

# Strays Don't Sleep, Martin Luther Ave

Somewhere there's a little girl cryin'  
Somewhere there's an old man dyin'  
Somewhere there's a last hope tryin'  
To move and find it's way through the dark  
Ya gotta take it all while you can  
Anytime, anywhere can be your last stand  
Sometimes your worst enemies your best friend  
Turns out we all go south in the end  
In the end

Yeah you're just another coffin on Martin Luther Avenue  
Like that cigarette crushed and stuck to the bottom of your shoe  
When those thoughts become poison like hot water rollin' round your head  
If you're thinking that I'm wrong, then you already left for dead  
Left for dead

I won't sleep until my work is done  
The day when I won't have to wait for anyone  
We're born just like a bullet from a gun  
Our shadows look small next to that sitting sun  
Look at that sitting sun

Yeah you're just another coffin on Martin Luther Avenue  
Like that cigarette crushed and stuck to the bottom of your shoe  
When those thoughts become poison like hot water rollin' round your head  
If you're thinking that I'm wrong, then you've already left for dead

Left for dead

Left for dead

Left for dead

You're gonna have to x4

You're gonna have to call em up, call em out, call em up and call em out

You're gonna have to

You're gonna have to

You're gonna have to call em up, and call em out, call em up and call em out

You're gonna have to

You're gonna have to call em up and call em out