

[et_pb_section admin_label="section"][et_pb_row admin_label="row"][et_pb_column type="4_4"][et_pb_audio admin_label="Audio" audio="http://www.johnfitz.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/08/05-Last-Of-The-Boys.mp3" title="Last of the Boys" artist_name="John Fitzsimmons" album_name="Fires in the Belly" background_layout="light" background_color="#ffffff" use_border_color="off" border_color="#ffffff" border_style="solid"] [/et_pb_audio][et_pb_text admin_label="Text" background_layout="light" text_orientation="left" use_border_color="off" border_color="#ffffff" border_style="solid"]

Come on over here
and I'll buy the next round:
cold beer and some shooters
for the boys on the town;
Darby ain't drinkin'
so let's live it up
'cause he'll drive us all home
in his company truck

Jesus Christ, Jimmy,
man you say that you're well;
I say we drive into Boston
and stir up some hell;
put a cap on the weekend,
a stitch in the night,
watch the Pats play on Sunday
and the welterweight fight.

*That's all she wrote boys,
there ain't any more;
that's why we're standing here;
that's what it's for.
That's why we all go on working all day
busting our ass for short pay:
~Hey...*

Wally there thanks
for the call yesterday;
Yeah, I do need the work
but those people can't pay;
they're all pie in the sky
with their heads in the clouds
the high-talking yahoos
that fill up this town.

Fill up this glass
one more time there old man;
sneak one for yourself
I know that you can.
Nick man come here;
come on tell me it's true—
you won the college bowl pool
and the trifecta too.

*That's all she wrote boys,
there ain't any more;
that's why we're standing here;
that's what it's for.
That's why we all go on working all day
busting our ass for short pay:
~Hey...*

Rogue what you say,
come on tell us the one
about the dog and the bull
and the ministers son;
you told it to Willy,
who told it to me,
who told the whole team
down the alley last week

Well it's hard to believe
you've been married since June;
It seems just yesterday
we'd go piss at the moon—
piss at the moon
and somehow we'd get by
with a pocket of cash
and a piece of the sky.

*That's all she wrote boys,
there ain't any more;
that's why we're standing here;
that's what it's for.
That's why we all go on working all day
busting our ass for short pay:
~Hey...*

It seems kind of strange
the quiet of the room,
everyone had to be
leaving so soon.
It seems kind of strange
they got families at home;
I'm the last of the boys
I'll have one more alone.

One more rye Howie;
straight up is fine;
I'm okay to drive home,
I'll just take my time;
keep all the change;
you treated us well;
I'm just trying to figure
if this is heaven or hell.

Heaven or hell
or some pitstop for man,
where we all just pull over
and do what we can;
you do what you can,
and you hope that your right:
I'm the last of the boys
to tie one on tonight.

*That's all she wrote boys,
there ain't any more;
that's why we're standing here;
that's what it's for.
That's why we all go on working all day
busting our ass for short pay:
~Hey...*

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