The General

The Rifles

When he was younger he could rumble like a hurricane
And leave you lying with a hunger for some novocaine
Hit the switch on the lights in a heartbeat
Just like your worst nightmare with a mean streak
But all the talent and the money's only gonna breed
Every Queen every King you're ever gonna need
And they'll be nothing of the man and the legacy
By the time that they get throughEvery time you close your eyes you see your memory
'Boy you dream a lot'
Cause you're really not that man you used to be
When he was younger he could rumble like a hurricane
But now he stands out like a puddle in the pouring rain
Trying hard to chase an ever fading memory
Before the days of grace are never gonna be
So gather round and buy a ticket for the funeral
Bring your camera and flowers for the general
Sit around and reminise about the glory days
Every time you close your eyes you see your memory
'Boy you dream a lot'
Cause you're really not that man you used to beEvery time you close your eyes you see your memory
'Boy you dream a lot'
Cause you're really not that man that people see
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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