

Classic Crime "Four Chords"

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I was once a boy in love with strangers,
As I watched them smoke their cigarettes I'd wave
I was much too young to think of danger,
I was curious and innocent and brave
Now the wrinkles in my face have gotten deeper,
I'm an old man at just 25 years young
I try to keep myself away from mirrors,
They remind me of the stupid things I've done
'cause after all man's intellect and power,
All you get is 650,000 hours
If you're lucky then you're dead,
Says the voice inside my head
keeps me moving on,
keeps me singing these songs, so sing along

Oh, oh, here we go, been down this road
about a thousand times before
But we ain't bored

Oh, oh, here we go singing songs we wrote
about a thousand times before
But we ain't bored
the same four chords, the same four chords

Now the beard upon my face has gotten thicker
To protect me from the storms that come my way
Maybe when my life's done I'll be the singer
in the band that plays outside of heaven's gate
And even if I die tomorrow
I'll be glad my life was filled with songs,
And even if I die tomorrow
These four chords will keep me living on
Oh, oh, the songs that we wrote,
are playing back on the radio
Oh, oh, if I die tomorrow
these four chords will keep me living on

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