

One Day At A Time

American Aquarium

Wide-eyed and twenty-one, 'nother shot of Jameson
To calm my nerves before this nightly masquerade
What people saw as nonchalant, a complex conditioned response
A chemical reaction, brown liquor and self-doubt

So that I can stand up on this stage like a guilty child avoidi
n' blame
I'd kick, I'd scream, I'd curse the names of the girls who walk
ed away
You see the man left holdin' the pen controls how every story e
nds
And truth becomes a martyr for the sake of the song

Yeah I'm in a good place
I'm a-walkin' that straight line
I'm just gettin' along, rightin' these wrongs
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For years the drinks were just a crutch until the drinks were j
ust too much
I guess it comes with the job: Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' roll!
You see songs fulfill a human need to sit back and watch anothe
r man bleed
So for a moment, we don't have to feel sorry for ourselves

And this imaginary confidence became the first line of defense
If you don't let 'em in, boy, they'll never let you down
But she broke through and took control, my sweetheart of the ro
deo
And for the first time I found somethin' I couldn't afford to l
ose

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Every now and then I miss the way that highball glass would kis
s
My lips like a long-lost love welcomin' me home
But I don't miss the highs and lows, the back-and-
forth, the ebb-and-flow
Of lettin' down the people who are standin' up for me

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