

This One You Leave Behind

Nowherebound

This One You Leave Behind

Found a guitar and a sad song, that hadnâ€™t been wrote yet,
About a pack of tired heroes, on an unwinnable quest.
But weâ€™d dream into this microphone, til we all had nothing left.
Well son, this one you leave behind.

Lost my soul in barroom battles soaked in beer and youth and sweat.
Searched for gold, and guts, and glory, but there wasnâ€™t any left.
Just another burned out memory and another cigarette.
Well son, this one you leave behind.

Hung my head right out the window, cause my ears were soaking wet.
Watched the corpses of my dreams, slowly wither in this head.
While the fighter begs for more when he ainâ€™t got nothing left.
Well son, this one you leave behind.

Put my heart out on a tightrope on a prayer without a net,
Like the soldier off to battle, doomed to join the widowed dead.
I joined the devil at his table, said Iâ€™d like to place a bet.
He said son, this one you leave behind.

So Iâ€™ll go,
Back to the days when a chorus took me home.
To the old,
Streets where we used to roam.

Iâ€™ll find a guitar and a new song, that hadnâ€™t been wrote yet,
About a pack of tired heroes on an unwinnable quest.
But weâ€™ll dream into this microphone, til we all have nothing left,
Cause son, this one I canâ€™t leave behind.

Iâ€™ll put my heart out on a tightrope on a prayer without a net,
Like the soldier off to battle, doomed to join the widowed dead .
Rejoined the devil at his table, said Iâ€™d like to place a bet.
He said son, this one you oughta leave behind.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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