

Yesterday morning I went  
Out for a cup of coffee  
I shaved  
Then I combed my hair  
A man who don't know me  
Said something to my back  
I stopped to turn around and face it

That is why  
I pack my .25  
Where nobody knows  
Right above my boot  
It's the law  
No one there to serve you  
Why not be the hero?  
Why not be your own?

Swear I'll kill you!  
Swear that I'll kill you!  
The law, it's the law  
And every man out on the street knows!  
I swear I'll kill you

I dreamt all yesterday  
How I might make a man feel  
With a gun up to his face!  
Show respect to me  
I don't care what you're thinking  
I'll wipe that thought away!

That is why  
I pack my .25  
Where nobody knows  
Right above my boot  
It's the law  
With no one there to serve you  
Why not be the hero?  
Why not be your own?

Swear I'll kill you!  
Swear that I'll kill you! Oh!  
The law, it's the law  
And every man out on the street knows!  
I swear I'll kill you  
So why not be your own?