

We Believed

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I remember in my home town
A few of us would drive around
We hit the back roads in our youth
Drunken with the holiest excuse

And all our friends at the local school
They would point toward the fools
They bought the home-town decree
You'll never get out, you'll never get free

CHORUS:

But we believed
Yes we believed
Yes we believed
We believed

And in the darkness we would drive
To keep the Sacred Flame alive
Dylan on the 8-track screamed
The quick or dead both live in their own dream

And then it was Blood, Sweat and Tears,
The radio blared all our fears
The broken toil, the shallow jeers,
The laws, the laughter all the empty years

CHORUS

And who can say what a life might be
Or where it finds its destiny
How or when or even why
A man can choose to live or a man can choose to die

CHORUS