

The Way It Goes

Dylan Gardner

My father was a music man
He gave me the vinyl in my blood
My mother made the world go round
With her two hands I swear she raised the sun
They named me after Bob so
I won't think twice my life was made to sing

Peanut shells and bar room yells
I played until the barman kicked me out

I was born a stranger to myself
I grew up a bed sheet ghost among the vines
Learning all that I know 'bout life
In lines from a song
But it's been so long
I can't recall the way it goes
I can't recall the way it goes

Out here in the gold rush
They auctioned souls for a little taste of fame
And it feels so far from Plainfield
Where everyone already knows my name
It comes slipping through the static
Little pictures of the life before my dream

And it's somewhere on the tip of my tongue
I'm searching for that long lost melody

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Tryna write a love song when I don't know
What it really means to love

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