as he stepped on the gas: