

Too Many Nights In A Road House

Grandaddy

Too many nights in a roadhouse
Too much wine, women and song
Too many days on the highway
Then I run around all night long
Take a good look in the mirror
In the cold, gray light at dawn
Too many nights in the old roadhouse
Run a little good boy wrong

Runnin' with my buddies on the wild side
Caused me a run of bad luck
Out all night with the roadhouse crowd
Now I'm down to my last two bucks
Pushin' way too hard, tryin' to live too fast
Puttin' too many wrinkles on
Too many nights in the old roadhouse
Run a little good boy wrong.

It was some kind of life I was livin'
And it wasn't too hard to tell
That the blues csme around when the sun went down
And my days didn't fare too well
I sure did want a taste of the good life
Til the good times came long
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