

# Desperate Times

## Old 97's

Last night I dreamt of you, Abbie Hoffman peddling your books  
I gave five bucks to you, the other kids just gave you dirty looks  
I said, "I'm sorry it didn't work out quite the way you planned"  
You said, "That's silly, boy, the revolution is at hand" And if you got a ten spot brother, I got a dime  
These are desperate, desperate times Last night I dreamt of you, Pepe Lopez strung out on a stage  
It don't even look like you, smiling like sawed-off twenty gauge  
I still remember the Telecaster down around your knees  
It's late November and I think I smell tequila on the breeze And if you got the Cuervo, honey, I got the lime  
These are desperate, desperate times  
And if you got the shotgun, honey, I got the crime  
These are desperate, desperate times

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>