

Early Out the Gate

The Good Life

What you're looking for is never what you find
Nothing ever seems to turn out right
Still running around still searching
all these long indifferent streets
For your lover or some cover
to protect you from the heat
That you feel inside
inflamed since you learned to cry
Ever since you learned to walk you ran away
kept running till you couldn't feel your legs
Now you stumble round this drunken town
pawn shops and titty bars
telling tales of just how far you got
But they'll all know who you are
Yeah you're not so great
You're just early out of the gate
there's a portrait of your mom when she was young
Her face was shining brightly as the sun
The son who got away from her
but came back home again
to find a women wrapped
with all this love she couldn't give
But you know she did
You just couldn't feel it then
Found a birthday card from this lady I used to know
It said boy you're really starting to get old
She's the mother of my mother
I knew just what she meant
She'd been through it before
she'd known of all of this resentment
becomes regret
I just hadn't gotten there yet
Nothing ever seems to turn out right
No never, never seems to turn out right
So I leave it at this
my deep blues need rest

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