

I Can't Write That

[Jeff Bates](#)

I make my living with paper and pencil, and an old guitar
I use melody and words that rhyme to tug at other's hearts
But mine is still too tender, to put her on a page
'Cause I'd have to remember the day she went away I can't write that, I'd have to sing it
And if I sung it, I'd have to live it
And if I lived it, it would kill me
'Cause she ain't ever comin' back
And that's too sad, I can't write that I know memories last forever whenever you put 'em in a song
But I can't take the chance that this one would be a big one
And they'd play it on and on, 'cause when it comes to her love
I get choked up and break down, these feelings are just too much
To share with you right now And I can't write that, I'd have to sing it
And if I sung it, I'd have to live it
And if I lived it, it would kill me
'Cause she ain't ever comin' back
And that's so sad, I can't write that She ain't ever comin' back
And that's too sad, I can't write that

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