

No Rest

Colt Ford

You hear a song and it's not like any song you've ever heard before
Think, "What is this, who is that?" and you bust it down to the record store
And you buy the album of this song, take it home and listen to it all night
long

Until the morning, a dream is born and
You wake up on a mission to buy that beat up Gibson hanging in the shop
Cutting yards, selling baseball cards, whatever it takes till you drop
A handful of crumpled up dollar bills on the counter
And you play that thing until your fingers bleed where the strings cut ya
But you can't put it down

Ain't no rest for the rock stars
Ain't no sleep for the kids with guitars
You can kill the lights and the amplifiers
But dreams don't care if you're tired
Ain't no turning off the warning
'Cause we are high on and we're haunted
By the music in our bloodshot hearts
There ain't no rest, no rest for the rock stars

You see that open mic night advertised on the marquee down the road
You show up, sign up with a lump in your throat and a song you just wrote
Throwing up in the bathroom stall, thinking hard about backing out
But they call your name and it's way too late for stage fright now
Hands shaking, so is your voice, fumbling through the chord changes
But about half way through the song fear starts to feel like famous
And you taste that rush, that "born to do this" buzz
And you try to shut your eyes after the show in your bed but
The adrenaline won't let you 'cause

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And it never changes, whether you're playing sold-out arenas
Listening to whole crowd singing every single word back at you, or you're
Strumming along way past your bedtime dark
You trying to stretch your fingers far enough to play the first chord
From the little people staring on at a poster on the ceiling
To the Rolling Stones on it, yeah, they both know the feeling
The hunger, the fire, the do or the die, or the platinum handcuffs
The curse, the cure, the love

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