

The Other Life

Shooter Jennings

This life is a dream
When I wake up I feel your face
smiling over at me.
And you tell me that you love me,
And I light up when you touch me and this life
is all that I need.

But heaven was just illusion
One hell a better conclusion
To this life with you.

So I stay out late at night
Tryin' to hock a room with my guitar
And sing my "poor me's" at another lonesome bar
Unrehearsed, diyin' of thirst
and cursed with the other life.

And sometimes I sit and look at old pictures
and air another unanswered prayer
But I won't look too long 'cause I'm just not that strong
so I pretend for a moment you still care.

And like these pictures that life would frame
There ain't a song that I would not trade
for one minute with you.

So I stay out late at night
Tryin' to hock a room with my guitar
And sing my "poor me's" at another lonesome bar
Unrehearsed, diyin' of thirst
and cursed with the other life.
Yeah the other life.

So I stay out late at night
Tryin' to hock a room with my guitar
And sing my "poor me's" at another lonesome bar
Unrehearsed, diyin' of thirst
and cursed with the other life.
Oh the other life
With the other life.