

Black Label Society "Concrete Jungle"

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The freaks in the streets, the nuns with the shot gun
The graves rollin' by your side
Survival of the fittest and there ain't no pity
No one gets out alive

In the concrete jungle, it's the well of the damned
Put your step inside and you'll understand
Misfits, psychos and the twisted slaves
The house of the sane, no one can be saved

Rolling six feet under rollin'
Rolling six feet under rollin'
Rolling six feet under rollin'
Keep on rolling

No one gets out, they're ready to die once again
No one gets out, they're ready to die

Another day to bleed, another day to die
Another day to blackout and then go blind
Maniacal, Blitzkrieged where the maggots play God
Where the souls of the lost come to die

The concrete jungle, it's the well of the damned
Once you step inside and you'll understand
Misfits, psychos and the twisted slaves
The house of the sane, no one can be saved

Rolling six feet under rollin'
Rolling six feet under rollin'
Rolling six feet under rollin'
Keep on rolling

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