

Not So Sure

Joe Pug

There was a time
When I heard you
Callin' out my name
But these days
I'm not so sure When the room went dark
And your voice was gone
I heard you all the same
But these days
I'm not so sure I knew I could remember
Your bedroom and your touch
But these days
I'm not so sure Definitely was the word I used
Far too much
'Cause these days
I'm not so sure I bummed expensive cigarettes
I wrote John Steinbeck's books
I undressed someone's daughter
And then complained about her looks Stealin' was so easy then
I wish that it still were
Now as I pick my own pocket
I know that these days
I'm not so sure The church was my kitchen
The world was my church
But these days
I'm not so sure The choirs I would listen
Through briars I would search
But these days
I'm not so sure I sacrificed my sister
I prayed my own soul to keep
I told my dying father
That a man should never weep Breathin' was so easy then
I wish that it still were
Now as the breeze just makes me colder
I know that these days
I'm not so sure So if you see me trippin'
I've forgotten how to walk
And I spend my days
Wishin' after her My steps are without rhythm
And her name is drawn in chalk

'Cause these days
I'm not so sure I drank my wine for breakfast
Every mornin' I was born
In the black, electric winter
My back was always warm Sleepin' was so easy then
I wish that it still were
Now in my sleepless bedroom
I know that these days
I'm not so sure

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