

A B Song

Tom McRae

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