

Early Out The Gate

The Good Life

What you're looking for is never what you find
Nothing ever seems to turn out right

Still running around still searching
All these long indifferent streets
For your lover our some cover
To protect you from the heat
That you feel inside
In flamed since you learned to cry

Ever since you learned to walk you ran away
Kept running till you couldn't feel your legs

Now you stumble round this drunken town
On shops and city bars
Telling tales of just how far you got
But they'll all know who you are
Yeah you're not so great
You're just early out of the gate

There's a portrait of your mom when she was young
Her face was shining brightly as the sun
The son who got away from her
But come back home again
To find a women wrapped
With all this love she couldn't give
But you know she did
You just couldn't feel it then

Found a birthday card from this lady I used to know
It said boy you're really starting to old

She's the mother of my mother
I just what she meant
She'd been through it before
She with all of this resentment
Becomes regret
I just hadn't gotten there yet

Nothing ever seems to turn out right
No never, never seems to turn out right
So I reach for that pill
My deep blues need rest