

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