

# The Muse

## The Wood Brothers

As I sit on the edge of this never made bed  
Old guitar in my lap a new tune in my head  
There she stands in the doorway just brushin' her hair  
It's my beautiful muse in her underwear  
And if I was thinkin' I'd be thinkin' thank God whoever you are  
For the muse and this old guitar Times like these so sweet and so true  
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do As I sit on the end of this dirty old bar  
Tryin' to work some things out and not gettin' too far  
And I drown out the voices that are keepin' me down  
There's a muse all alone on the other side of town  
And if I was thinkin' I'd be thinkin' thank God whoever you are  
For all the whiskey in this dirty old bar Times like these so sad but so true  
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do  
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do As I sit on the bed in this hospital room  
Sheddin' a tear for the bride and groom  
The tiniest voice starts to bellow and cry  
It's my finest work yet if today I should die  
And if I was thinkin' I'd be thinkin' thank God whoever you are  
For the muse and the miracle right here in my arms Times like these so sweet and so true  
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do  
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do  
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do

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