

Troubadours

Nowherebound

Troubadours

Well Disaster hit the highways with his brother and a bus
To the northwest, where theyâ€™d â€œPaint It Black,â€• like a red door for two punks
When they got there, it kept raining, and Portland was a bust,
So they moved on down the highway for a town that they could trust.

But L.A. wasnâ€™t happening, had to pay to park â€œthe squat,â€™
So they rolled it down to Austin, found a friendly parking lot,
Got a job working the door, at a big box music shop,
With Brady, Josh and Sean, and a brother named Rob.

Hereâ€™s to you troubadours who age with each refrain,
All those collecting scars, from this side of the stage,
Who bleed hurt like open sores from hearts that wonâ€™t be tamed!
So raise one for!
The troubadours.

Well Rob came off a â€œLosing Streak,â€™ while Natch kept smelling hate
In a scene that once embraced them, that now just looked away
from songs born from the hearts of its ill-forgotten saints
So they moved on down to Austin in search of better days

While Rob and Natch waged rock-n-roll on garages in S.A.,
â€œThe King and I,â€™ cruised Cadillacâ€™s â€œtil the engines just gave way
But weâ€™d all find hope together in the fires of yesterday
In a punk rock song that came about 20 years too late!

So hit the switch, and strike the chord, I need to feel alive
Iâ€™ve been low, and Iâ€™ve been beaten by the idle by and by,
But Iâ€™m rested and Iâ€™m hungry now for one last slice of pie,
So gimme all you got, crank the volume to the sky

Hereâ€™s to adoptive families, to this brotherhood of chance
This gypsy life, the normals will not ever understand
So onward through the fog â€œtil the wheels fall off the van,
Iâ€™ve got one or two more rounds before I return to the sand

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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