

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
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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