

Die by My Own Hand

Tim McGraw

Sex in the city, Indian food
I never traveled not until you
But it's looking like you left me with some habits I can't break

I feel kinda guilty whenever I cuss
I lay in bed at night and, I think about us
Maybe it's because of all the love you taught me how to make

You've changed be baby
Given enough time girl you might've saved me
But then again you might have just gone crazy
Trying to love a music man
Don't worry honey,
I understand why you went running from me
I guess I really should have seen it coming
I'll always die by own hand

Ran into your daddy, last Saturday night
I had to admit it, he might've been right
Oh, all the times he told me that you're just too good for me

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Girl, I don't blame you for nothing
I'll always die by my own hand