

Loose Strings

Gavin Adcock

Left your jacket in the backseat, that's why I'm calling you now
I found it tucked up in a ball when I was cleaning the odor out
Swing by the house anytime you want, oh I can drop it off

You know whiskey makes me honest, tequila makes you mean
Last thing I remember you were cussing, my keys were in the weeds
Threw them out to the love to see you leave
But I won't let you go, kill yourself or get busted by the po-po

So I staggered home alone, still thinking about you
I'm through talking about all the things you can't change
It's hard moving on, I don't want you gone
Ain't it strange the way we keep trying to tie down this thing
With these loose strings

Maybe if we weren't so hard headed, maybe we wouldn't fight
And if you weren't so damn pretty, I would've slept last night
You say you can't live with it, oh but you can't live without
It's the little things that I think about

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Ain't know what you're gonna be, babe
What you get is what you see, babe
We can try to lock it down, in my hole for now
But that ain't you and me, babe

We keep tying ourselves down with these loose strings
Every time I turn around, loose strings
You and us just tangled up in loose strings
Every time I think I love you, loose strings
Loose strings
Loose strings
Loose strings
Loose strings