

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