

Yesterday morning I went
Out for a cup of coffee
I shaved
Then I combed my hair
A man who don't know me
Said something to my back
I stopped to turn around and face it

That is why
I pack my .25
Where nobody knows
Right above my boot
It's the law
No one there to serve you
Why not be the hero?
Why not be your own?

Swear I'll kill you!
Swear that I'll kill you!
The law, it's the law
And every man out on the street knows!
I swear I'll kill you

I dreamt all yesterday
How I might make a man feel
With a gun up to his face!
Show respect to me
I don't care what you're thinking
I'll wipe that thought away!

That is why
I pack my .25
Where nobody knows
Right above my boot
It's the law
With no one there to serve you
Why not be the hero?
Why not be your own?

Swear I'll kill you!
Swear that I'll kill you! Oh!
The law, it's the law
And every man out on the street knows!
I swear I'll kill you
So why not be your own?