## 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 apiece 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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