

Left Behind

Grace Potter & The Nocturnals

Well, hes gone to find his way again
Said hes lost his only friend
Hes got a jar of cash to spend
Hes runnin' off just like he done before And he made his stop down at the track
Sold his favorite leather hat
Told the man he wont be back
And rounded out an old unsettled score But ooh, this aint the first time
That Ive been left behind Well, Id cook his lunch and wash his clothes
Hed tend the fence and shoot the crows
And somewhere in there we got close
They say a handy man is hard to find Well, he bought the farm, I sold my car
He left me with a silver scar
Hes colder then a steel guitar
He always warned he aint the lovin' kind I told him ooh, this aint the first time
That Ive been left behind Well, some days I cry like a child
Other days I ramble wild
Hes got me so goddamn beguiled
And I dont even know his middle name Hes been lost and found before
But Ive stopped waitin' by the door
But I still love him to the core
I only wish that he could do the same But ooh, this aint the first time
That Ive been left behind Well, he dont call and he dont write
He slips on in after midnight
I never turn off my porch light
He always finds his way back to my place And I never asked him for a ring
He gave this old song to sing
And helped himself to everythin'
And now Im here without a speck of grace But ooh, this aint the first time
That Ive been left behind, left behind

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