

## Mistress Named Music

Eric Church

I still remember Miss Bessie singing  
Black, wrinkled fingers on ivory keys  
Just five years old, my church shoes a-dangling  
Yeah, she's long gone and I'm still chasing this song

With a guitar full of freedom and a head full of lines  
That nightlife full of demons has been a hell of a ride  
I got a crazy heart, but I was born to lose it  
Married to a dream with a mistress named music

No hope and squarely solitary  
Enough whiskey and Coke, boys, to get me in a bind  
Amps juiced, the whole damn block could hear me  
Even that cop car rolling past  
By the time they hit the front door  
I was out the back

With a guitar full of freedom and a head full of lines  
That nightlife full of demons has been a hell of a ride  
I got a crazy heart, and I was born to lose it  
Married to a dream with a mistress named music

White calloused fingers on bronze and nylon  
These same old boots are still tapping time  
Not quite the buzz I used to tie on  
But 'til I'm gone, I'll be chasing this song

With a guitar full of freedom and a head full of lines  
That nightlife full of demons has been a hell of a ride  
I got a crazy heart, and I was born to lose it  
Married to a dream with a mistress named music  
Yeah, I'm married to a dream with a mistress named music