

# Dropkick Murphys, Wheel Of Misfortune

Cowboys and coppers verse indians and robbers,  
take a guess for which side I was prone  
Maniacal pleasures and a taste for misfortune,  
the legacy for which I was known

[Chorus:]

Down and out, I scream and I shout.

For this man from whom I need my advice

If the price is your life son, you'd better think twice as you march to the front like a soldier

So you'd think I'd aspire for greatness, hell-Bent to make a name on my own  
Genetically programmed for the Wheel of Misfortune, I'm an heir to an unwanted throne.

Now they've all got their theories,  
opinions and such about this man who is down on his luck  
Well the offers are plenty,  
my options are many, still I opt to face my problems alone

[Chorus]

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[Chorus]