

To The Hilt

Golden Earring

Wanna try, wanna fly
Right through the needles eye
Wanna be chilled, wanna be thrilled
Press your luck right to the hilt

Hey boy, quit that stare
Get out of grandpa's rockin' chair
How about raisin' hell,
Let's see if we outdo ourselves

One day you'll be tied and gagged
Your head upon the railroad track
The rail's hummin', there's a train a comin'
I'm sure your last thought's full of regret
Before the wheels roll across your neck

Why didn't I do this
How come I didn't do that
I could be out there, paintin' towns red
Sweat, maybe I'll wake up in bed
No boy, this is it
You should've used a bit more wit
Get out there and dig in deep
Stay wide awake when you're asleep
Who wants to compromise
When every second hour flies
Set the time on half past tilt
For making love right to the hilt

One day you'll be buried
Up to your elbows in the sand
And there's honey glowin'
Down your cheeks it's flowing
You'll find some time to reflect
Before the ants are crawling over your head

Why didn't I do this
How come I didn't do that
Is this a dream that's gone bad
Maybe I'll just wake up, wake up in bed
To the hilt, is that what you said