

Pinkerton Thugs "Another Story"

Visit "[Another Story](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Pinkerton Thugs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.