

Irish Handcuffs

Smoke or Fire

We struggle to remember
We struggle to forget
No strangers to addiction
We're just drowning the pain Good times with good friends
Good fights with enemies
We'll struggle to remember
But we can't forget Every weekend was a party back in those days
It didn't seem to matter that we were underage
And the days go by, and the days go by
And the days go by, and the days go Have a shot and wash it down with another drink
It did more damage at the time than we all could see
And the days go by, and the days go by
And the days go by, and the days go We struggle with surrender
We struggle with regret
No strangers to opinions
Just tired of the games Broke ties with good friends
Broke bread with enemies
We'll struggle to remember
But we can't forget Seven days a week on tour, we're out getting pissed
I need someone to fill me in on the things I missed
And the weeks go by, and the weeks go by
And the weeks go by, and the weeks go Have a shot and wash it down with another drink
On the road sometimes it's all that would help you sleep
And the weeks go by, and the weeks go by
And the weeks go by, and the weeks go Young livers dying slowly
Through reckless days we've come to accept
But we're not dead yet Young livers dying slowly
Through reckless days we've come to accept
When becoming men, remember this
Some never live, some never die but we're all here tonight Not as many folks around anymore to see
At least at weddings and at funerals we'll share a drink
And the years go by, and the years go by
And the years go by, and the years go Have a shot and wash it down with another drink
To tell the truth this shit is starting to make me sick
And the years go by, and the years go by
And the years go by, and the years go by

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