

Backside Of Thirty

John Conlee

Making money at thirty with a wife and a son
Then a short five years later it all comes undone
She's gone back to mama with the boy by her side

Now I'm wine drunk and running with them on my mindI'm on the backside of thirty and back on my own

An empty apartment don't feel like a home

On the backside of thirty, the short side of time

Back on the bottom with no will to climbIt's dawn Monday morning and I just called in sick

I skipped work last Friday to drink this much red

And when my friends ask me, Lord, I'll tell them I'm fine

But my eyes tell a story that my lies can't hideI'm on the backside of thirty and back on my own

An empty apartment don't feel like a home

On the backside of thirty, the short side of time

Back on the bottom with no will to climbWe knew we had problem with no chance to win

Pretended we'd make it, does she have the kid?

And he made life better for two years or more

But now weekends between us, will be his rewardI'm on the backside of thirty and back on my own

An empty apartment don't feel like a home

On the backside of thirty, the short side of time

Back on the bottom with no will to climb

Songwriters

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