

# Reasons

## Marty Stuart

It was the perfect excuse to get drunk  
As if lately I've needed one  
It Was the perfect excuse to buy bullets  
For the barrel of my favorite gunIt was the perfect way to show you  
How it feels inside of me  
And the perfect way to find out  
How it feels to set me freeReasons  
I keep looking for reasons  
I thought that I had loved you  
I did the best I couldReasons  
I keep looking for reasons  
I lost the reason for me living  
And that just ain't no goodI know that three's a crowded room  
But really, this won't take long  
I want to meet the man, help him to understand  
What he did when he broke up our homeAnd I'll be going now to a place I know  
That's deep, dark and quiet  
Away from pain and the undying shame  
Of me and my unfaithful wifeReasons  
I keep looking for reasons  
I thought that I had loved you  
I did the best I couldReasons  
I keep looking for reasons  
I lost the reason for me living  
And that just ain't no good  
I lost the reason for me living  
And that just ain't no good

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