

End of My Line

Mickey Avalon

Jenny was a junkie living on the streets
Jimmy was a junkyard dog in deep
Jenny got pregnant, couldn't keep her job
So Jimmy got a gun and called the whole thing off
Good golly, oh miss Molly
Partied so hard she turned retarded
Her daddy strung a noose with a telephone wire but before he jumped l
it the house on fire
Harry's own life was far from charming
Shaved his head and joined the army
From a small town boy to a killer for hire
Out of the frying pan, into the fire
Little Sarah, midnight terror
Looked eighteen when she wore mascara
Men line up to hold her hand
Found her body stuffed in the garbage can

I'm at the end of my line
A good girl is so hard to find
Looks like I'm back on my ass
'Cause you can't run from the past

Tony was a tough guy full of might
Tina sat front row at all his fights
Sold him a cape that was fit for a king
Took one too many and he died in the ring
Pretty Peter, joined the theatre
Practiced his lines with his acting teacher
He would do anything just to gain his approval
The way that kid got done was brutal
Maggie was a maid at the Motel 6
Worked three jobs to support her kids
Started taking money out of good folks rooms
'Til she got caught, click, boom
Billy Butler went undercover
Grew out his hair, started acting tougher
Didn't have a choice when the boys went robbin'
Disguised so good that the police shot him

I'm at the end of my line
A good girl is so hard to find
Looks like I'm back on my ass
'Cause you can't run from the past
I'm at the end of my line
A good girl is so hard to find
Looks like I'm back on my ass
'Cause you can't run from the past