

Old 97's "Desperate Times"

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Last night I dreamt of you, Abbie Hoffman peddling
your books
I gave five bucks to you, the other kids just gave you
dirty looks
I said, "I'm sorry it didn't work out quite the way you
planned"
You said, "That's silly, boy, the revolution is at hand"

And if you got a ten spot brother, I got a dime
These are desperate, desperate times

Last night I dreamt of you, Pepe Lopez strung out on a
stage
It don't even look like you, smiling like sawed-off
twenty gauge
I still remember the Telecaster down around your
knees
It's late November and I think I smell tequila on the
breeze

And if you got the Cuervo, honey, I got the lime
These are desperate, desperate times
And if you got the shotgun, honey, I got the crime
These are desperate, desperate times

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