

Pistol Grip, Marshburn Ave

A painful lesson learned
just like a cigarette burn
A family still intact but you'll never get it back
A dissolving memory
A crestfallen disease
Hard times they stick like glue on Marshburn Avenue

Two shouts and a fist through glass
Halfway house now the tears run fast
10 years not old enough these times are gonna be tough
The money starts to slow
Doubts high and heads held low
There's a job far far away gonna live in this disarray

Well son it's time to go
A vile taste a sullen face now I never wanna look back

Well you didn't wanna say what I didn't wanna hear
now we'll never be the same never be the same
Well you didn't wanna say what I didn't wanna hear
Now we'll never be the same never be the same
Well I never meant to say that I didn't want you here
Now we'll never be the same never be the same
Well you didn't wanna say what I didn't wanna hear
now we'll never be the same never be the same

Three kids now on their own
New city old problems grow
Your brothers are gonna watch your back
make sure your never gonna crack
As time will pass you by
Blood sticks by your side
The ones worth dying for are there to keep you alive

Change

[Chorus]