

# Golden Boys

## Drunken Boat

Aimless, ain't got no where to go  
All my thoughts have gone  
Aimless, ain't got no where to go  
All my thoughts have gone  
Aimless, ain't got no where to go  
Ready? Mother Mary had a son  
Whose days were spent on having fun  
And Monday he got a letter  
"You could make yourself feel better Mother Mary had a man  
Who healed with healing hands  
Millions of boys lay dead Mother Mary had a baby  
But he had his, hed never tasted  
He hunted all the others  
Then he hunted all his brothers Mother Mary had a man  
Who healed with healing hands  
Millions of boys stay dead Go-Go-Golden Boys  
Youve got your war toys  
Looking straight on  
And with your eyes of blue  
I will remember you  
One for me, one for you Mother Mary, baby  
Rock and roll, rock and roll  
You know I only want you  
For your rock and roll, Mother Mary Mother Mary had a man  
Who healed with pleasing hands  
Millions of boys stay dead Go-Go-Golden Boys  
Youve got your war toys  
Looking straight on  
And with your eyes of blue  
Well do the old one two  
One for me, one for you One, two, three, go Brother mother baby youre flipped out  
Youre over influenced  
One day you will feel it  
You will make yourself feel better Mother Mary had a man  
Who healed with healing hands  
Millions of boys stay dead  
Millions of boys stay dead  
Millions of boys stay dead

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