

# Wishbone

Bryan Martin

Nobody listens to the meaning of the words I've been singing  
Been rolling along so long, so far from home  
Feel like a ghost, there's tension in the room  
I'm chasing down a dream, bleeding self-esteem  
It seems nobody knows the trouble in my soul  
Running from the whiskey, the money's all gone

It's time to break another wishbone  
Burn down that old honky tonk  
Do somebody right, wrong, love's gone  
Write another sad song  
Tell 'em 'bout the story  
'Bout the fame and the glory  
Lord, it goes on and on  
Time to break another wishbone

Well all the reasons for the leaving are still back home believing  
They hold me to the rails when I'm going through hell  
Every mile on this road is a thousand on my soul  
Every night never stays, there's a little light, a shade of  
The blues inside until they turn off the lights  
It's the younger head in me [?] the fire

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Tell 'em 'bout your story  
The fame and the glory  
Lord, it goes on and on  
And on and on  
And on and on and on  
Lord, it's time to break another wishbone  
Yeah

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