

# Fighting The Good Fight

Washington

Dearly beloved  
We're all here tonight  
For a similar reason  
We're fighting the good fight  
But the weather does keep us inside

We haven't known him  
For terribly long  
But his wall is filled with ghosts  
Who are never going to hear  
And they're singing  
And keeping me sane  
And I look out the window  
And it's started to rain

So many friends  
So many friends  
So many friends

And all of you people  
Are part of my soul  
Cause we are connected  
And part of the whole

And I don't have to see you  
To know where you are  
'Cause we just need some whiskey  
And an out-of-tune guitar

So many friends  
So many friends  
So many friends

Dearly beloved  
We're all here tonight  
For a similar reason  
Fighting the good fight