

They tell you there were better days  
You can't remember through the haze  
This is the only life you've ever known  
They sigh and talk about fist fights  
When you could go to sleep at night  
Without avengers tearing out your wishbone  
You pray to god and wonder just who's up there  
What kind of father would leave his kids alone  
In a world where you're lucky if your mom cares  
Hordes of people call the street their homes  
They want to take away the guns  
You want to get some bigger ones  
Your defense is up to you alone  
They think that they can stop the heat  
But they don't understand the street  
You don't want your girl crying on your tombstone  
Living in that memory  
Don't understand what they see  
So they pay cops to make it yesterday  
You can't push back the hands of time  
You want to know and keep on trying  
Do your best to stay out of their way