

Savatage "Out On The Streets"

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He's chasing you down the alleys of death
Where many have died, and where you will breathe
your final breath
Your pulse starts to quicken, blood runs to your head
You start to feel sick by the thought of becomin dead
Scream murder, he's coming for you
Blade in his hand, he knows what to do, yeah
Scream murder, what can you do?
No one to help, it's just him and you
He brings harm to your senses of fear
A feeling that will not disappear, as the bells of
midnight toll
Where can you run to? Where can you hide?
This feeling has built up inside
He's gonna take it all away!!!!!!
How his alley resembles the morgue
Can you hear the pounding of the doors?
That is his house, he's gonna get you today
Scream murder! The last words you say
Scream murder, he's coming for you
Blade in his hand, he knows what to do, yeah.
Scream murder, what can you do?
No one to help, it's just him and you
He's gonna get you! Alright!!
No!!!!!!! No!!!!!!! Get away!!!!!!!
No!!!!!!! No!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! No!!!!!!!!!!!!

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