

# 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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