

It's Enough

Goodnight, Texas

I rode the bench in the autumn
I played the field in the spring
I spent July in a minor league
Just a'working on my swing

I knew that I was a goner
I knew this year was my last
I know my present is future bound
But I'm thinking bout the past

And one day it's enough
And you're packing up your stuff
And you say goodbye to everyone you see
If you can't look up
From your half-empty cup
You'll never know just what was meant to be

Paint yourself in a corner
Climb way up in a tree
Say a prayer to the fireman
With a banjo on your knee

Row way out on the water
Until you can't see the shore
Sing a song of how dry it was
On the land in days of yore

One day it's enough
Even though it's tough
To say goodbye to everything you've known
But if you can look up
From your half-empty cup
You might see how green the grass has grown

Well I can't shag flies like I used to
I lost a step on the path
I could shower hits til I hit the showers
Now I sit down in the bath

Should we paint ourselves in a portrait
And hang a swing from a tree
I will tell the story of how it was
To you sitting on my knee