

D. Boon

Uncle Tupelo

Do you remember, remember D.Boon?
Part of what he was is a part of me now
And if you think back, where would he be?
Where would I be if time had allowed?This isn't written for any one man
It's about me
This isn't written for anyone alive
Just the songs that he sangI've been told
That it's a waste of time
Well, so what
Will it be worth mine?And if Managua's bullets don't fly
Young men still would die for glory
Or for their countries
It's just me and Jay
Playing our guitars along with it allThis isn't written for any one man
It's about me
This isn't written for anyone alive
Just the songs that he sangAnd I'm not old
So I've got nothing but time to waste
Will it be worth mine?

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