

Doing Fine

Zach Bryan

Lord, let me tell you about a place where we all used to go
Turn down towards Goose Island, keep your eyelids on the road
'Cause there's boys in the hills and they're getting lost tonight
And the girls in their cars are all gettin' high

I use to hang around a rowdy crowd out in the Rogers
Siren sounds ain't nothing boys as long as you can dodger
And I had no idea this damn road got so curvy
You said brother this roads straight
You're just drunk and it's gettin' early

So won't you count em' up now, count em' up?
All the people that I've let down
Won't you round em' up now, round em' up?
All the liars in this town
'Cause I'm coming home and I'm toeing the line
I just hope those boys I used to know
Are all doing fine, doing fine

I remember those old trains they made noises like a steam boat
And we would throw our rocks at them like some assholes with some high hopes
Can't get back those aimless nights that we all claim is ours
I guess we'll never die up there with all those ever shining stars

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