Old Wild Men

Where are my boys? They are in deepest water Where are they now? They are over the hill and far away But they are broken men who lie low Waiting for miracles

Old men of rock and roll Came bearing music Where are they now? They are over the hill and far away But they're still gonna play guitars On dead strings, and old drums They'll play and play to pass the time The old wild men Old wild men, waiting for miracles

Lord have mercy upon the many Lord have mercy upon the few Lord have mercy upon the many Lord have mercy on me and on you