

Herbert Grönemeyer

"Same Old Boys"

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Memories come as lovers go
The same re-runs of the same old shows
The way we are is fine
I always remember the good times

Played with every heart I knew
Good excuses overdue
Broken every golden rule
And nothing's borrowed
And nothing's new

And it's one more time
For the same old boys
One more time for the few
God will come to soon for us all
So what else can we say

Keep the moments
Damn the years
No hell, no heaven
No cares, no fears
Tear the letters
Drown our tears
For good or better
Only here

And it's one more time for the same old boys
One more time for the few
God will come to soon for us all
What else can we say

Memories come as lovers go
The earth is deep and flowers grow
The way we are is fine
I always remember the good times

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