

Well, your Daddy died at 18
While you were on the way
And your Mama worked to feed you
She said herself to pay
She left a stray-kid to run
A little stray-kid to run
Hey little stray-kid better run
In the rich man's fire
In the rich man's fire

Stray-kid you'd better run
Stray-kid he's got a gun
Stray-kid you'd better run
You'd better run, better run

Barefoot boy you're just a bigger
And if you steal you'll die
Know your brothers and your sisters
Will sell you for a dime
Hey little stray-kid better run
In the rich man's fire
In the rich man's fire

Stray-kid you'd better run
Stray-kid he's got a gun
Stray-kid you'd better run
You'd better run, better run

You saw your friend shot in the back
And the beach slowly turned to red
The sun went down and blushed the sky
And the world just sunk into blood

Stray-kid you'd better run
Stray-kid he's got a gun
Stray-kid you'd better run
You'd better run, better run