Amigo

The Glorious Sons

We were drinking and having times down by the ocean,
Thought of running away, but don't we all?
We had this strange idea we were gonna be famous,
But we were too drunk to drive or make that call.

My amigo,
Well his eyes were dead
But he was still writing down the lines.
He had a quart in his hand,
He said, "I wasn't made for these times,"

Cemetery,
And the car in the garage a couple of dirty dogs.
It's sad, but I felt blessed,
Amongst the dead, we were at our best.

Amigo,
You're still nineteen,
You're still hungry,
You're still young.
You're still nineteen,
You're still hungry,
You're still loved.
You're only nineteen,
You're only hungry,
You're so dumb.
You're still nineteen,
You're still hungry,
You're still young.

My amigo.
Well his eyes were dead,
But he was still writing down the lines,
He had a quart in his hand,
He said, "I wasn't made for these times,"

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I see too many of men watered down,
I see too many of fires burn out.
I was there to see your eyes of tire,
And I was there to hear the talk that did inspire.
You shoulda burned your bills,
You shoulda run from the feds,
Forgot your name,
And flushed your meds.
You shoulda said the things you heard in you head,
There's too many good men living dead.

And I don't wanna miss a damn thing.
I'm never gonna miss a damn thing.
'Cause signs lead to signs,
And time's got time,
Until there's no time left at all.
I don't wanna miss a damn thing.

Thanks for coming to my show.
Thanks for coming to my little piece of work.
Thanks for coming to my show.
You never hid in the shadow.
You wanna hang out now.
You're gonna run out of time now.
We gonna keep on rolling.
It's gonna keep on going.
It's gonna roll, man.
You never miss a damn thing.
I'm never gonna miss a damn thing.

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