

Runny Eggs

Zach Bryan

I'm not even gonna run with the bulls
I'm gonna jump on the motherfucker's back and ride it
I might die, hehe

I'm gonna buy me some a real fast car
And drive to California where the heartless are

Find a diner in the desert, eat some real runny eggs
Recall all the good times that live in my head
And I'm gonna book me flight to Pamplona
Take a horn to the chest like I'm back in Oklahoma
Find a lady with some big old Spanish eyes
Find out where all my old love lies

And I'm gonna play me a show to ten thousand
In the middle of the snow in the Colorado mountains
Watch my father and my sister and my friends find peace
I'll sing the wrong damn song in the wrong damn key
But no matter where I go, I pray to always find home
Travel round and eat those runny eggs alone
In a diner on the edge of California and Nevada
Wish I had known the good times back when I had them

And I'm gonna walk me the streets of West Village
In the middle of the summer with the evening time stillness
Watch Nate break his ankle after too many rounds
After tearin' Brooklyn to the goddamn ground
And I'm gonna talk to God in some church
After years, beers, and fears, and too much work
Tell him I'm sorry for the way that I am
And using his name before saying "damn"

And I'm gonna buy me some a real fast car
And drive to California where the heartless are

How you thought you was a gentleman back when you was young
Maybe I'll find Jesus when the morning comes
Maybe I'll find Jesus when the morning comes
Maybe I'll find Jesus when the morning comes