

## No Choice

Edwin McCain

It was a love so big that it filled his heart  
Til it swelled and finally burst apart  
And where the love spilled out they called it art  
But he never really had no choice

Whoa, he had no choice  
No, he never had no choice  
When he gave his river a voice  
He never really had no choice.  
He was thinking that the pain came much too soon  
When he locked himself up inside his room  
Well it hurt real bad to write that tune  
but he never really had no choice  
And there were some who could not understand  
When he built those castles with his hands  
And he knew damn well they were only sand  
But he never really had no choice.

Sometimes a man sometimes a boy  
And he made some music and he made some noise  
But he felt his pain and he felt his joy  
But he never really had no choice.  
There was a beautiful fire inside of him  
As he balanced his way out on that limb  
Could of burned right through that branch so thin  
but he never really had no choice

And they all talked about him when he died  
They studied and they theorized  
But when he was through they'd laughed and cried  
And he never really had no choice  
It was a love so big that it filled his heart  
'Til it swelled and finally burst apart  
Where the loved spilled out they called it art  
But he never really had no choice