

## **Gentlemen And Scholars "We're Outta Here 89"**

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My friends say I should be happy to be alive. Let's roll

You won't need your coat for this one.  
If you fear what is coming, you should go inside.  
It's always been nice with the right sound.  
And only the best will play you out.  
Rest so sour this evening  
Rest thinking with an open hand  
Rest tapping out along the way of  
Every note and beat that's played  
And my friends say I should be happy to be alive.

Yeah this time, underground is literal  
Born, raised, and died in 1989  
What a bolt of lightning we all were  
Your mothers should have stopped in 1989

Your power and might can't sway  
The inevitable standing strong and coming your way  
Stand down. Let the feeling take effect  
Just embrace the case that you might be next.  
Hold me up. I can't stand quite still.  
I'm hoping when I go out  
It'll be with a thrill  
So much for the thrill  
And my friends say I should be happy to be alive.

I don't need,  
I don't need to be the salt in your sores.  
Take my case before my head hits the floor.  
I don't need, I don't need my wounds licked no more.  
I don't need, I don't need your life support.  
Stake my claim.  
Please envy what isn't yours

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