

Poor Connection

Ryan Adams

Remember that day the car pulled up and I was ready to go
I should've said "just let me out, I wanna go home"
I'm sitting here, it's 2 AM and I am 41
And I feel just like a bad cliché that you drunken mumble anyway

Poor connection
Half my life is gone
Bad reception
It'll never let you go
Poor connection
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I will see you someday, you'll be standing with your kids
I'll still be somewhere in New York in a basement with my friends
Johnny T is laughing, some dumb shit that I said
But your best friend knows behind that laugh, you're just sad

Poor connection
The phone is almost dead
Bad reception
And I can still hear what you said
No reflection
It's like I'm almost dead
But you're this picture
Taped to the mirror in my head
You're the picture
Taped to the mirror in my head

Ohhh

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