

After All These Years

Camel

I smoked a pack of cigarettes before midday
I coughed up a lung around one
I can't see a thing through my eyes that sting
I can't remember having so much fun

I've never had so much fun

Can't drink the water in Sydney
Can't eat the food in Japan
Can't breath the air in Los Angeles
but a million people think they can

These wankers filled up with hatred
Why expect any less
They can't decide about genocide
I think it's time that they took a rest

I try to compensate blindly for mistakes
Try to make things right
For all my redemption I've the best intentions
But it's always ending up in a fight

You are not my friend
Never felt bad lending a hand
I think you hoped I wouldn't be in a band
Broken ashtray I can always replace
I kick the door then I spit in your face