

# I Can't Write That

Jeff Bates

I make my living with paper and pencil, and an old guitar  
I use melody and words that rhyme to tug at other's hearts  
But mine is still too tender, to put her on a page  
'Cause I'd have to remember the day she went away

I can't write that, I'd have to sing it  
And if I sung it, I'd have to live it  
And if I lived it, it would kill me  
'Cause she ain't ever comin' back  
And that's too sad, I can't write that

I know memories last forever whenever you put 'em in a song  
But I can't take the chance that this one would be a big one  
And they'd play it on and on, 'cause when it comes to her love  
I get choked up and break down, these feelings are just too much  
To share with you right now

And I can't write that, I'd have to sing it  
And if I sung it, I'd have to live it  
And if I lived it, it would kill me  
'Cause she ain't ever comin' back  
And that's so sad, I can't write that

She ain't ever comin' back  
And that's too sad, I can't write that