

Street Dogs

"Mean Fist"

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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 she'd
Nor a rose for my casket
It will be a cold, grey day
When they lower down mean fist

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