

By Your Side

Atmosphere

Y'all know I used to own a bar right
It was in El Paso I called it the hard life
If you step outside on a dark night
Check it out Juarez look like starlight

You goin think it sounds contrived
But its just like how I describe
July in 2005 when the devil walked into my small little dive
She came inside and sat down
Whatever we see all types in that town
She kinda blended into the background
The waitress went over like what'll you have now
She asked for a whiskey coke
The waitress stood there lookin like a ghost
And then the devil cleared her throat
Lowered her voice and this is the quote she spoke

I love you you make me high
If you love me back I'll never say goodbye
I love you ain't no lie
If you love me back we could paint the sky
But we ain't gotta get into it tonight
Walk away if you afraid to try
But tell me what you wanna do with your life
Buz on the day you die I'll be on your side

Okay I guess so apparently my waitress is afraid of the devil
And could tell she felt unsettled go take a cigarette break get mellow
The whole bar got quiet seemed like everything went plush and dream like
I didn't know what to think but I kept my cool while I prepared that drink
Then I delivered her beverage
That'll be 2 dollars 50 cents miss
She didn't even pretend to flich
Just grabbed the glass took it straight to her lips
But I wasn't convinced it don't matter who you are I'm runnin a business
Fuck you pay me not includin the tip
She was lookin into the distance and said this

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If you love me back I'll never say goodbye
I love you ain't no lie
If you love me back we could paint the sky
But we ain't gotta get into it tonight
Walk away if you afraid to try
But tell me what you wanna do with your life
Cuz on the day you die I'll be on your side

I know they call her lady luck
But she still gotta pay me up
She tryina front over a couple of bucks
She can suck the straw that broke the camels hump

I bust my ass tryina touch some cash
Now I gotta come a put up with this trash
For what so I can eat these table scraps
Get old and hope I ain't gotta pay more tax
I started makin observations

Lookin around the room watchin faces
Complaints have replaced my patience
I hate my life but I'm so complacent
This time gonna make some changes
Made my mind up to turn these pages
I pulled out the key to the place
Gave the bar to the devil then married the waitress

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Walk away if you afraid to try
But tell me what you wanna do with your life
Until the day I die I'll be on your side