

Beulah "Silverado Days"

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Me and I
Yeah, we're going your way
Summer trumpets and open the gates
No angels there to greet me
They can't breathe and they won't see me

And I'll do I'll do
but a little won't help you now
I'll do

I was a kid
and you were my hero
Bathed in rinstones and brand new chinos
I was young, drunk and easy
We would tool but our holsters were empty

And I'll do I'll do
but a little won't help you now
I'll do

'Long the wayside gonna change our names
They're easily replaced
It comes on heavy like a symphony
At the CiniMart
Even though we don't mean what we say
We throw our words
Like bombs and hand grenades

Arms are waiting like a monument
It comes and goes in time
Like highway signs we post along the way
And wonder were they've gone
Even though we don't mean what we say
We throw our words
Like bombs and hand grenades

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