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
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And that just ain't no good

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