

Youth Brigade, Where Are All The Old Man Bars

I woke up and had a drink
Had another and it made me think
It seems to me, that there used to be
A lot more friendly little bars in this town
A place where they knew you, and you knew them
Where drinks were cheap and men were men

You don't have to go home but you can't stay here
Its 2am and you're drunk full of beer
We love you but you have to go,
So what I want to know is where are all the old man bars?

And every night, there'd be a fight
And then we'd drink until we couldn't talk
But talk is cheap and so am I,
I'm happy when the shots all cost a buck

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Ah the breakfast of champs, the hair of the dog
The slap of the chimp, the splash of the log

Now the bars are all so cool
Full of yuppies with tattoos and pierced tools
A round of drinks will leave ya broke
You even have to go outside to have a smoke
The pool tables a planter, the jukebox sucks
There ain't no pinball, the door guy's a jock

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