

Classic Crime, The "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 there's intellect and power
All you get is 650,000 hours
If you're lucky then your dead
Says the voice inside my head
Keeps me moving on
Keeps me singing these songs

So sing along (oh oh)
Here we go (oh oh)
And tell this world
About a thousand times before
I'm breathing and I'm bored
So sing along (oh oh)
Here we go (oh oh)
Singing songs we wrote
About a thousand times before
I'm breathing and I'm bored
These 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 life's done I'll be the singer
In the band that plays outside of Heaven's gate

Cause after all there's intellect and power
All you get in 650,000 hours
If you're lucky then your dead
Says the voice inside my head
Keeps me moving on
Keeps me singing these songs

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
Even if I die tomorrow I'll be glad my life was filled with
songs
And maybe if I die tomorrow these four chords will
keep me living on
Even if I die tomorrow 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 song that we wrote
Are playing back on the radio
Oh oh, even if I die tomorrow
These four chords will keep me living on

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