

Frontside

"Streets Of Hate"

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Every day down the street
I set my eyes on the same old walls
Turn my head as I hear the breaking glass
I love these places, their sound

This is my bloody red of the brickworks
With a contrast to the uniforms
Laughing at them I start to see
I'm not afraid of these words

I deeply feel secure and strong because I know
I'm not alone and I know where I belong
My only friend-neverending trouble
Cute chicks looking at the sky

I'm not afraid
I know where I belong

We are the family-me and the streets
I hold steel crowbar in my hand
Gotta fight for every single day

The street's too beautiful to die in
Every second gate is nearly dying
Kids to whom football is their mother
Their time will come to take the gun to their hands

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