

# Sons of Our Fathers

Milow

Saturday nights on the town  
cigarette studs on the ground  
Wherever we're going  
There's no way of knowing  
Sometimes it's good to be wrong  
Saturday nights on the bed  
Don't want the feeling to end  
We all want to run where the underdogs run  
And we all sing along, sing along

I came home a little drunk last night  
Tired of being young, tired of being young  
I came home a little drunk last night  
The things we could have done  
The things we should have done  
But we don't  
Just playing our records and wondering why  
We're sons of our fathers and kids of our time  
I came home a little drunk last night

Let's flush our guts down the drain  
Your Saturday nights never change  
Let's raise our glass to the underdogs, oh yeah  
Let's sing along, sing along.

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The things we should have done  
But we don't  
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We're sons of our fathers and kids of our time  
kids of our time (x3)

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last night