

# Black Lips, Old Man

Hey old man, say, whatcha say  
Have ya got some information?  
I'm far away, just way out here  
And I need a destination

I cannot find what I want  
With just an invitation  
And when I see all the things  
That you have, what you got

Don't let the children out to play  
Don't let the rain wash down your sunny day  
And if it does, don't bring your kids to me  
I won't be here, somewhere is where I'll be

Don't be confused, don't be ashamed  
It's not to be your fault  
The boys will have the master ploy  
And that's the end result

For better than for worse  
There was forever be the day  
For what you think you can't receive  
And that will be okay

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