Saw you last night
you were sleeping in my mind
Doubting you'll ever be free again
Then I climbed back inside
Someone open my eyes
To find me drunk again
Bonnie on the radio
And she was singing low "Give it up or let me go"
Every night there is one more
Every night there is two more
Saying I shouldn't be feeling this pain
I think I better grow up now or go insane

There's so much I feel
So much I conceal
There's just so many things I can be

Someone write the story of 5 points

No one wanted to know me

Now they all have opinions of what we do

So they go down to Bar None so we can have a drink or two

Can't write a story from the trees

I know somewhere she's watching me

Saying "Boy carry your load"

Oh I don't want to go back on the road now

There's so much I feel
So much I conceal
There's just so many places to see
And faces I can read
There's just so many things I can be