

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