

Smoke Or Fire, Irish Handcuffs

We struggle to remember
We struggle to forget
No strangers to addiction
We're just drowning the pain
Good times with good friends
Good fights with enemies
We'll struggle to remember
But we can't forget.
Every weekend was a party back in those days
It didn't seem that nothing ever went wrong with age
And the days go by....
Have a shot and wash it down with another drink
It did more damage at the time than we all could see
And the days go by....
We struggle with surrender
We struggle with regret
No strangers to opinions
Just tired of the games
Broke times with good friends
Broke bread with enemies
We'll struggle to remember
But we can't forget.
7 days a week I'm told we were all getting pissed
I need someone to fill me in on the things I missed
And the weeks go by....
Have a shot and wash it down with another drink
On the road sometimes it's all that would help you sleep
And the weeks go by....
Young livers dying slowly
Through reckless days we've come to accept
That we're not dead yet
Young livers dying slowly
Through reckless days we've come to accept
We're becoming men.
Remember this: Some never live, some never die
But we're all here tonight.
Fun is not able to love anymore, you see
At least at weddings and at funerals we'll share a drink
And the years go by...
Have a shot and wash it down with another drink
To tell the truth this shit is starting to make me sick
And the years go by...