

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,
"Blood stain, wash away"

He said,
"Lost my way
This bloody day
Lost my way"

I heard it
He said,
"Lost my way
This bloody day
Lost my way"
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

"Gallow calls, son," 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,
"Blood stain, wash away"

He said,
"I lost my way
This bloody day
Lost my way"
I heard it
He said,
"I lost my way
This bloody day
I lost my way"
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, "Don't you dare ask why I'm cursed to wear this face"
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,
"Lost my way
This bloody day
Lost my way"

Yeah, yeah
I heard it

He screamed,
"Lost my way
This bloody day
Lost my way"

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