

# Bob Seger, No More

Are you sorry when the lights begin to fade  
Are you sorry for the promises you made  
For the burden of the ones who had to fall  
When you didn't read the writing on the wall

It was Forty years ago when I was young  
And the jungle not the desert heard the guns  
Someone said they had a secret plan  
And the rest of us were told to understand

Well I don't want this  
No I don't want this  
I have had enough  
No More

Tomorrow is the price for yesterday  
A billion waves won't wash the truth away  
Someday you'll be ordered to explain  
No one gets to walk between the rain

And I don't want this  
No I don't want this  
I have had enough  
No More

No I don't want this  
No I don't want this  
I have had enough  
No More

No More