

Tryin To Write A Hit Song

Player

Write me a letter if it's the last thing you do
I'd feel better hearing some words from you
I should have listened when you said I wouldn't be
Some kind of hero, I would be only me

You should have told me there were some better than I
I'm learning the hard way that what I got no one will buy
The West Coast was hard, I was crazy to think I could beat
All of those men who spent all of their lives on the street

I was tryin' to write a hit song
But the words just came out wrong
And I wouldn't have tried to cry if only I knew
I was tryin' to write a hit tune
Thought I'd have a bullet real soon
But it ain't that way and I'm beggin' to stay with you

Send me a postcard, telephone me if you can
I'm back in the same place, still the same kind of man

Don't you remember you said you'd be waiting for me?
I'm taking the next plane back to reality

I was tryin' to write a hit song
But the words, they came out wrong
And I wouldn't have tried to cry if only, if only, if only I knew
I was tryin' to write a hit tune
Thought I'd have a bullet real soon
But it ain't that way and I'm beggin' to stay with you

I was tryin' to write a hit song
You know those words, they came out wrong
And I wouldn't have tried, baby, if only I knew
I was tryin' to write a hit tune
Thought I'd have a bullet real soon
But it ain't that way and I'm beggin' to stay with you
Yeah, it ain't that way and I'm beggin' to stay with you