

The Shape

Turnpike Troubadours

Well I'm in, pretty good shape for the shape I'm in,
living in the shadows of all my
sins, but hey, we've all got our problems.
And it's been 21 hours since I've heard your voice and
me, well I got no damn choice
in the matter, yeah you know that's true

Yeah leave it all up to you this time, the decision is
yours baby its not mine, even
though that's hard.

But the ink stain is still on my hand, and your
number's too worn off to understand,
but I wear it, like a battle scar.

And I can't tell, about you and me, it's a little bit
too far down that old road of life to see.
But I keep an eye out, toward the sky, thinking that
maybe you just might be passin' by,
And how I wish, that you can hear, me sing maybe this
time my songs just might mean something.

So fall on back down to me, fall on back down to me,
ah you're still an angel, even with that broken wing.
And I said I got enough gas to make it there,
tonight if you want baby I don't care, and you said no
no no no that's ok.

So instead I just sat here on this couch and I drank it
off, that's what I'm all about,
at least lord, that's what the poeople say.
Cuz we both know im just a lost cause, a wannabe poet
with a cheap guitar, begging for applause,
but I thought id be your knight in shining armor, and
id save ya, hell or high water,
but I wont reach out my hand if you don't want it.

So fall on back down to me, fall on back down to me,
ah you're still an angel, ah you're still an angel, ah
you're still an angel,
even with that broken wing.