

## Street Dogs "Mean First"

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For as long as I remember  
I ran a life of crime  
Harmed everyone that I know  
Stolen what's not mine  
Problems solved through violence  
Feelings dulled with booze  
Father always yelling at me  
Shape up or you will lose

The law's closing in on me...  
Just made a BOLO list  
Hear this confessional  
These are the tales of the mean fist  
The tales of the mean fist

And to my abandoned daughter  
I know I let you down  
And I hope some day you'll pardon me  
For the damage that I've done  
Your father fought the needle  
And a judge says the needle won  
Looks like I traded our picket fence  
For a prison cell

The law's closing in on me...  
Just made a warden's list  
Hear this confessional  
These are the tales of the mean fist  
The tales of the mean fist

Now listen...

Three walls and prison bars  
Are all I'll ever know Love and compassion  
Will become foreign words  
And it won't make a damn bit of difference  
If I repent or make amends  
Life on the installment plan  
Will surely be my death

Consider this a junkie's  
Last will and testament

And when I die I know that it is  
Safe to place a bet  
Not a tear will be shed  
Nor a rose for my casket  
It will be a cold, grey day  
When they lower down mean fist

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