

That Old Tattoo

Evil Conduct

I was excited as a lad
About the tattoo, that my uncle had
It was an anchor about his arm
Reminded him of this fatherland

It's not as bright, it's not as clear
As on the day, the day he had it done
He didn't care because in his mind
It was as clear as on the day

A little faded, the inks turned blue
But still it's there, that old tattoo

My first tattoo what can i say
It seems as if i got it yesterday
Now i'm tattooed from head at toe
Nothing can beat, the first one though

A little faded, the inks turned blue
But still it's there, that old tattoo

You hate it, i love it.