

Fighting The Good Fight

Washington

Dearly beloved
We're all here tonight
For a similar reason
We're fighting the good fight
But the weather does keep us inside

We haven't known him
For terribly long
But his wall is filled with ghosts
Who are never going to hear
And they're singing
And keeping me sane
And I look out the window
And it's started to rain

So many friends
So many friends
So many friends

And all of you people
Are part of my soul
Cause we are connected
And part of the whole

And I don't have to see you
To know where you are
'Cause we just need some whiskey
And an out-of-tune guitar

So many friends
So many friends
So many friends

Dearly beloved
We're all here tonight
For a similar reason
Fighting the good fight