

The Bastards of Eden

Stampead

We are the bastards of Eden,
or so it seems.
Another orphan dreaming,
of what they can bring. Would you care for a pipe?
Can I get you a drink?
Would you care for a woman?
She might help you think. We are the ones they pray for,
So I was told.
Another Sunday wasted,
Another story told. Would you care for another whiskey?
I'll have one too.
Would you care for a woman,
who never cared for you? You can take my hand,
put it over your heart.
You can take my soul,
we'll make a new start.
You can trust my friend,
you won't be alone.
We are the bastards of Eden,
and we'll make a new home. We are what's left of Eden.
I guess it's true.
This world feels so small,
when you're feeling blue. I need a second chance,
to set things right.
I don't need an army.
No, I don't want to fight. You can take my hand,
put it over your heart.
You can take my soul,
we'll make a new start.
You can trust my friend,
you won't be alone.
We are the bastards of Eden,
and we'll make a new home.
We'll make a new home.

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