

Flying Or Crying

Zach Bryan

We could find a porch to hold us
Where we could all scream "Childers"
Drink the shit that kills us
Until we all remember
Who it was when we were younger
'Fore the world took our pride
When we were walking in straight lines
Tryna find who's good to drive

And I've had so many evenings
The way I've felt I can't recall
Was I jumping from the rafters
When my buddies broke my fall?
By the end of the night
We'd be flying or crying
Talking 'bout the times
We've spent living towards dying

So don't stop running boy
But don't be naive
'Cause this world will burn and break you
Worse than hearts like ours believe
Don't stop dancing girl
'Til it feels right
'Cause we'll be flying or crying
By the end of the night

You always snuck up in my front seat
With some reasons of your own
Tryna get a plainsman
Drunk and all alone
But don't you go falling for
And don't you go believing
A boy with calloused hands
With a mind set on leaving

All the moments that we've been through
All the memories we've made
I don't think God'd be willing
To come down here and save
Some heathens from the flatlands
Who only bitch and moan
But if I'm going down
Least I'm not going down alone

So don't stop running boy
But don't be naive
'Cause this world will break and burn you
Worse than hearts like ours believe
Don't stop dancing girl
'Til it feels right
'Cause we'll be flying or crying
By the end of the night