

Dropkick Murphys, This Is Your Life

It's another November evening
As you remember your way home
You mete out your aggressions
On what's left of your blackened soul
You've come to this conclusion
As you're dragged from another bloody fight
You've reached the age where you've decided
That you've lived out your whole life
Another busted knuckle, taken down by a kick to the balls
You've wasting time wasting time as life's shadow grows so tall
It's another busted knuckle, it's a fight you'll never win
And now you bow your head in shame, for a sin no one forgives

Fight, fight, you'll never win
Tonight I'll start again
Fight, fight, you'll never win
How will I make amends
This is our life, this is our time
This is my life don't waste my time

Your wife can't understand you
And you've alienated your oldest friends
Breaking back and fingers to the bone
Burning candles at both ends

Tired of this petty life you lead
A series of dull events
A two-bit, half-assed effigy
Of someone else's dread