

Sing Along

Corey Smith

I don't know how long it might be
Till I get back out on the street
Tryin' to make my livin' in the bars
I was hopin' maybe middle June
But that's like shootin' for moon
Hell, gettin' back at all now might be hard

Oh, it's a bummer, man
This really sucks
I had a killer plan
Now, it's all messed up
Nothin' I can do
But sit at home
Prayin' it ain't the end
And I'll get back to work again
And that there'll be somebody left
To sing along

My neighbor's got a loaded gun
He ain't carryin' for fun
It makes me wonder, should I carry mine?
So I got out my .38
Remembered that I can't shoot straight
And realized, it wouldn't help me none

Oh, it's a bummer, man
This really sucks
I had a killer plan
Now, it's all messed up
Nothin' I can do
But sit at home
Keepin' up the faith
And tryin' not to be afraid
That there won't be nobody left
To sing along

Like many other songs I wrote
This one's only half a joke
The other half is real and rather dark
But I'd rather laugh a little bit
And come off kind of sarcastic
Than sing about a man fallin' apart

Oh, it's a bummer, man
This really sucks
I had a killer plan
Now, it's all messed up
Nothin' I can do
But sit at home
Pickin' my guitar
Just like I'm playin' in a bar
Pretendin' everyone is here
Singin' along

Oh, I know it's not the end
We'll get back to work again
But until then I'll just pretend

You're singin' along