

Listen Close

Maylene and the Sons of Disaster

It's been a while and a million miles
Since I've seen the sun shine on your face
A long time coming, but now I'm running back home
The southern pines and the neon signs
And every back road between the two
Out of sight don't mean out of mind to me

Carry on this way
I'm singing to you from somewhere tonight
Am I getting through? Is it getting through?
I choke on every word
And it never comes out right
This would be so much easier standing right next to you

I didn't know what I was looking for
But I found it when I took your hand
That cheshire smile still cuts me down to the bone
Preacher says, "it's for rich or poor"
We see a lot of the latter of two
I've been gone so long
I'm afraid I might be losing you

Carry on this way
I'm singing to you from somewhere tonight
Am I getting through? Is it getting through?
I choke on every word
And it never comes out right
This would be so much easier standing right next to you