

All Those Roads

Words and Music by Steven Brandick © 2006

End of the Era
Oh, Daddy
We want to know.
Please tell us.
What was it like in Chicago.

It's the end of an era. It's come to a close.
It's all just a memory. Life in Chicago.
The old folks are gone now. The young folks don't know
what it's like growing up in the cold.
What it's like growing up in the cold.

Oh, Daddy
We want to know.
Please tell us.
What was it like in Chicago.

Well, you're dazzled by noises that would deafen some.
Delighted by dangers that make others run.
Electrified, energized, out of control,
but you're young. You fear nothing at all.
When you're young, you fear nothing at all.

It strengthened some of us. Destroyed some of the best.
Those who learned the games well went and bought up the rest.

So you sit on an El train a poor working soul.
Sing loud out the window and nobody knows.
Lost in the crowd. Sometimes nice,
but gets old after years getting used to it all,
after years getting used to it all.

Most with their heads down just did as they were told.
I packed a small bag. I got out of the cold.

But it's funny how memories grow vivid with time.
You'd think that they'd weaken stored back in our minds.
It's L.A. summer the warm winds do blow
yet these thoughts send a shiver of cold.
These thoughts send a shiver of cold.