

# The Singer In A Band

Corey Smith

Once I was the singer in a band  
Circa 1997  
Attitude like 311  
Liftin' our middle fingers to the man  
I don't recall if we were any good  
I'm guessin' probably not  
But we smoked a lot of pot  
So in our heads we were destined for Hollywood

Makin' a great loud boom  
In the great, big, empty room

Oh, and I'd strain my voice  
Tryin' to reach too high  
'Cause the joyful noise  
That I heard inside  
Was always just a little out of range  
Out of my range

And once I was the singer in a band  
An acoustic power trio  
Not aimin' for the radio  
Keepin' it real and focused on the fans  
Never the best lookin' bunch around  
But we were doin' somethin' right  
Sellin' out most every night  
Like the Beatles of the southern underground

We partied like rockstars  
Flyin' under the radar

Oh, and I'd strain my voice  
Tryin' to reach too high  
'Cause the joyful noise  
That I heard inside  
Was always just a little out of range  
Out of my range

I think I was born to be the singer in a band  
Playin' sure gets lonely  
I can work a room with just a guitar in my hand  
But there's somethin' 'bout a band  
Only the singer understands

Once I was the singer in a band  
Sleepin' in a motor coach  
Travelin' from show to show  
Livin' the words of "On The Road Again"  
A guitar, bass, a drummer, and some keys  
Over a decade goin' strong  
The sound was all our own  
Like the highway playin' in the major key

Oh, how I miss those guys  
The way a bird misses the skies

I'd strain my voice

Tryin' to reach too high  
For the joyful noise  
That I heard inside  
Always just a little out of range  
Out of my range  
Now, it's out of my range  
Out of my range

Yeah, I wish I were  
A-singin' with the band