

# Silverado Days

Beulah

Me and I  
Yeah, we're going your way  
Summer trumpets and open the gates  
No angels there to greet me  
They can't breathe and they won't see me

And I'll do I'll do  
but a little won't help you now  
I'll do

I was a kid  
and you were my hero  
Bathed in rhinestones and brand new chinos  
I was young, drunk and easy  
We would tool but our holsters were empty

And I'll do I'll do  
but a little won't help you now  
I'll do

'Long the wayside gonna change our names  
They're easily replaced  
It comes on heavy like a symphony  
At the CiniMart  
Even though we don't mean what we say  
We throw our words  
Like bombs and hand grenades

Arms are waiting like a monument  
It comes and goes in time  
Like highway signs we post along the way  
And wonder were they've gone  
Even though we don't mean what we say  
We throw our words  
Like bombs and hand grenades