

Tough Goodbyes

Sometimes I lie to feel right, so you don't feel pain.

The lights over the city are pretty, but hazy in the rain.

A car ride is longer when you have no destination,

A Texas mile is long under Tennessee frustration.

Time and Time again I'm always coming up with lies,

No salvation in my future, only tough goodbyes.

A hat to keep my hair dry and a watch to keep my time,

No salvation in my future, only tough goodbyes.

Sign on the side of the road says 65 and I'm going 82.

Fast to faster just to hear you sigh, but I always lose.

As night turns into day, I'm always coming up confused.

A Texas Plane or a Tennessee Mountain: don't know which to choose.

From day to day and way to way I try and keep my head

From rolling through the pictures of a love not dead.

Listening to Willie try and keep my mood:

You say you love one, but the other is in love with you.

Piece of pie and cup coffee from the diner down the road:

Some man telling me I need Jesus, screaming from a megaphone.

A little hope and a flip of a coin will tell me what to do:

And four tires down means this is nothing new.

