Most Days

Mojave 3

She was a hummingbird's song
She fluttered her wings but she would not come in
I threw my weight at the door
But she held her ground and she would not give in

Some days I'm better than most
Most days I'm tied to the post
What's so bad in being bad?
Bad is bad, and boy, that's a fact

She said she was born a traveler
I said I knew as she ran out the door
Our love is like old money
Somewhere out there, somewhere out in the past

She was a hummingbird's song
She fluttered and danced but she would not come in
Though I don't think of her daily
I praise the Lord that I never made it

Most days I'm better than most
Some days I'm tied to the post
What's so bad in being bad?
Well, bad is bad, and boy, that's a fact

Some days I'm better than most
Most days I'm tied to the post

She said she was born a traveler
And I said I knew as she ran out the door
I said, "I won't you let you go, girlâ€•
She said, "Boy, you know you're just clutching at straws"

She was a hummingbird's song
She fluttered her wings but she would not come in
I threw my weight at the door
But she held her ground and she would not come in

Most days I'm better than most
Some days I'm tied to the post

Yeah, most days I'm better than most
Most days I'm tied to the post

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by HALSTEAD, NEIL
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/