

Hit and Miss

The John Barry Seven Plus Four

...and the old days how did anyone make it through them that way we fought it all all the problems that we saw
but we couldn't see straight...and for all the nights i missed because the whiskey stole them away we'd still
wake up we'd still step up and defend what we could with clouded heads we'd turn around to knock each other
down to help each other up eyes half shut with out-stretched arms...we had times where we sure lived liek we
could never die we stood strong against those that would knock us out but we've all been down...and for all the
friends i miss that aren't with me here today we still wake up after we dream of the days and the nights we
found ourselves wrecked...we still wake up after we dream of the day we find ourselves free although blind at
times we see never forgot to mention intent dissension will to be free we'll never be pulled down we won't be
pulled down

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