

Mistress Named Music

Eric Church

I still remember Miss Bessie singing
Black, wrinkled fingers on ivory keys
Just five years old, my church shoes a-dangling
Yeah, she's long gone and I'm still chasing this song

With a guitar full of freedom and a head full of lines
That nightlife full of demons has been a hell of a ride
I got a crazy heart, but I was born to lose it
Married to a dream with a mistress named music

No hope and squarely solitary
Enough whiskey and Coke, boys, to get me in a bind
Amps juiced, the whole damn block could hear me
Even that cop car rolling past
By the time they hit the front door
I was out the back

With a guitar full of freedom and a head full of lines
That nightlife full of demons has been a hell of a ride
I got a crazy heart, and I was born to lose it
Married to a dream with a mistress named music

White calloused fingers on bronze and nylon
These same old boots are still tapping time
Not quite the buzz I used to tie on
But 'til I'm gone, I'll be chasing this song

With a guitar full of freedom and a head full of lines
That nightlife full of demons has been a hell of a ride
I got a crazy heart, and I was born to lose it
Married to a dream with a mistress named music
Yeah, I'm married to a dream with a mistress named music