

# This Old House

## The Lowdown Drifters

I wish it as so simple, as you make it out to be  
Cause to you its all black and white with no subtlety  
If only we ever shared the blame  
It might have not ended up this way  
Maybe I'm the outlaw that you painted me to be  
I get in bar fights and stay out all night  
I drove you crazy  
If only there was just good and bad  
If only there was just what we are now and what we had

I'd wear the black hat for you baby  
I'd be bad in all your stories  
Good ain't good without something to compare to  
I'll wear the horns, you can keep the halo  
I'll be the one you give all the blame to  
Give a chance, you never lay a claim to  
Without me, its all shades of gray  
You can wear the wedding whites  
I'll be the guy in the black hat tonight

Looks like I'll be moving on, no reason left to stay  
A troubadour wears his welcome out  
Seems like I'm already late  
If only there's a cure for honkey tonks and gambling  
If only there's room for two when you're rambling

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When the stories come out, I won't even put up a fight  
Because there's a little bit of pride  
Even when you're on the wrong side

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