

Grant Lee Phillips, We All Get A Taste

Holding on for dear life dodging arrows
What a strange elation in my bones
Bit the dust and tasted imperfection
What a sweet confection I have known

But you can't take that away
No you can't take that away
'Cause the Gods make sure
We all get a taste

Signing off I saw the correspondent
Throw his crap back in the van
Still with pride while having grown despondent
Journalism broke that man

But you can't take that away
No you can't take that away
'Cause the Gods make sure
We all get a taste

Get a taste
We all get a taste
Get a taste

Wooden wheels and dust up ride the bandits
Gunning for some treasure trove
And you could store their joy and jubilation
And take it in a jug back home

But you can't take that away
No you can't take that away
'Cause the Gods make sure
We all get a taste

But you can't take that away (can't take that away)
No you can't take that away
'Cause the Gods make sure
We all get a taste

Get a taste
We all get a taste
Sooner or later
Sooner or later
Oh oh oh
Sooner or later
Sooner or later
Oh oh oh