

Pinkerton Thugs "End Of An Era"

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Well it's 1997, just about a quarter past eleven
Nobody sits at home cause the rocks about to roll
The Citgo sign with it's neon fire is fryin' all the suits
While they're snortin' business up their nose, we're
scuffin up our boots
The downtown beat pours onto the street of the ground
level
Skeleton nation, but the high brow cannot hear it cause
they ain't turned into the station
All the common kids down on Comm. Ave have quite a
lot to say
But there ain't an ear to listen 'cause their turn is so far
away

Another kid with a broken heart
An old beat up six string guitar
Last train stop better get off
At the end of an era
Ghetto blast goes 1-2-3-4
If you're sick of being poor
And the rebel beat beats on
At the end of an era

The elder ghosts are in the square
As johnny fresh cut chops off his hair
Butchy's black dreads flow all over town
As black souls jive to the reggae sound
When black and white dance together all night
It ain't gonna make the papers
When red blood fell from black and white lips
They pinned it ghetto hatred

The Mission Hill kids have got a mission
It's called stayin' alive
Its the calm before the storm
In an ethnic jail tonight
All right ready to prowl?
Hey I seen it man
They come from every walk of life
From every edge of town
They got gasoline in their veins
Best walk on the other side of the street man

They got venom eyes
The Mission Hill kids, the Savin Hill pack
The Cambridge campers, the Sommerville house
The Charlestown town boys, suburban youth
They're idlin' high
They're blendin' in with the bricks
I know you seen us before
I've seen you ignore us
But we don't forget a face man
And we don't soon forgive...

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