

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