

The Bacon Brothers

"Boys in Bars"

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Now you could hear that jukebox pound
But you could barely see inside
Now rumor had it years ago
Is where that girl had died
Now why they caled it a cafe
Well I never understood
Cause there aint no tables on the street
The coffee tastes like mud
But every night at five o'clock
They'd start to come around
We'd begin to set em up
And they would knock em down
Sometime after midnight
With a pocket full of green
We'd lock the doors and step outside
And our days would begin
Cause we were boys in bars
Runnin over the shootin stars
Cruisin Broadway without cars
We were gonna take that town
Nothin there would knock us down
That old apple would be ours
George was a lawyer
In an old Brooks Brothers suit
And Glen worked for homicide
He had a pistol in his boot
Franco was a sculptor
Who looked something like an eagle
Chas did a lot of things
And none of them were legal
Debbi was a waitress
And she came all the way from Queens
Sit around and wonder how
She got into those jeans
Nicky tended bar
So he always drank for free
Johnny was a lover
And he taught everything to me
And we were boys in bars
Cool as ice cubes, Sharp as darts
Runnin down all those lonely hearts

All that liquid goes
All those lives we sewed
All those medals all those scars
Last night I was thinkin back
To those sweet old Disco days
But you know the memories were cloudy
Through that thick Marlboro haze
Freezin outside 54's
Just hopin he'd pick me
Skiing down Columbus
Just like Jean Claude Killey
Back before the ticking clcok
Made all of us it's slave
And back before the search for love
Could put you in your grave
I'd never trade the days I lost
For the years that I have found
Sometimes late at night
I can hear that jukebox pound
And we were boys in bars
Runnin over the shootin stars
Cruisin Broadway without cars
We were gonna take that town
Nothin there would knock us down
That old apple would be ours
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