

Numbered Days

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

Familiar with his kind, he'll beat someone down just for fun.
He's got an ax to grind and he'll target anyone.
Brass knuckles in his pocket, steel-toed shoes.
Life of the party when you factor in booze.
Familiar with his kind, he'll target anyone.
He's got a group of friend and they're all like minded guys.
The fun never ends and the party never dies.
Somebody crossed their path at the worst time to do it.
Toes to the temple and he didn't live through it.
He's got a group of friends, they'll target anyone.
Violence, when till they learn?
Time's running out and the tables will turn.
The days have been numbered and your number's coming up.
Senseless, when will they learn?
Time's running out and the tables will turn.
The days have been numbered and your number's coming up.
The charge what? Homicide?
Alone he took the fall.
His friends all testified, they weren't there at all.
He cried like a baby when his sentenced was passed.
For himself and not the victim, but this victim was his last.
Still familiar with his kind, too many of them left behind.
Up to all that he once was.
No other reason, just because.
Too many incidents, none are isolated.
Each coincidence is closely related.
Familiar with his kind, he'll target anyone.