

Shell Casings

Time Again

Shell casings on the floor as the gun goes off, I heard
Bang bang bang bang bang
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Jonny from the streets was a gangster son
Born he was livin', livin' on the run
He was fifteen, when he picked up the gun
From that day on Jonny's life was done
He was sixteen when he caught his first case
Heard his mother crying, saying 'oh what a waste'
But to live by the gun was all that he knew
On a street like this it was all you could do

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Eighteen years old Jonny's back in the fold
A little bit bigger and a lot more bold
Now Jonny's out to even the score
Hand in his pocket holding his forty-four
And then it went down, quick as a flash
Sound of the trigger then a thunderous crash
And since his birth, his odds were none
Jonny was a boy he was a gangster son

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