

# Shed Seven, Bully Boy

You knocked me off my feet  
And I fell face first on the concrete  
I took a blow to the limbs  
I didn't even know him  
There's no point in hiding  
The hate that you confide in  
The pain that you call your own  
There's no point in shying  
From the fists that are flying  
The boy is on his own

You looked me in the eye  
I bet you thought I was paralysed

I took a blow to the chest  
Now I've been underestimated

There's no point in hiding  
The hate that you confide in  
The pain that you call your own  
There's no point in shying  
From the fists that are flying  
The boy is on his own

I'll fight you to the death  
I'll fight you to the death