

Blackie And The Rodeo Kings, Lean On Your Peers

On sleepless nights down in the laundrymat
Watching the clothes, ghosts playing tit for tat
We light a joint, talk about our old friends
Dead or alive our stories never end

Turn it over, look on the back page
There's Johnny GoGo looks like he'll never age
Sits in the Park House, drinking beer and landing flies
Just after noon, waiting for the trouble boys.

CHORUS

That's just the way it is here
No less and no more severe
That's just the way it is here
So pull up your socks and lean on your peers

Did you hear about Hank?
Booze rotted out his liver
Gray and depressed,
He gave his wife the finger
What about his kid,
What about his ex-wife
Ask themselves the same thing when they turn out the lights

I still remember the first time I saw him sing
2 black eyes, from a knuckle and a biker's ring
climbing up the speakers, hanging from The Balla rafters
Hamilton punk king swinging to his own disaster

CHORUS....

Pattie couldn't make it
She jumped right out the window
3 floors down 'cause they cut off her cable
Dan took the same fall
Fire ball on Hunter Street
Landed on the sidewalk
Looked just like a chicken wing

It was a heartfelt night it was raining
Tim told us the whole story
Hanging at the gas station
I never wanted to hear that description
But now I know what is and isn't fiction

CHORUS X2