Pretty Maids, Where The Blood Runs Deep

Danny was a boy with a teenage dream
Now he's hanging with the dudes
In a real mean team
Burning up his fuel at a tender age
When reality hit him like a slap in the face
Now he's always on the run
He's gotta fight gotta be strong

Where the tough gets going
Where the wild ones meet
Where the odds are low
And the talk is cheap
There's a cold wind blowing
Out on every street
Where the violence grows
Where the blood runs deep

Danny got caught at the scene of the crime
With a gun in his hand and a bloodstained alibi
Now he's doing his time down at Motel Hell
Looking out at the world from a stone cold prison cell
He's gotta hold his head up high
He's gotta struggle to stay alive
To survive

Chorus

He was hung up
Strung up for all his life
See the look in his eyes
The flick of the knife
Got off the rails
Sent to jail
Everybody's got their price
In life to pay

Chorus