

Dropkick Murphys, Vices And Virtues

Now hear me all you victims
Come listen, gather around
For now we'll tell the story of four brothers in the ground
One died from the bottle though he wouldn't harm a fly
He froze in the south end alley
Behind a gin mill left to die
And another died by the bullet at the hand's of a sniper's gun
In the valley of the Nha-Trang for a war we never won

Whiskey, War, Suicide & Guns [x2]

The next one took his life
They said there was never any hope
He was shocked and institutionalized
Found hanging from a rope

And another son was shot again
But this time over drugs
There'll be no heroes welcome
For this small time city thug

One from the whiskey
One from the war
One by suicide
And another by the gun

Whiskey, War, Suicide & Guns
They took their lives, they took their sons
[x2]

One died from whiskey
And another in the war
One died by suicide
And the last one by the gun

Whiskey, War, Suicide & Guns
They took their lives, they took their sons
[x2]

Whiskey, War, Suicide & Guns