

# The Hold Steady, Cheyenne Sunrise

When I left I wasn't thinking  
That I wasn't coming home  
But first Al Green and then Barry White  
Convinced me not to go

And I didn't come home for vitamins  
I came to bandage up my hand  
And if you're gonna talk to me like that  
Then I'll just go back out again

Wipe that chip right off your shoulder  
We ain't getting any younger  
And some things are getting bigger  
Some things are falling off  
Some things they seem much harder  
Some other things stay soft

We're tipping over in the ??  
We're shooting through the ceiling  
We're dying in the bathrooms  
And we're living for that one sweet fleeting feeling  
I know my cough sounds awful  
Some nights it hurts a bit to breathe  
But I'm glad it's just my body  
I do my business on the street

We ain't getting any younger  
Tomorrow night we'll be that much older  
Some kids are growing onward  
Some kids are going off  
We're fingering the punchbowl  
We're feeding from the trough

There's nothing quite like cheyenne sunrise to make these has-beens feel too old

Onward christian soldiers  
We're gonna bash right through your borders  
I bet your next party gets sketchy  
I saw the new kids nodding off  
Some things are getting bigger  
Some things are falling off  
Some things seem that much harder  
Some other things stay soft