Johnny Black

Pro-Pain

here's a story 'bout an american man who's always used to doin' things the best that he can he's got his wife, he's got his kids by his side he's got his favorite band tattooed on his back you know he'd rather fuck you up then swallow his pride dropped out of school because he loved the guitar we'll call him johnny, and johnny wore black we used to check him out at all the clubs and the bars he'd rather die on the outside, fight from within when everything was said and done he knew he would win he called the shots - and straddled the line we knew he was lost all the time (johnny black) the years had passed us and the crowd moved on we hadn't seen or heard from him in oh so long we never even thought to pick up the phone or to take the time to see if johnny was home he had a motorcycle parked in the yard which was always there for cruisin' when the times were hard he never had a need to follow the mass and he was all by himself as he stepped on the gas: