

## 47 Black

# "Walk All The Days (Black 47 Version)"

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i never figured it would end up this way  
as i lay on the ground, and silently prayed  
for god's intervention, my soul to save  
who the hell is the saint of lost causes?  
i could see from their eyes, my time it wasn't long  
reporters inquired why my vest wasn't on  
my partner was crying for me to stay strong  
the sirens seemed to grow quieter...

walk all the days just to stagger at night  
a pension at twenty if all goes all right  
to the junkies, the yuppies, ice-t, and the whores  
i bid you a slÃn agus beannacht

it seemed like the shooter was barely fifteen  
already his life had been stripped of all dreams

the crack and the gats make for one hectic scene  
life never seemed any cheaper.  
i'll always remember the words that he said  
over and over they ring through my head  
"go ahead shoot me, i'm already dead"  
i see there's more than one victim...

on the day of the funeral, they all will be there  
the tv, the papers, the bosses, the mayor  
they'll tell all your family their grief is shared  
next week you're going to be forgotten...  
to my friends, i say, go on out for a drink  
don't give a damn what the hypocrites think  
belly up to the bar, give your glasses a clink  
a toast to your fallen brother...

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