

Drinking Days

Hurray For The Riff Raff

Well
I miss my drinking days
Those were the good old days
Well we were young and restless in our ways
Well
Walking into the sun
Walking into the sun
We didn't know how soon the edge will come

Well
All you preachers gather round and
Raise your hands
Tell me who'll be the first to meet your end
Well
You can philosophize all you want about the end of time
All I know is that I'm stuck here
I'm getting mine

Well, oh
You'd know the past can build it
Drag a thing down
Oh
You'd know if it didn't kill you
Well, then baby
How's it gonna kill now?

Well
I miss my drinking days
Those were the good old days
Well, we were young and reckless in our ways
Well
I was laid out on the floor
Laid out on the floor
Well
You came to me
With your knowing
And took some more

Well
All you gamblers gather 'round and
Place your bets
Tell me who'll be the first ones to drop off next
Well
I guess this is just a game a chance
When you bite the hand that feeds
If you're going to pray to those angels
You best be sure to

Well, oh
You know the past can built it
Drag a good thing down
Oh
You know if it's gonna kill you
Well, then baby
How's it going to build you know?
Don't let it kill you now
Don't let it kill you now