

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Noise Brigade"

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Familiar with his kind He'll beat someone down for fun
He's got an ax to grind And he'll target anyone Brass
knuckled in his pocket Steel-toed shoes Live of the
party When you factor in booze Familiar with his kind
He'll target anyone He's got a group of friends And
they're all like minded guys The fun never ends And he
didn't live through it He's got a group of friends They'll
target anyone Violence, when will they learn? Time's
running out And the tables will turn The days have been
numbered And your number's coming up Senseless,
when will they learn? Time's running out And the tables
will turn The days have been numbered And your
number's coming up The charge what? homicide?
Alone he took the fall His friends all testified They
weren't there at all He cried like a baby When his
sentence was passed For himself and not the victim
But this victim was his last Still familiar with his kind
Too many of them left behind Up to all that he once
was No other reason, just because Too many incidents
None are isolated each coincidence Is closely related
Familiar with his kind He'll target anyone

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