

One Man Army, Three Strikes

Well They Locked Him Up Seventeen Years For A Crime
It All Began When He Did What He Had To Get By
All Alone All He Had Were His Friends And The Streets
A Life Of Crime Became All He'd Ever Need

Well They Say Three Strikes And You're Out
It's You They Care Nothing About
When All You Got Is These Four Walls They Say
Three Strikes And You're Out

A Kid Growing Up Stealing Cars Was A Way To Kill Time
The Deeper He Sand Trouble He Was Sure To Find
A Forty-Five In His Hand
He's Ready To Settle The Score
Shots Rang Out
He'll Spend The Rest Of His Life Behind Bars

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