

## The General

## The Rifles

When he was younger he could rumble like a hurricane  
And leave you lying with a hunger for some novocaine  
Hit the switch on the lights in a heartbeat  
Just like your worst nightmare with a mean streak  
But all the talent and the money's only gonna breed  
Every Queen every King you're ever gonna need  
And they'll be nothing of the man and the legacy  
By the time that they get through

Every time you close your eyes you see your memory  
'Boy you dream a lot'  
Cause you're really not that man you used to be

When he was younger he could rumble like a hurricane  
But now he stands out like a puddle in the pouring rain  
Trying hard to chase an ever fading memory  
Before the days of grace are never gonna be  
So gather round and buy a ticket for the funeral  
Bring your camera and flowers for the general  
Sit around and reminisce about the glory days

Every time you close your eyes you see your memory  
'Boy you dream a lot'  
Cause you're really not that man you used to be

Every time you close your eyes you see your memory  
'Boy you dream a lot'  
Cause you're really not that man that people see