

## The 89

We all need a place where to feel wanted  
We all need some friends though the thick and the thin  
The best of times  
Don't judge the walls around your pride  
And that's the way it is here at the 89

Make yourself welcome, hang your hat and stay  
Hey, why don't you get out your guitar and play  
We'll all sing along  
That's if you don't fuck up the song  
And that's the way it is here at the 89

Running 'round the fire like the three-blind mice  
Making games of the world and paying the price  
I wouldn't change a single thing  
These are the best of times, they're really the best of times  
And that's the way it is here at the 89

Never had much money for most of the year  
Just enough for some smoke and a handful of beer  
And a ticket for the show  
Where the tiny pages say hello  
And that's the way it is here at the 89

Sweet Sister Jean, she was my queen  
Our quiet kingdom never made the scene  
But we binged for days on laughs  
And we both got good at being bad  
And that's the way it is here at the 89

Runnin' roun' the fire like...

Those days are now just a distant memory  
Fading candles I can barely see  
And though I'm still having lots of fun  
The magic of the first time's gone  
And that's the way it was back at the 89

Running 'round the fire like...