

Suck It Philly

John Craigie

We left Philly at midnight
Put on that Dire Straits album
The one that starts with So Far Away
And goes right into Money For Nothing
Next up is Walk Of Life
Three hits in a row it was the Dire Straits prime
I yelled "suck it Philly", we drove across the bridge
Left it in our dust, left it in our past

Gearpod high in the backseat
You were riding shotgun next to me
Hell, we coulda been Kerouac and Cassidy
If it weren't for the Cliff bars, and the cellphones, and the sobriety

[Chorus]

This is the life we chose
For as long as we get to choose it
And there will be better nights, I suppose
I don't know, whose to say when we're losing
And I don't believe the words that they wrote
I question what my ancestors said
Our job is an ancient job
We are midnight riders to Brooklyn

You told me you'd sing at my funeral
Alright, you didn't say that, but I know you will
Just do one thing, please promise me
You won't let my parents plan my funeral
Too much sadness, too much black
Some hopeless words said at a Catholic mass
You be the MC, you build the band
Get these sad Los Angeles folks to clap their hands

[Chorus]

Cause this is the life we chose
For as long as we get to choose it
And there will be better nights, I suppose
Maybe not, whose to say when we're losing
And I don't believe the words that they wrote
I question what my ancestors said

Our job is an ancient job
We are midnight riders to Brooklyn

[Musical Bridge]

Let's face it, you're never gonna meet Springsteen
Probably never going to meet Dylan
I know we both hate those comparisons, yeah
But, tonight, man, let's just own 'em
Remember that gig is Portsmouth
We stomped so hard my shoelaces came untied
I know that doesn't sound very impressive
Yeah but, Jason, you know I tie my shoelaces pretty tight

There's something magic in these songs
Something even you and I can't comprehend
Something about getting some no-name kid from some no-name downtown
To sing and laugh and cry and clap his hands

[Chorus]

This is the life we chose
For as long as we get to choose it
And there will be better nights, I suppose
I don't know, even now we could lose it
Yeah, and I don't believe the words that they wrote
I question what my ancestors said
Our job is an ancient job
We are midnight riders to Brooklyn
Our job is the second oldest job
We are midnight riders to Brooklyn

Lyrics Submitted by Louis R

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