

Hellhole

GBH

The poor man he had no dreams, had no vices all he had was himself.
Spent his days walking around, thinking of things to do with his time.

It's like a dream when I wake and scream.
I'm lost and alone and living in a hellhole.

Looked at himself then looked at the world, decided things were n't going too well.
Just a man with a sense of justice, would his days of misery never end.

Bought a gun disciplined himself, shoot those those bastards right between the eyes.
Crime figures fell like dead leaves, the city breathed a sigh of relief.

It's not easy when you're making a stand, when it seems that all the world is mad.
It's easy to fall by the wayside, but if you act like a sheep you'll get eaten by the wolf.
Now the streets are safe for children to play, couples can go walking in the park.
The poor man is happy now, an unknown hero and nobody knows his name.