

Black 47

"Walk All The Days"

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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 sln 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

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