

Old Wild Men

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Where are my boys?
They are in deepest water
Where are they now?
They are over the hill and far away
But they are broken men who lie low
Waiting for miracles Old men of rock and roll
Came bearing music
Where are they now?
They are over the hill and far away
But they're still gonna play guitars
On dead strings, and old drums
They'll play and play to pass the time
The old wild men
Old wild men
Old wild men, waiting for miracles Lord have mercy upon the many
Lord have mercy upon the few
Lord have mercy upon the many
Lord have mercy on me and on you

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