

Do you remember, remember D.Boon?  
Part of what he was is a part of me now  
And if you think back, where would he be?  
Where would I be if time had allowed?

This isn't written for any one man  
It's about me  
This isn't written for anyone alive  
Just the songs that he sang

I've been told  
That it's a waste of time  
Well, so what  
Will it be worth mine?

And if Managua's bullets don't fly  
Young men still would die for glory  
Or for their countries  
It's just me and Jay  
Playing our guitars along with it all

This isn't written for any one man  
It's about me  
This isn't written for anyone alive  
Just the songs that he sang

And I'm not old  
So I've got nothing but time to waste  
Will it be worth mine?