

# Irish Handcuffs

## Scorchers, The

We struggle to remember

We struggle to forget

No strangers to addiction

We're just drowning the painGood times with good friends

Good fights with enemies

We'll struggle to remember

But we can't forgetEvery weekend was a party back in those days

It didn't seem to matter that we were underage

And the days go by, and the days go by

And the days go by, and the days goHave a shot and wash it down with another drink

It did more damage at the time than we all could see

And the days go by, and the days go by

And the days go by, and the days goWe struggle with surrender

We struggle with regret

No strangers to opinions

Just tired of the gamesBroke ties with good friends

Broke bread with enemies

We'll struggle to remember

But we can't forgetSeven days a week on tour, we're out getting pissed

I need someone to fill me in on the things I missed

And the weeks go by, and the weeks go by

And the weeks go by, and the weeks goHave a shot and wash it down with another drink

On the road sometimes it's all that would help you sleep

And the weeks go by, and the weeks go by

And the weeks go by, and the weeks goYoung livers dying slowly

Through reckless days we've come to accept

But we're not dead yetYoung livers dying slowly

Through reckless days we've come to accept

When becoming men, remember this

Some never live, some never die but we're all here tonightNot as many folks around anymore to see

At least at weddings and at funerals we'll share a drink

And the years go by, and the years go by

And the years go by, and the years goHave a shot and wash it down with another drink

To tell the truth this shit is starting to make me sick

And the years go by, and the years go by

And the years go by, and the years go by

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