

Music Is My Mistress

Ted Russell Kamp

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Ted Russell Kamp 4/20/05

V1

No, she ain't on the road with me now, thanks for asking
(In fact) She just moved back to Boulder with somebody new
They got an A Frame and a little boy, but how I still miss her
Those times I remember are the best ones I knew

V2

The mistakes that I made were all links in a chain
Each dancehall I played, each night that I strayed
Was I brilliant or mad, was I lost or just bad
But the times I was with her were the best times I've had

PC

Just my dreams, 3 chords, a guitar, and a tour bus
Like the fourth of July, how they'd light up the sky
But when the fireworks crashed down to the ground by the morning
They're just trash on the lawn in the dawn's early light

Ch

A life lived alone it ain't no life at all
Like a broken down van or an unfinished song
She'd say "Old habits are harder to kill than an outlaw."
Music is your mistress, I'd best move along.

Inst

V3

This traveling life, all the bright lights and big shows
Crowds all around me and still I'm alone
All I have left is a sad song and a memory
The man I was with her was the best man I'd be

PC

Ch

A life lived alone it ain't no life at all
Like a broken down van or an unfinished song

Sheâ€™d say â€œOld habits are harder to kill than an outlaw.

Music is your mistress, Iâ€™d best move alongâ€•

Sorry, babe, thanks for asking, Iâ€™d best move along.

Lyrics submitted by julie.

Lyrics provided by

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