

# Metallica, Ronnie

(Hetfield / Ulrich)

Story starts, quiet town  
Small-town boy, big-time frown  
Never talks, never plays  
Different path, lost his way

Then streets of red-red, I'm afraid-  
There's no confetti, no parade  
Nothing happens in this boring place  
But, oh my God, how it all did change

Now they all pray,  
&quot;Blood stain, wash away&quot;

He said,  
&quot;Lost my way  
This bloody day  
Lost my way&quot;

I heard it  
He said,  
&quot;Lost my way  
This bloody day  
Lost my way&quot;  
Oh, please wash away  
But blood stained the sun red today

I always said something's wrong  
With little, strange Ronnie Long  
Never laughed, never smiled  
Talked alone for miles and miles and miles

&quot;Gallow calls, son,&quot; I say  
Keep your smile and laugh all day  
Think once again in this boring place  
For little boys, how they soon change  
And they all pray,  
&quot;Blood stain, wash away&quot;

He said,  
&quot;I lost my way  
This bloody day  
Lost my way&quot;  
I heard it  
He said,  
&quot;I lost my way  
This bloody day  
I lost my way&quot;  
Oh, please wash away  
But blood stained the sun red today

Well, all the green things died when Ronnie moved to this place  
He said, &quot;Don't you dare ask why I'm cursed to wear this face&quot;  
Now we all know why the children called him Ronnie Frown  
When he pulled that gun from his pocket they all fall down, down, down

He said,  
&quot;Lost my way  
This bloody day  
Lost my way&quot;

Yeah, yeah  
I heard it

He screamed,  
&quot;Lost my way  
This bloody day  
Lost my way&quot;

Oh, please wash away  
But blood stained the sun red today

All things wash away  
And they all fall down  
But blood stained the sun today

All things wash away  
And they all fall down  
But blood stained the sun today