

Long Good Night

The Badlees

(Smith)

A letter of acceptance, from an old forgotten friend
A little piece of history, you thought you'd never see again
Like the broken Plymouth, and the boat with the hole
It was a sticky situation, and you knew you had to roll
Well you knew you had to roll

A finger under your conscience, pullin' at your skin
You broke your standing record, when you let her in
Like the girl from the past, and your secret tryst
You wouldn't wanna let it go, with the flick of the wrist
Well, the flick of the wrist

But it's broken, final
Leather, vinyl, die dee die