

Stayin' Out Late

Cory Morrow

Stayin' out late in a honky tonk bar
Findin' new ways to be untrue
Drinkin' my way through this month's rent
Seems to be the best I can do
Drunk and enraged and I'm showin' my age
I dreamt away my money and my mind
No woman to call wife, I got no home to spend my life
And no desire for either at this time
I'm showin' no signs of growin' up at any time
I keep a firm grasp upon my youth
And the subtlety of love is something I know nothing of
And I have got no concept of the truth

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It's all a matter of where your going
I don't know where I'm going from here
Desperate ways seem to control my everyday
And it's hard to understand why I run
But this poet's dance is my last chance
To lay down my pen and show you how it's done

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Seems to be the best I can do
Yeah it seems to be the best I can do