

## What A Way To Live

Mark Chesnutt

Each night I make the rounds  
To every spot in town  
A lonely man with lonely time to kill  
All I can say is what a way to live

The paths my memories take  
Just make my poor heart ache  
I think of her I guess I always will  
All I can say is what a way to live

I'd rather lay me down tonight  
And never wake again  
Than to face another day the shape my life is in  
The jukebox playing loud  
A face among the crowd  
So much like hers it makes my heart stand still  
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