

## **Pinkerton Thugs "Another Story"**

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This story starts out spray painted on a wall  
Its been there for decades  
As the cigarette burns the world still turns  
While the vodka numbs the pain

And everyone's got a sob story  
And the sigh is always the same  
When you turn out the pockets of your dirty jeans  
And find two bucks to your name  
And everyone's got somewhere to go  
And got somethin' to do  
I watch you millin' around all over this town  
While i kick a stone or two

These six strings can be bullets if ya got something to  
say  
And if ya make a living off of telling them off  
Then I'd say you won the game  
Well just about four years ago there was no one to be  
found  
Now there's anger in four hundred eyes and fresh  
boots on the ground

Now this story ends spray painted on a wall  
Its still there to this day  
You pass it on your way to work  
As the paint it starts to fade  
No one is givin' nothin' there ain't one damn thing for  
free  
So spring to life like a switchblade knife, it's time they  
started to bleed  
Another story, out with the old, in with the new, hope  
and glory

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