

Bars

"Vigilante"

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You might not remember me.
I suppose I'd only be
Another notch in your belt.
I think it's safe to say
I'm thinking in new ways
And feeling things I've never felt.
I hope you're proud.
I've been told that time can heal,
But that seems a sour deal.
It would tend to put you on the winning side.
And sure, you can call me crass,
But I'd rather kick your ass
If it would serve to help me turn the tide.
I'd kick your ass to turn the tide.
You shouldn't have messed with me.
You shouldn't have messed with me.
Now I'm a trigger-happy, would-be vigilante
Intent on settling a score.
You'll know I'm there,
You just won't know where.
You're ruin therein lies.
And it may not be today,
But rest assured, I'll find a way
If it takes a thousand tries.
You won't know what hit you
I don't think you know exactly who I am.
Exactly who I am.
I am prepared to carry out, without hesitation,
A cold and calculated act of intense dedication.
I am the store-clerk, forced once too often to his knees.
I am the few disgruntled Postal Service employees.
I am the widowed wife, left alone to carry on.
The grieving father, I, whose one and only child is
gone.
I am the hand of Justice, with finger poised to test,
I am a bigger, badder, better bane than Bernard Goetz.
You shouldn't have messed with me
Now I'm a trigger-happy, would be vigilante
You shouldn't have messed with me.
And if I had the chance to do it all again
I wouldn't change a thing.

I wouldn't change a thing.

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