

No Cure

Zach Bryan

One, two, one two three four

Lonely, lonely troubadour, I know that you've been here before
But there ain't no cure for a restless man
If you came to run from your bad reputation
Of sleeping wherever you land
What state you in tonight, and did you get into a fight?
Are you more drunk than you were last week?
When I call you on the phone, you are never alone
And your jaws don't close when you speak

She said, "Run down the road, go where you need to go
But I need you to understand
There ain't no home and there is no cure
For a no-good rambling man"

Lonely, lonely troubadour, you ain't the boy you were before
This world has truly thickened your skin
'Cause everyone you talk to acts like they walked through
Hell with you way back when
Who are you to say I can't live this way?
I was born to be a man of the night
Twelve-foot tall and I'm living proof
That highway boys don't die

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But I need you to understand
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