

Hold Steady, The "Cheyenne Sunrise"

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When I left I wasn't thinking
That I wasn't coming home
But first Al Green and then Barry White
Convinced me not to go

And I didn't come home for vitamins
I came to bandage up my hand
And if you're gonna talk to me like that
Then I'll just go back out again

Wipe that chip right off your shoulder
We ain't getting any younger
And some things are getting bigger
Some things are falling off

Some things they seem much harder
Some other things stay soft

We're tipping over in the taprooms
We're shooting through the ceiling
We're dying in the bathrooms
And we're living for that one sweet fleeting feeling

I know my cough sounds awful
Some nights it hurts a bit to breathe
But I'm glad it's just my body
I do my business on the street

We ain't getting any younger
Tomorrow night we'll be that much older
Some kids are growing awkward
Some kids are going off

We're fingering the punchbowl
We're feeding from the trough

There's nothing quite like a Cheyenne sunrise
To make us has-beens feel too old

Onward Christian soldiers
We're gonna bash right through your borders

I bet your next party gets sketchy
I saw the new kids nodding off

Some things are getting bigger
Some things are falling off
Some things seem that much harder
Some other things stay soft

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