

# Different Days

Jason Isbell

Staring at the pictures of the runaways on the wall  
Seems like, these days, you couldn't run away at all  
And even if you did, what you got to run away to  
Just another drunk daddy with a white man's point of view  
I can see you in my mind's eye, catching light  
Sleep beside the river if we make it out of town tonight  
You can strip in Portland from the day you turn sixteen  
You got one thing to sell and benzodiazepine  
Ten years ago I might have seen you dancing in a different light  
And offered up my help in different ways  
But those were different days  
Those were different days  
Had a girl back home and we shared her single bed  
When I whispered in her ear, she believed every word I said  
If she didn't believe, she didn't dare give me slack  
Or it was "Baby, I love you, get off of my goddamn back"  
Time went by and I left and I left again  
Jesus loves a sinner but the highway loves a sin  
My daddy told me, I believe he told me true that:  
"The right thing's always the hardest thing to do"  
Ten years ago I might have stuck around for another night  
And used her in a thousand different ways  
But those were different days  
Those were different days  
And the story's only mine to live and die with  
The answer's only mine to come across  
But the ghosts that I got scared  
And I got high with look a little lost  
Ten years ago I might have thought I didn't have the right  
To say the things an outlaw wouldn't say  
But those were different days  
Those were different days

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