

Desperate Times

Old 97's

Last night I dreamt of you, Abbie Hoffman peddling your books
I gave five bucks to you, the other kids just gave you dirty looks

I said, "I'm sorry it didn't work out quite the way you planned"

You said, "That's silly, boy, the revolution is at hand"

And if you got a ten spot brother, I got a dime

These are desperate, desperate times

Last night I dreamt of you, Pepe Lopez strung out on a stage

It don't even look like you, smiling like sawed-off twenty gauge

I still remember the Telecaster down around your knees

It's late November and I think I smell tequila on the breeze

And if you got the Cuervo, honey, I got the lime

These are desperate, desperate times

And if you got the shotgun, honey, I got the crime

These are desperate, desperate times