We Got Up and Played

Chuck Prophet

Well, the soundman never showed
The doorman cracks a whip
The bartender's standing in the middle of the street
With his pants around his neck
We loaded in--couple hours ago
Now we're standing around
Wondering who'll show
Somebody famous
Played here last night
Two underage kids were found beneath the stage
There was a pretty nasty fight
When we started out
We fought all the time
Dumb and afraid
And out of our minds
But we got up and played
We got up and sang
We plugged in our guitars
We tried to make it rain
We got up and played
I was thinking of you

Thought I'd give you a call
I went out for a walk
Searching in vain
For some life beyond these walls
The eucalyptus trees
Were all standing bare
Yeah, Cleveland's kind of sad
This time of year
But we got up and played
We got up and sang
We plugged in our guitars
And tried to make it rain
We got up and played
Well, the soundman never showed
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