

## 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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