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Lars Frederiksen and the Bastards

Well in the steam of the man hole cities slum
like a ghost it takes form in the sludge and the scum
well Jose said he knew him but not for very long
you know the Mexican kid well we all called him john
he was cut down quickly his legs wouldn't run
you see it all came down to big danny's gun
he was a devil to most but an angel to some
he ruled his block with a gangload of men
'cause I'm a

GENERATION TERRORIST AND
WHEN I SHOOT
YOU KNOW I NEVER MISS
AND IT'S
MY LIFE MY WAY I CAN'T RESIST
I'LL SCRATCH YOU OUT IF YOU'RE ON MY LIST

Swastika tattooed on his head
at the age of 24 he ate a bullet in bed
well big danny cleaned up the mess that he left
as he explained it to me
well he wept and he wept
he said ' IT DON'T MAKE NO FUCKIN' SENSE!'
he told me ' little lars' keep it under your breath
revenge was coming from the tip of his tongue
I guess it was served when Jose didn't run
'cause I'm a

Well I was 11 years old
there was a knock at my door
there was some trouble in my manor
it's outta control
well big danny's handcuffed he's on the floor
yeah he told me to run and he told me to bolt
as my mother cried you know my father lied
well big danny was there he was at my side
he taught me how to love he taught me how to be free
YEAH FREE