

Long Night in Tennessee

Matt Wertz

Heard you were leaving
You hadn't asked for much
Just a strong hand and a soft touch
The miles in between us
Were too great for you to hold

You said something's different
Something's changed
From the way it was
In those summer days
But you can't explain it
And it's best that we just move on

Go on and speak for yourself
Nothing has changed in the south
But you get a free night in Boston
I get a long night in Tennessee

Said we'd be together
Until the end of time
But my clock's still tickin'
Quarter past nine
Every second that passes
Second guesses are made through

Go on and speak for yourself
Nothing has changed in the south
But you get a free night in Boston
I get a long night in Tennessee