

Black, Graves Of Rockers

We could sit in here and drink right through the night
Hear the tails of drugs and alcohol and fights
Where the stories go around the car park in the snow
But it's a black and white world to live inside
Marx was wrong and Groucho's gone
Give chance a piece of what's going on
The little white lies and the long white lines
Only hide the cracks in what we're standing on
We are born then we become what we are
Strong between the lines of a guitar
And many seem to want what none would surly choose again
The graves of rockers
You don't have to suffer like you do
This is the strangest place you've been
Sat in the back of a stretched limousine
You drink to Ishmael the one that's left alive
A drink is an article of faith
To someone with more than one face
To show to the world when you cannot sneak it past
And you want to have it all ahead of time
There written on each granite slab of stone
Above the bleaching brittle bones
The numbers don't add up there's none would surly choose again
The graves of rockers
Few things hurt more
Than being ignored
Face up in the bath a stupid smile upon your face
You only forgot why you'd done it at all
There written on each slab of frozen stone
Above the bleaching brittle bones
The numbers don't add up there's none would surly choose again
The graves of rockers
We're born then we become what we are
Strong between the lines of a guitar
And many seem to want what none would surly choose again
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