

# Happiness Alone

Clint Black

I think I'll go back down to New Orleans  
Try to bury my travelin' bone  
Unpredictable me, like I swore I would be  
Nothing's ever written in stone  
There's a knock on her door, is she here anymore  
I guess me and the neighbors will see  
If the one thing that I couldn't do without her  
She couldn't do without me

Could I leave her behind, go on losin' my mind  
While the good times continue to roll  
With this time on my hands, I can change all my plans  
And it really wouldn't bother a soul  
I can make all the rounds, paint all the towns  
Do all that and more on my own  
But a man can't survive on happiness alone

Take a good look around, this is New Orleans  
A free wheeler's got to feel right at home  
But it's a hell of a leap, whether shallow or deep  
That old river's gonna keep movin' on  
Like that muddy Mississippi, she keeps pullin' me under  
When you're in it, nothin' ever seems clear  
I could stand on the bank just toss in my line  
But there's way too many fish around here

Could I leave 'em behind for the one on the line  
Are the good times still gonna roll  
And with this time on my hands, I can change all my plans  
And it really wouldn't bother a soul  
I can make all the rounds, paint all the towns  
Do all that and more on my own  
But a man can't survive on happiness alone