

## Leaving Nashville

Donovan Woods

Pour out your heart in 3:20  
The one you didn't write for the money  
You turn it in, nobody's listening  
But you got a cut, so the check's coming  
If it ain't a single, it don't mean nothing  
But every girl with a dream wants to be your friend

One day, you're the king, and the next, you're not  
It's handshakes and whiskey shots, boy  
And throwing up in parking lots all by yourself

But I ain't never leaving Nashville  
I ain't never leaving Nashville

You're getting calls from old friends  
They say, "Heard your song - wanna write again?"  
You're coming up with brand new ways to say no  
Then you're six months without a hold  
Every other day, you're getting canceled  
Calling up old friends; that's just the way it goes

One day, you're the king, the next you're not  
Handshakes and whiskey shots  
And throwing up in parking lots all gone to Hell

Hell, I ain't never leaving Nashville  
I ain't never leaving Nashville

Oh, and your friends are friends with country stars  
Yeah, they're buying homes and here you are  
You're two months from living in your car

But you ain't never leaving Nashville  
You ain't never leaving Nashville

Oh, one day, you're the king, and the next you're not  
It's handshakes and whiskey shots, boy  
To picking up the pieces you lost of yourself

I ain't never leaving Nashville  
I ain't never leaving Nashville