

A Place I Hardly Know

The Dead South

Sitting right, I can see them pretty lights
Shining down below
What kind of town are you
Could I ride on through
While I hide out from the cold
Slurred thoughtful words and a grosse right turn
I think I found a place to go
A melancholy night with a pretty delight
I think I'll hide here while it snows

On the road, staggering these streets at night
In a place I hardly know
I'm drunk again, making one-night friends
I think it's time for me to go

The morning came, the sun forgot my name
That pounding head was a shame
That pretty delight, I looked at it in spite
And I rode on again
Each time I go my clothes don't fit no more
But I can still hear that music right
These hands keep playing
But the heart keeps a breaking
Night after night

On the road staggering these streets at night
In a place I hardly know
I'm drunk again making one-night friends
I think it's time for me to go

I'm drunk again making one-night friends
I think it's time for me to go
I think it's time for me to go
I think it's time for me to
Go home