Small Tales

The Stone

A boy fourteen, he loves to fight, feels the jungle beat Friday night, out on the street, wants to use his knife Unfortuned man with a bottle Gets cold blade through the heart A little expensive price for a half bottle of flat beer

True stories from our everyday life Could you waste your brother, your sister or wife Small tales from the neighbourhood And everyone of them is true You too know few who know story or two

Twenty-year old lovebirds trying to be a family Living on a wellfare, two kids both taken away Man gets jealous, he has to show her The real and true love Just laughing while stabbing her Hundred and thirteen times

Three old men having a ball, drinks won't fall short Happy guys are enjoying the night by bashing the kind host Playing the noble dart game, using the man as a board And finally setting him on fire, "I think he's dead now"