I've never known a better writer or a better guy
His songs wouldn't just touch you, they would punch you in the
eye

It doesn't happen a lot when everybody has the same thought "He wasn't supposed to die"

So let's clank our beers and give three cheers for Tony Sly

I never heard a bad word about him, I never heard a bad melody His dying isn't tragic, it's a fucking catastrophe I've lost my parents and so many friends, I chalk it c'est la v ie

It's nothing like losing my friend Tony

Sometimes on weekends, when our kids hang out together
Kiera tells Darla that her dad's songs are better
And I think she's sad, cause tomorrow she hopes her dad
Will be coming home, cause he told her that 3 years ago on the
phone

Tony, you make me see myself in a way I don't wanna see Do I have to stop living so recklessly So I can be the father I know I can be?

All the endless nights we had, the 20 years of laughs I've looked, but I can't find any photographs
Of us, because it's weird to take photos with your best friends
Cause you don't think that you'll never see them again

I'm sorry that I wasn't there for you when you needed me in the end

I was there to give your eulogy, but not when you needed a frie nd

And when they lowered your body into the ground even the piper began to cry

From coast to coast, let's raise our drinks and give a toast to Tony Sly