

Bitterness or Sympathy

Ron Pope

The first night I should've left you,
Before I shut my eyes,
I prayed to God I'd wake up somewhere else.
When the mornin' came to find me,
You were sleepin' there beside me,
I wondered if this nightmare ever ends...

The door was left wide open,
And the neighbors, they were smokin' in the afternoon,
To pass away the time.
You looked at me so cold and said,
"This house is not my home,"
I wish you knew how true that felt most nights.

Is it bitterness or sympathy,
That keeps you standin' here with me?
I'm not sure how much more I can take.
'Cause I have sacrificed my peace of mind,
To sit here with you wastin' time,
And now I think I'd like to walk away.

I was standing in Ohio,
On the 28th of March,
With a guitar and a suitcase in my hands.
When the wind, it stole my cap,
Lord, all I could do was laugh,
And thank the stars I'm still a drinkin' man.

Is it bitterness or sympathy,
That keeps you standin' here with me?
I'm not sure how much more I can take.
'Cause I have sacrificed my peace of mind,
To sit here with you wastin' time,
And now I think I'd like to walk away.

I was walkin' in a graveyard,
Where no one that I know rests,
Thinkin' maybe I could clear my head.
And on the cemetery breeze,
I heard a song about belief,
Sung with a thunder I can't understand.

Is it bitterness or sympathy,
That keeps you standin' here with me?
I'm not sure how much more I can take.
'Cause I have sacrificed my peace of mind,
To sit here with you wastin' time,
And now I think I'd like to walk away.