

I started moving so I can sleep at night.
I figure exhaustion will shut my eyes.
And I'm as country as a guitar slide but I can't ride, no not tonight.
No my head's preoccupied with counting sheep jumping over my peace of mind.

Life will write the words, but you choose your own melody.
Yes, life has given me hurt, but I choose my own melody.
And sometimes it's that sad, sad song I'm singing all my day long.
I'm just trying, trying to find the right notes.

There must be a fire in me because I can see my breath.
Feel like a Miles Davis style solo circa '46.
Still I write down the sacred things you show to me because my mind forgets what my heart once did see...

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You can build a bridge in a song but you'll burn down the ones in your life.

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A misty eyed stranger said the songs words inspire.
If they really knew would it break their hearts...
That there's dirt that my soul keeps, if there's any good in me it comes from the grace of my father.