Stretch

Ian hunter

I tried, but I could never, I tried but I could never
I tried, but I could never, change ya
You went your way, I went mine
There was nothing I could do
You wouldn't listen, no you wouldn't listen to me

Stretch!
Stretch, always something' eatin' at ya, never towed the line
Mixed up 'n' dangerous, most 'o' the, most 'o' the
Most of the time

I can still see you walkin' down the street
I can still see the placed we'd meet
I can hear the voices in my head
One 'o' them yours

Even though you're dead

Attracted by, attracted by, attracted to the lifestyle
I could never go the, I could never go the
I could never go the last mile
The pirate with the silver tongue, among my souvenirs
You wouldn't listen, aah you wouldn't listen to me

Stretch!
Pride of the army, hero of the corps
You hated every minute of it, they gave you two years
You made it four

I gotta stop hangin' out with ya, perhaps it's just as well
Now we're both doing stretches, I'm in a limo
And you're in a cell
I loved you like a brother, deep down sad
You were the best friend, I ever, I ever, I ever, had

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