

Tom Mcrae

"A B Song"

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A say's he's glad to be here, B's chasing storms in
the lightning state
Where everyday above ground is a good day, and life
is great
A's got a cocaine body, B's got a benylin brain
A knows he's gonna be some body, B don't believe in
fame
And all our time slips away

A's got a girl for each season, B's got a mail order
bride
A knows he's headed for salvation, B's afraid to die
If hell is in the detail, babe, I'm a microscope
I know I'll live to see you swinging, given enough rope
And all our time slips away

A's growing tired of conversation, he's ready for his
final scene
B's whistling hotel California, and still living out the
dream
Here we are together, let's roll the dice just one more
time
Odd number says we walk away now, even says we die,
don't wanna die

And all our time slips away
And all our time slips away

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