A & B Song

Tom McRae

A says hes glad to be here, Bs chasing storms in the lightning state
Where everyday above ground is a good day, and life is great
As got a cocaine body, Bs got a benylin brain
A knows hes gonna be some body, B dont believe in fame
And all our time slips awayAs got a girl for each season, Bs got a mail order bride
A knows hes headed for salvation, Bs afraid to die
If hell is in the detail, babe, Im a microscope
I know Ill live to see you swinging, given enough rope
And all our time slips awayAs growing tired of conversation, hes ready for his final scene
Bs whistling hotel California, and still living out the dream
Here we are together, lets roll the dice just one more time
Odd number says we walk away now, even says we die, dont wanna dieAnd all our time slips away
And all our time slips away

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