

He sat down with his guitar in a distant place
When a man walks up and tells him
"Buddy there are some things you cannot say"
I'll be damned if you'll tell me
What I can and cannot feel
I won't be no puppet here none of your back room deals
Modern love was invented by the minstrels in the dark ages
Where they used to hunt them down from town to town
Man what deck are we dealing from here
When a girl walks up and says
"You got something we've got to hear"

Brave and crazy...brave on
Brave and crazy...brave on

Along the boardwalk of this burned out tourist town
The ghosts of another day stalk the barren beaches
Where all come to hide from the rattling of the sounds
Of skeletons in the closet
Hoping nothing brings them down
She says "I have lived nearly all my life"
"I scare them to death because I say what I like"

Brave and crazy...brave on
Brave and crazy...brave on

There's a war here between freedom and the hypocrites
Who will try on all disguises just to see what fits
Truth is the one thing to live love and die for
The rooftops of the world

Brave on...

He packs his car and picks a course upon a map
Maybe east of eden or maybe farther west than all of that
Writes down everything he's seen, everything that he feels
Then rips it up it doesn't say enough then throws it in a passing field

Brave and crazy...brave on