

Sometimes I think of what I could've been
And then I kick myself
Knowing that I've ended up
Just like him and
There's other times it doesn't seem so bad
We always used to say
With him dead there'll be no one in our way

Remember the time he caught us in your room
Your hands were down my underwear
And your tig ol' bitties glistening in the air
With the zip of my pants
Well I headed for the door
And with the swing of his fist
You were ailaidlaid out on the floor and

Involuntary Self defense
Call it what you will
How can we go on
Where do we go from here
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Running all the way home
Scared just like a chump
I turned up the Judas Priest
So I could get my gangsta groove on
And the baseball bat called to me like a drug
Breaking the law Breaking the law
I'm gonna kill your mother's fucker with a Louisville Slugger

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