

The Go Set, Bordeaux

Burn, Burn, the fire in his eyes
The step to take a million miles moving with the times
All the cheer, and drinking beer on April 25
Of how he danced the night in Bordeaux with the devil in his eyes
But tears, they all ran out
And green still turns to brown
The fire still burns bright within
When he looked into me and said 'our generation'
'We all went down in history
And all the words they amounted to nothing
We all live on through our victories
It's not what gets said, but the things that get done'
So walk away when there's nothing left to say
And tragedy is holding up the bar again today
Some returned the silver spoons and lights that found their way
And some were destined broken men, to sparkle and then fade