

The Streets

"Going Trough Hell"

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It's not the size of the dog in the fight,
But the fight in the dog,
Let's surprise and take a slog,
And if you get a knife from behind,
Know you're nice and in front,
Do it, do it!

I wouldn't say a word till I've walked a mile in your shoes,
But once a mile from you,
I'll utter what the fuck I choose,
Wearing nice new shoes.
Do it, do it!

[Chorus:]

if you're going through hell!
If you're going through hell!
If you're going through hell!
If you're going through hell!
Keep going!

Fall down five times,
Rise up six,
Give the good news by way of fists,
The mind plays tricks on the fighter who wishes,
Kindness is right and both sides win,
Push the limits of stubbornness to,
Finish up above the stubbornness of silly limits,
Run the ring around your finger,
And build the ring around to bring it, bring it!

[Chorus:]

If you can't join them, beat them!
If you won't 'roid up, be friends!
The joy of the fight is the fight in the boy,
I'm making this up now, finding a point,

Is it if you can't win, then run,
The coming two fists is the fun of the thing,
It's all just lads, and the normal ambience,
For a stabbing, call an ambulance,

I can resist anything, but temptation,
Lead me not into that place,
I can find it myself.

I can resist anything, but temptation,
Lead me not into that place,
I can find it myself.

Found it.

Your hero is only ordinary,
Is just a hero, a moment more than you and me,
You have nothing to lose, but your chains,
So it maybe might rain,
And yeah, maybe slight pain,
Or a day light slain,
Do it, do it!

At the end of the tunnel,
There is always light,
It just might be a train.
Beefy!

[Chorus:]

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