

Atlanta

Knucklehead

The future was planned on a promise
It all fell apart in the end
We never made it back to Atlanta
Made it back on our words once again

I was 21, Clay was 23, Matt was the youngest, we were all naive
In an old black van travelling south, to a place we'd only heard about
With open arms they let us in, bought us beers till the show began
That night, I remember still, I know I always will

The next year we were all surprised, with the reception that we did find
And when I said we'd be back in time, I know now i told a lie
Those days had no urgency, for we were young and we couldn't see
That too often the good men die, and good times will pass you by

Lyrics submitted by Rod Beaudry.

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