

The Muse

Zac Brown Band

As I sit on the edge of this never made bed
old guitar in my lap a new tune in my head
There she stands in the doorway just brushing her hair
it's my beautiful muse in her underwear And if I was thinking I'd be thinking thank god where ever you are
for the muse and this old guitar
its times like these so sweet and so true
thinking is the last thing that you wanna do As I sit on the edge of this dirty old bar
trying to work some things out without getting too far
And to drown out the voices that are keeping me down
there's a muse all alone on the other side of town
And if I was thinking I'd be thinking thank god wherever you are
for all the whiskey in this dirty old bar
Times like these are so sad but so true
Thinking's the last thing that you wanna do
Yeah, thinking's the last thing that you wanna do As I sit on the bed of this hospital room
Just shedding a tear for the bride and groom
and the tiny [?] voice starts to bellow and cry
its my finest work yet if the day I should die And if I was thinking I'd be thinking thank god
for the muse and the miracle right here in my arms
Times like these are so sweet and so true
thinkings the last thing that you wanna do
Yeah, thinkings the last thing that you wanna do
Yeah, thinkings the last thing that you wanna do
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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