

Good

Jason Isbell

You better watch yourself this time
On your waiting in a long line
Of kicking off a slow crime

I guess the Devil wouldn't have you
But you used who what you're used to
You always seem to somehow
make it through

I know I let myself go a bit
I try to lay low
But it's hard to be alone

I know I never took my own advice
Chased a couple rollin' dice
Somewhere I don't belong

I can't make myself be good
I wish I could
Somewhere my conscience tuned to petrified old wood
I can't make myself do right
On Friday night
When all these shadows they get bigger and bigger in the light

Another night another rope burn
Well I guess that it was my turn
To wash all of the pain down

Maybe you were just a decoy
It doesn't matter much to me, noise
It covered up the voices
I don't want to hear

I let myself go again
I tried to let you know, but then
It's hard to be alone

I know I never took my own advice
I got tired of playin nice
And cut right to the bone

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