

God Bless 'Em All

Levon Helm

The best of intension, a pound of prevention
Half-hearted convention, it won't change a thing
And bangin' your head on, the bell of abstention
Won't grant you no freedom, it won't make it rain

And honorable mentions, a watch and a pension
And an ounce of pretension won't take you to fall
Your ears are your aim, and you can or you can't
Nobody remembers at all who you are

Well the years and the beers and the smiles and the tears
They measure their milage but don't shorten the fall
For the love of old losers, bummers and boozers
Pickers and choosers, well God bless 'em all

It's been my contention, that rapid ascension
The added dimensions don't measure a man
We lose and we cry, we love and we try
Just fightin' to finish the best way we can

The permanent invention of old ache suspension
Has brought an extension to those who will pay
But I'd rather be high and live till I die
Just love it and leave it and call it a day

Well the years and the beers and the smiles and the tears
They measure their milage but don't shorten the fall
For the love of old losers, bummers and boozers
Pickers and choosers, well God bless 'em all

'Cause the years and the beers and the smiles and the tears
All measure their milage but don't shorten the fall
For the love of old losers, bummers and boozers
Pickers and choosers, well God bless 'em all