

Tore Up

Upchurch

The only time I see you is when we're in a crowd
You're with your friends and I'm with mine, the music's bumping loud
You used to be the girl that didn't go out on the town
Now you have these crazy nights on Instagram you post about

And through the neon smoke
On a midtown strip
When I'm home alone
You're out with your friends

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Up about it, up about it, up about it

Uh, yeah we ain't as young as we once was
Back when I had no tattoos, no ID to get in clubs
We walked Broadway looking at the lights and nightlife that we never seen
Breathing in those toxic fumes from buses sitting on Second Ave.
Trying to sneak in to the spots where all the big boys used to roll around
I was 130 pound soaking wet but I felt like Zeus when you was around
A long way from them county roads in a small taste of that city life
Sweet smell of that Jack Daniel's, old cigarette smoke and neon lights
With Alan Jackson from the background coming from a country cover band
And a homeless lady on a street corner killing it when she plays that violin
Johnny and June on them alley walls that slept up way back when
We didn't know shit about life just six months in to having our license
And if these words were Polaroids these pictures would be priceless
But these thoughts up in my head keep replaying because they're timeless
So whenever you're out up on the town cheers to the times that we had
Let the flames of life drift down the strip of Music City

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Yeah, huh, not as young as we was, right?
Now I've been kicked out of every bar except the one I'm sitting in tonight
I had about twelve drafts and two shots, now I'm in a back alley smoking pot
stumbled into a fist fight with some jockey dudes and get roughed up
But it's all good that Jack Daniel's got me fucked up as always
And if I leave this neon strip it's looking like I fought a saw blade
Got alcohol on my white suede, car parked on Broadway
No pretty lady in the passenger 'cause of dumb choices that I made
I start the Chevy and it's always her song bumping through them sound waves
One bullet in that pistol Smith & Wesson come take the pain away
I talk to my drunk self and tell my sober self I can't take me
So I pull the gun on my other half like, "Why you always blaming me?"

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