

## Pacing The Floor

Zachary Richard

The pills that I took tonight  
Won't let me sleep.  
I'm pacing the floor  
With sweet dreams of you.  
I spend most of my time  
Hanging on a bar,  
Running 'gainst my hard blues  
And losing the race.  
When I get to the finish  
I'm right back at the start,  
Trying to chase another  
Sad memory away.

I went to the city,  
Felt like playing the star,  
Feeding the fires  
Of the honkey-tonk queens.  
But dealing in the flesh scene  
Won't get you very far,  
A man needs a woman  
If you know what I mean.

Chorus : Lonesome moon in a crystal black sky,  
The bottle's been dry for a while.  
I done walked through the soles  
Of my new cowboy boots,  
Pacing the floor with  
Sweet dreams of you.

A guitar picker  
Leads a serious life,  
Trying to find the love light  
To put in his song.  
Trying to find the one lick  
That's gonna make it alright.  
Struggling with the right words  
That all come out wrong