

## 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.