Salute the Dead

U.S. Bombs

There's an o.d. case in the pool
There's a couple passed out on the stairs
Watch your shoes, 'cause they'll steal you, blind you
Ain't gonna find the winners hereA dead mans weekend has got my name
On it apologies and promises
We've heard them all here, going to the pub
The suns down half way two fingers in the airCheers to the living salute the dead
If you're gonna live, drink like you're dead red wine
For blood whiskey, for fate
Kick up the dirt in Tompkins square
Lift up your flask for a stiff

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