

Backside Of Thirty

John Conlee

Making money at thirty with a wife and a son
Then a short five years later it all comes undone
She's gone back to mama with the boy by her side
Now I'm wine drunk and running with them on my mind

I'm on the backside of thirty and back on my own
An empty apartment don't feel like a home
On the backside of thirty, the short side of time
Back on the bottom with no will to climb

It's dawn Monday morning and I just called in sick
I skipped work last Friday to drink this much red
And when my friends ask me, Lord, I'll tell them I'm fine
But my eyes tell a story that my lies can't hide

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We knew we had problem with no chance to win
Pretended we'd make it, does she have the kid?
And he made life better for two years or more
But now weekends between us, will be his reward

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