

Back Row

The Honeycutters

I was sitting in the church
you were yelling in the street
blood on your shirt and gravel in your knees
and I was alone
and you were afraid
you thought they couldn't give you what need I told you once that the truth is a song
maybe I'm wrong, maybe I just want to write it
but I've been so close I could smell her breath
like cinnamon and death, made me wonder what I'm fighting Cause I've seen you in the back row, yeah I've
seen you in the back row
I've seen you with your eyes closed at the all night show when you think that can't go home
and I know you don't believe me
it's not too late to wash your hands clean
I've seen you in your shirt sleeves with a beer on your knee
when the can sweats a circle on your jeans There was a time I knew every face
now the whole damn town is painted black and grey
that don't have to mean it was a fall from grace
but there are choices, choice must be made

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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