

[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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