

## **Lowest Of The Low "A Letter From Bilbao"**

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I am writing you this letter in desperation I'm afraid  
And I won't be back to Lindsay for the veterans' parade  
'Cause I got banged up pretty good in a street-fight in  
Bilbao  
And I won't be coming home to see your young and  
pretty face

I am far too young to feel so old  
And far too tired to care  
That I took down twenty bastards before they left me  
lying here

When I landed here a year ago I know that I believed  
That it was better to die upon your feet than to live  
upon your knees  
And it's not that I care any less for that philosophy  
But I would spend one night with you in trade for all  
that I've achieved

'Cause I was never much on dreams  
And they were never big on me  
And I can't dream my way home from a grave-sight by  
the sea

So I'll clench my fist and once more sing the  
Internationale  
And I'll say, "goodbye, I love you."

'Cause it's time that I should go

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