

Life on a What If

The Twang

I live my life on a what if
I languidly drift
I don't find it painful
You know

And if something falls out of the sky
I'm accepting it
Am I fortunate or not
I don't know

Cause every day another could be
I count the hours of my last sleep
6 or 7 and I'm sweet
Cause other winds much colder
And wishing wells much drier
Nothing happens on their streets

Those things I think about
When I think about you
Most things I can live without
But I can't live without you

I've had a lot to think about
The conclusion I'm without
Some call it running away
I know

I think I might feel alive
These toxins still reside
Believe me when I say I've tried
To let um go

Cause every day another could be
I count the hours of my last sleep
6 or 7 and I'm sweet
Cause other winds much colder
And wishing wells much drier
Nothing happens on their streets

Those things I think about
When I think about you
They do me no good
Most things I can live without
But I can't live without you
Though I should