

Dogs With Jobs, Die Like A Dog

You were walking down the sidewalk
Yeah, you'd just been laid
when that bastard stopped you up and
slashed you with his blade

Your eyes are getting glassy,
all you feel is pain
Yeah, your wallet is gone,
you've been mugged again

Die like a dog, die on the street
Die like a dog, you're the maggot's meat
Die like a dog, die from the fight
Die like a dog, to rot in the night

Lying on the sidewalk in the midday sun
Faces turn away like they know no-one
"Why won't someone help me?" were your last words said
The natives pass you by, leaving you for dead

Your fingers claw the pavement, there's no doubt
Your nightmare is your death and there's no way out
Your entrails are crawling spilling into the sewer
Your thoughts are fading out getting farther and fewer

Can't seem to catch your breath, it's getting away
Blowing down the street upon which you lay
You feel your tortured body falling into the black
You'll never return, you'll never come back

Your eyes are frozen open, blood dries in your mouth
You're no longer breathing, your life snuffed out
You're stiff in repose on your asphalt tomb
You're Times Square picturesque
as rats feed on your wounds...