

## Stayin' Out Late

Cory Morrow

Stayin' out late in a honky tonk bar  
Findin' new ways to be untrue  
Drinkin' my way through this month's rent  
Seems to be the best I can do  
Drunk and enraged and I'm showin' my age  
I dreamt away my money and my mind  
No woman to call wife, I got no home to spend my life  
And no desire for either at this time  
I'm showin' no signs of growin' up at any time  
I keep a firm grasp upon my youth  
And the subtlety of love is something I know nothing of  
And I have got no concept of the truth

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Seems to be the best I can do  
It's all a matter of where your going  
I don't know where I'm going from here  
Desperate ways seem to control my everyday  
And it's hard to understand why I run  
But this poet's dance is my last chance  
To lay down my pen and show you how it's done

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Seems to be the best I can do  
Yeah it seems to be the best I can do