

## We All Get A Taste

Grant-Lee Phillips

Holding on for dear life  
Dodging arrows  
What a strange elation in my bones  
Bit the dust and tasted  
Imperfection  
What a sweet confection  
I have known

And they can't take that away  
No they can't take that away  
'cause the Gods make sure  
We all get a taste

Signing off  
I saw the correspondent  
Throw his crap back in the van  
Still with pride,  
While having grown despondent  
Journalism broke that man

And they can't take that away  
No they can't take that away  
'cause the Gods make sure  
We all get a taste

Wooden wheels and dust  
Up ride the bandits  
Gunning for some treasure trove  
If you could store their joy  
And jubilation  
And take it in a jug back home

But they can't take that away  
No we can't take that away  
But the Gods make sure  
We all get a taste

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