

Here we go again of what's left of the fool on the floor
And here once again thru the cellar and out thru the back door
And I don't want a lose it tattoo'd on my thought on no more
It takes me back there, straight back to 1904

And they say awake no more
And they stay awake no more

The guns were cryin' and lowered the bar on the door
They hate thee hate thee because they are soul-lost and poor

And they say awake no more
And they stay awake no more

And here we go again thru what's left of a hole on the floor
And back thru the cellar and out of what's left of the back door
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And here we go again thru what's left in the hole on the floor
And out thru the cellar and out of what's left of the back door