

# Blues Traveler, Five To One

Original musician: the doors

Five to one, baby, one to five  
No one here gets out alive  
You get yours, baby, I'll get mine  
Come and make it baby, in our prime  
Get together one more time

The old get old, and the young get strong  
They may save the weak and kill all them  
They've got the guns, but we've got their number  
We're gonna make them take it over  
Get together one more time

Your boring days are over, night is drawing in  
Shadows of the evening crawl across your skin  
You walk across with your flower in your hand  
Try to tell me no one understands  
Trading your hours for a handful of dimes  
Gonna win it baby in our prime  
Gonna make it baby, in our prime  
Get together one more time  
Get together one more time  
Get together one more time  
Get together, baby, one more time