

Words: Bill and Gretchen Roper
Music: Talking Blues
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Shai 'Nuff

Now life on Coby really sucks
So we set out to make some bucks.
As mercenaries we saw sky
Until we ran into - Dorsai.

They wanted us for cannon fodder,
But those green and black guys oughter
Know that we would never stand
For dying in their stupid plan.

Live fast, die young, leave a handsome corpse.
Bullshit!

Now my bud, Tommy, thought he might
Have a way to win this fight.
The Dorsai thought his plan was fine
For a guy who grew up in a mine.

They used to call him the Bobcat Wizard.
When he asked the girls, "Did the earth move for you?"
He really meant it.
And they all dug him too.

We let the bad guys pass by day,
Then dug a big fort out of clay.
And when they straggled back at dawn,
They wondered just what they'd been on.

"Where the **hell** did that come from?"
We told them they'd better surrender
And they said, "Sure!"
Just because there were fifty of us and a thousand of them
Doesn't mean they had a chance.
Who did they think was writing this song anyway?
Neil Young?

So when the other guys had gone,
They told us we were stayin' on.
Seems that we're the kind of guy
That they can use on the Dorsai.

Live fast, die young, leave a handsome corpse.
Or maybe just skip the "die young" part.

The moral of our story is:
If you can't be good, be lucky.
If you can't be lucky, be smart.
And if you can't manage any of the three,
Try to stay out of songwriting, ok?

Shai Dorsai, y'all!