

I Remember The Days

The Blue Van

I remember the days when we were broke, without a dime
When we were happy, busy buying time
Saving up for tomorrow, we were building a dream
Consuming what I leaned on, what I'd seen

Sometimes muses fade and so it seems I'm broke once again
I've lost too much I can't give up now

Now I'm licking the dirt off someone else's worn-out shoe
But soon you'll kiss my feet and I'll spit back at you
Still I remember the days when we were soft, taking it in
The scent of pine, waiting at Lover's Inn

Sometimes muses fade or turn into cream, it's now
I've got to roll, I've got to sing
It sings to me, it keeps me up, It's pure
But still I wait at Lover's Inn tonight