

Complicated Type

Michael Trent

He was a sweet, boy
Never mean to cause no trouble
Couldn't help but be polite
He probly learned it from his mother
He's a complicated type
A complicated type
Complicated type

Grew up real fast
Just like Carolina
He hid his drugs under his bible
Mixed his whisky with his wine
He had a sparkle in his eye
Like just before you cry
Like right before you cry

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

It was a long night
He'd been sittin at the bar
When they turned off all the lights
He started lookin for his car
But when his eyes began to gleam
And the lights started to stream
Well he slipped into a dream
Well now while most
Folks dream of money, love, and hope
His were of violent, crashing waves
And bodies swinging, tied to ropes
While his whole family laughed aloud
Hovering above a crowd
Who, for hell, was screamin out

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

Well of nobody, there's nothing I can do
To bring anyone back to life
But I know that I should try to tell the truth
And to fight for the right side

When he came to
As if he'd been dead for years
And the wind was blowin hard
Both his eyes were full of tears
But a change had taken place
You could see it on his face
Man you could see it on his face

And on the way home
He found a bottle in the road
And thought of all the explanations
That he felt that he was owed
And as he kicked it down the street
He felt lighter on his feet
And he couldn't help but sing

Tištěno z www.txp.cz
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

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