

Laughable

Cowboy Mouth

Well I stare at the hole in my hands
And I watch you slip away
And I feel if I'd only done better
Than the maybe I could make you stay
Then I stare at the hole in my hands
And I can't remember things I say hour to hour,
Sentence to sentence, day to day
Well I could but I don't
I should but I won't
It's laughable

There's an empty space in my bed
Maybe's too big these days
Even as I hold you I'm letting you go
Somewhere there's an empty space in my heart
When my friends say, "boy now you're free"
Cause freedom's not a ring around your finger
I can tell 'em it's a memory
Well I could but I don't
I should but I won't
Having to tell someone goodbye
Having to find a place to hide
When all you feel these days
Is empty inside