Spain

The Commonheart

stayed up all my nights at twenty-two
talking about all the things that i was trying to do
had a bag for travel, gonna seek fortune and fame
one day i hope to live in spain

young and dumb and full of cigarettes
not afraid of consequence or just a little regret
my mom and dad weren't rich so they got most of the blame
how could i ever get to spain

i just wanna see the world but
not from my tv
its too deceiving
money is a dream for some
but money can't buy love
what a feeling
lord what a feeling

thoughts of leaving town stay in my head
keeps me up at night as I lie awake in bed
baby on the way and the mortgage is always late
how can i ever get to spain

takes a lot to know your fears
and after all these years
i got to know my demons

lightly aint a word i use
but used is how i feel under the ceiling
under your ceiling

i feel like i learned a thing or two
at least i had the common sense
to grow and marry you

if we have a daughter
you can tell her i'm to blame
i hope she understands
why i named her spain

Lyrics Submitted by Sean Boulanger

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