

The Thrill Of It All (*Goldsworthy*)

We'd get all dressed up Saturday night
Go out and raise hell, get into a fight
I still remember those good old days... yes I do
It was all for one and one for all
United we stand, divided we fall
We were brothers in arms
Till our dying day

Look in the mirror, watch the faces change
Every line tells a story from the good old days
If I had the chance, I'd do it all again

'Cos I remember
Living it up, having the time of my life
Out in the fast lane, flirting with suicide
Always in trouble, waiting for the hammer to fall
Just for the kicks
And the thrill of it all

Sometimes things got out of hand
But we'd stick together, make a stand
We are renegades till our dying day
I sit and watch the years go by
Only wishing I could turn back time
If I had the chance I'd do it all again

'Cos I remember
Living it up, having the time of my life
Out in the fast lane, flirting with suicide
Always in trouble, waiting for the hammer to fall
Just for the kicks
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Living it up, having the time of my life
Out in the fast lane, flirting with suicide
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The hammer to fall
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From the FM album TAKIN' IT TO THE STREETS