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 viewI 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 benzodiazepineTen 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 daysHad 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 daysAnd 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 lostTen 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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