

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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