

# For The Love Of The Song

The Good Life

I thought I'd start this simple song  
with something you could sing along  
like "Na na na na na na."  
But then I felt a bit cliché-  
I started Beaten Path that way-  
and besides, it didn't get me very far  
I guess the well is running dry.  
(I'm not surprised)  
It's been thirteen years of lies.  
Running at the mouth about  
these lovers I can't live without,  
well, I'm not exactly huntin' 'em down

Down and out and overweight -  
under the influence of three years straight  
drinking on the job.  
If it's not some love affair  
then it's a song about the great despair  
of the loner at the end of the bar.  
Well, you are what you are  
You are what your are,  
you are, you are,  
you do, you do -  
"Na na na na na na"  
One-hundredth verse  
same as the first,  
I'm a dictaphone of drunken slurs,  
press rewind - it's a new album.  
"Hot off the press,  
and this guy sounds depressed  
(again)!"

So, you can never drop this drunken bit  
or the fits of pain you still stomach -  
it's for the love of the song  
Oh yeah, the song  
I thought it was supposed to be a sing along.

(yesterday came and went  
and i wasn't present  
the weeks were laid out like pavement  
work and drink and sleep, repeat)

Oh, for the love of the song

(upon the beaten path  
i kept on my blinders...  
don't need any old reminders  
no face, no name, no memories  
if you love it, you leave it  
cause you hate that you need it  
it's one thing that you can't have  
you're too self-absorbed to change  
always, "my way")