

Burn, Burn, Burn

Zach Bryan

Everyone seems a damn genius lately
Tik-Tok talking, late-night TV
And there's still so much that I have yet to know

We get dressed up just to go downtown
In some ego filled late night crowd
It seems that's where I feel the most alone

I'd like to get lost on some old back road
Find a shade tree and a honey hole
And talk to my grandpa again

I see God in everything, trees and pain and nights in spring
So why do I still long for a home

I'd like to lay in a field on a cozy blanket
And feel the fear of never waking
To know the true warmth of the sun

I'd like to love my lady long and hard
And lay down lines of laymen guitar
And never leave loving arms again

My exes hate me and my friends all miss me
I wanna drown in rot gut whiskey
And leave this small town for awhile

Head to Paris on a late-night flight
Find a bar and get in a fight
Write a few poems on a sunny balcony

I want to be a child climbing trees somewhere
Breathing in the fresh, outside air
Before I knew this life was unkind

I want a well-trained dog on a couple acres
A kind, kind lady and a place to take her
And a few good friends I can count on one of my hands

I know I'm bound to die one day, so when I reach those golden gates, I pray
to say I did the best I can

Sit with my mother and the dearly departed
Send a prayer down to the broken-hearted
Let em' know it all turns out just fine

To know me is to love me and to hate me is to wrong me, I prefer my nights s
o lonely, I love blues guitar and muscle cars and gin

I'm a simple man I don't need much just my simple songs and some human touch
, I'm tired now so I'm bringing my ass home

So let me go
Down the line
Let me feel it all
Joy, pain, and sky
Let me go

Down the line
We all burn, burn, burn
Then die

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