

Seven Years Gone

Quasi

Seven years gone
Still Tim pilot the ghost ship home
He carried on
But now he's all alone
Dead on his feet
He hits the streets of Old Town
Without a dime
Sweet baby's breath
Can bring him back from death any time
Preacher Jack
High on crack
Quote the Bible
Pass the hat
Damn the pimp
Gone the gimp
Mike the ??? on top of Jim
Newspaper says: We support the Prez
The war on terror
Bombs away
How much is life?
And how much just are wars?
I can't say
Queen of Spades
Close the window
Pull the shade
She had it made
Back in the days of the flat top fade
Stays in her room
She owes the moon a fortune
She could never pay
She hopes and she prays
But the moon won't go away