

Rheostatics, Beerbash

Dave Bidini

(Hey, everybody, David's gonna sing a song right now for all you kids...)

Everyone out here, dear, is rocking tonight.
And they're all rocking out 'cause it's cool.
But someone I know is at home losing hope,
Thinking how far he'll fall
And with what length of rope.

Well, everyone out here, dear, is crawling the floor.
And they're all getting worked up like never before.
But someone I know is at home losing hope
For the people he once called his friends.

"All I want is over.
'Cause, every little thing you bitched about came true."

Everyone out here, dear, is silent tonight.
'Cause they all knew he would go,
But they didn't think tonight.
And he sent them a message they'll never live down.
And he sent them a note that went something like this:

"Well, everyone out here, dear, should stop it right there,
Till someday they learn to use their brains for more
Than: 'How many two-fours can you fit in a trunk?'
And 'How many beer is that apiece?'"

Everyone out here, dear, is rocking tonight.
And they're all rocking out 'cause it's cool.
But you're far away where the Indians pray
On the steps of the Winchester Arms.

(I'm from the family of rock!)