

Laughable

Cowboy Mouth

well i stare at the hole in my hands
and i watch you slip away
and i feel if i'd only done better than maybe i could make you stay and i stare at the hole in my hands
and i can't remember things i say
hour to hour, sentence to sentence, day to day well i could but i don't
and i should but i won't
it's laughable there's an empty space in my bed
my bed's too big these days
even as i hold you i'm letting you go somewhere far away there's an empty space in my heart
when my friends say, "boy, now you're free"
cause freedom's not a ring around your finger
i can tell 'em it's a memory well i could but i don't
and i should but i won't
it's laughable having to tell someone good bye
having to find a place to hide
when all you feel these days is empty inside well i remember the last time we met
you held a stranger's hand
you introduced him to me and said, "can we try and be friends?" well i could but i don't
and i should but i won't
it's laughable

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