

Dos Gringos

"Last Of The Breed"

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One day you'll see him - sitting at a bar
he's the one drinkin whiskey and smokin a cigar
pull up a chair,
and offer him a drink,
it's a good bet he'll tell you,
exactly what he think,
about this country,
and what it's doing wrong,
and for another drink,
he might sing you a song,

He's a hard hearty bastard,
of a day long gone bye,
mix of emotion,
and laughter in his eye,
worn out junkie,
on adrenaline and speed,
Fighter Pilot,
He's the last of the breed

Yeah he'll tell stories,
on how he fought the war,
usin' words and phrases,
that you've never heard before,
he'll talk of death - as if it were a lie,
then speak of good friends,
and good times as he looks up to the sky,
and tell a joke,
that no man should ever tell,
but it don't bother him,
cuz' he's seen both,
Heaven and Hell

He's a hard hearty bastard,
of a day long gone bye,
mix of emotion,
and laughter in his eye,
worn out junkie,
on adrenaline and speed,
Fighter Pilot,
He's the last of the breed
Fighter Pilot

he's the last of the breed

Yeah, He's a hard hearty bastard,
of a day long gone bye,
mix of emotion,
and laughter in his eye,
worn out junkie,
on adrenaline and speed,
Fighter Pilot,
He's the last of the breed,
Fighter Pilot,
He's the last of the breed

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