

## Bowery

Zach Bryan

Aw, sorry, fuck, my-  
One, two, three, four

Young man, there's a place you can go, you can hide  
I know you'll never be fully done or fully satisfied  
You want the world, want the girl, everything in between  
And she was sitting next to me last night at the bowery  
Sick to her stomach as she sipped gin and tonic  
Telling me she'd rather be dead than sleep alone  
I told her that she's everything that I lack deep inside  
That I'll always see her in the passenger seat  
Of that black two-seater was parked out in the rain

You picked the wrong one  
If you're in it for the long run  
'Cause I got the passion  
But I don't give it away  
But when the time's right  
I'm a hell of a good night  
I'll make you burn bright  
As the heat of the day

Rolled down out of bed, it's underneath the overpass  
Thought we'd have a look around my old stomping ground  
Girl, it's so pretty, won't you leave the city  
For a while?  
Thumbed a ride up the road, winter winds blowing cold  
"Jesus is Lord" up ahead on the billboard  
But you're nice, sure, it shows when you roll your eyes

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