

Dropkick Murphys, In The Streets Of Boston

Got a bleak perspective, I'm a streetwise man
Going nowhere with my life
Careening toward an early death, a streetwise man
On the corner every night
So brace-for impact, brace-for impact
Brace-for impact, why don't you brace
The end is coming, no time for running
Dealing drugs to little kids, a streetwise man
Selling death and making cash
Pulling scams and moving bids, a streetwise man
Society has called my bluff tonight
So brace-for impact, brace-for impact
Brace-for impact, why don't you brace
The end is coming, no time for running
The end is coming, no time for running now!