

## Deep Satin

Zach Bryan

Walking 'round town in a place I've never been  
In deep, deep Manhattan  
I recall it all, your dress and how it falls  
You rollin' in deep satin

Won't you call a cab, mister, won't you pay my tab?  
There's some kids on the curb haymakin'  
And I ain't been home in three years or so  
And everyone I know now's mistaken

Frauds as friends, starts as ends  
Big lights is actual love  
But you in Manhattan rolling in deep satin  
Was a painful and wonderful drug

Well, I've been coming down on a Greyhound  
That is westbound to the sea  
When you see the lights when you hear the rain  
There ain't a chance you're thinkin' of me  
Is that song stuck in your head?  
"Friend of the Devil," by the Dead  
'Cause if that's the case, then that's just what I'll be

There's love when I'm leavin', there's light through the ceiling  
I'll set out runnin' home  
If I get around out in this place tonight  
I'll gladly be takin' myself home  
So won't you call a cab, mister, won't you pay my tab?  
I heard life was a windin' road  
There's no hounds or child around  
But the devil follows where I go

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