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