

A Far Cry From You

Tracy Lawrence

I'm on a white line runnin' down the interstate.
Tryin' to wipe away the rain that's runnin' down my face.
Goin' any old ware, any old place, just some place else.
By now you know, that I'm not there, and if you don't know why.
Well, can't you see the tears it took for me to say good-bye.

Yeah, I left a few on your old sweater.
I watched them fall on a love sick letters
and I cried a river, cried a mile wide one
I'd even cried some crocodile ones.
But from out here you can't hear me callin'.
and you won't see me when I start fallin',
Cause this time, baby the next time, that I do,
I'll be a far cry from you.

In a moment of truth, it's a matter of fact.
There's only one way to go, and that ain't goin' back.
So I ain't stopped since I stopped for gas, a hundred miles ago
. . .
And right now I'm caught somewhere between gone and gone for go
od.
And these tears will dry, but there have been times I wondered
if they would.

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