

Fairfax, AK "Frankie Last Year"

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Hometown heroes and superstitions
Are what keeps this town's heart beating
You'll never smell sawdust
In the nooks or crannies of its buildings

Nothing ever changes
Nothing ever grows

The boys at public are fixin' to win state
And I'm so tired of the repetition
Gotta get out before it's too late
Nostalgia is this town's religion

That night I went to the tavern
And I had myself a beer
I talked about the future with an old friend
Frankie Last Year

"I'll believe it when I see it. Nothin's waiting for you out
there
The world gives guys like us a whole lot of nothin'
So stick with the nothin' you're given
Sit back and grab a plate of that old time religion"

I knew that Frankie hated this town
Yet we argued through the night
I thought this place had finally got to him
And then I realized

Frankie's got nothing
And if I leave he's got even less

When you live on a steady diet of glory days
Eventually you're gonna have to make more
Sittin' in that tavern with Frankie
I just can't afford

Well that morning I awoke
And I ran wherever my young legs would still take me
Travelin' from state to state
No one would stake me

I had nothin'
And now I have even less

I lived on a steady diet of glory days
Now I need to make more
Sittin' in that tavern with Frankie
Is all I can afford

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