

Kay

Daryle Singletary

Kay, with all your singing talent back in houston
nashville's all you talked about
i sold everything i owned to bring you here now you'll be famous
there's no doubt
Last week you knowcked 'em out in new york
tonight chicago's going wild
your record on the jukebox don't sound bad
kay i'm livin', yet i'm dyin' starin'out at music city
from my couch
Cause in lights blink out their warning some old big ben clock chimes 3 a.m.
starvin' hound dogs search your trash can, my gas tank could use 10 dollars worth of gas
all the pot holes here on main street jar my rib cage i can cus
the crowd of night life people look so sad
kay i'm livin', yet i'm dyin' starin'out at music city
from my couch
Two young soldiers from fort campbell told me how they won the war in afghanistan
sirens echo thru and alley some woman said somebody stabbed a man
i rushed miss teenaged to the doctor she begged to give the child my name
i can't count the cups of coffee that i've had
kay i'm livin', yet i'm dyin' starin'out at music city
from my couch
Two rose petals on my front seat fallen from the boquet jimmy took to june
jim kept mumbling thru his tear drops god she'll leave this world with flowers in her room
kay, i showed some drunk your picture and he made a smart remark
i hit him in the mouth for was i mad
kay i'm livin', yet i'm dyin' starin'out at music city
from my couch
Fiddles steal guitars and pianos, how they play
grinding out the latest sounds from music city, u.s.a.
kay, although i know i brought you to the swinging music world
i miss pictures of those happy times we had
kay i'm livin', yet i'm dyin' starin'out at music city
from my couch
Kay i'm livin', yet i'm dyin' starin'out at music city
from my couch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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