End Of The Line

Hurray For The Riff Raff

I was thinking about you that night
We were down by the river where the bugles blow
I hid myself, nowhere to go
Went down by the river where the bugles blow
I hid myself, nowhere to go
I was thinking about you that nightNow they say good souls, they travel far
But did you take with you your old guitar?
Oh, they say good souls, they travel far
Did you take with your old guitar?
I was thinking about you that nightWell, everyone's trying to make a little work
And everyone's trying to make it first
I was thinking about you that night

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