

No Montage

'68

My hands are weak
They're a soldier with no war
Good fathers are hard to hold
Once they are gone
It's the hardest time
That I've ever known
I love you all, but wise men say
"That violent roads we make"

That's not the end
Make it our own
Long, long way down
Long, long way to go

Now close all your eyes
The future so bright
But they've sold all their youth
For fame
But I can't recall their names
Never!

And that's not the end
Make it our own
Long, long way down
Long, long way to go
It's something to hold
Something to fight
Something to sho-o-o-ow
Oh-oh-oh, ahh