

# Strike Up the Band

## Flavio Ambrosetti New Quartet

Living off the friends we made, never ever getting paid  
Kicking ass and paying dues, lose our mind in self abuse  
Loving ladies by the score, waking up and wanting more  
I hope my mama understands, when I strike up the band  
    Well I spit out my anger as the sweat do fly  
    Fifteen years of paying dues just to get me by  
Now the barkeeps would pay us by the crowds we bring  
But those son-of-bitches never paid us one damn thing  
    And my poor daddy, he just don't understand  
    It's balls out tonight, watch the shit hit the fan  
    When we strike up the band  
Now those drop dead ladies line the very first row  
I do believe, I'd like to spend some time after the show  
Now them years gone by, the barkeeps pay in cash  
And them lovely ladies feed me an earful of trash

    And my old lady, she just don't understand  
    Why those floozies got their hands on her man  
    And my poor daddy, he still don't understand  
    It's balls out tonight watch the shit hit the fan  
Give it all that we can, we don't give a goddamn  
When we strike up the band, when we strike up the band  
    Living like a gypsy, an air conditioned hippie  
    Who's never seen the light of day  
    Rode dog and cowboy, don't know how, boy  
    I ever lived this long this way, no, no, said  
    And my poor daddy, he still don't understand  
    It's balls out tonight watch the shit hit the fan  
Give it all that we can, we don't give a goddamn  
    When we strike up the band

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>