

Bitter Old Man

Ramshackle Glory

I was born a bitter old man
Who got his heart broken in Catalonia, 1936
Things haven't felt right since
I gave up on life before I arrived
I knew this place wasn't safe for anyone
But fascists and republicans and their apologists

But I swear to God, I'm gonna die
Full of naive optimism;
A teenager's heartbreaking conviction that
Things can be different, oh yeah
Things are gonna be real different when we're finished 'round here

I always wanted to die young
I always wanted to die young
I always wanted to die young
Now I feel younger every day
And I just hope I die younger than I am

I can hear you from a dozen states away
Shivering through a dope sick morning of
No money left and nothing else to steal
Lord only knows that I've had my share
Cause there were years when I was ready to die
But it's only been recently that I've been willing to live

And I swear to God, I didn't plan
For things to end up this way
I had a teenager's conviction that
I would be different, oh yeah
I was gonna be real different than the person I became

I always wanted to die young
I always wanted to die young
I always wanted to die young
Now I feel younger every day
And I just hope I die younger than I am

But now living's a struggle
Except when it isn't, yeah
I woke up this morning and
I wasn't in prison
But I can't promise that I'm far from it
I'd still kill a man for cigarette
But with friends like you, who needs homicide?

So this song goes out to all our homies locked down
Come on back now, we need you around
That judge, he doesn't know what he's done
No, judges never know the things they do
How could they?