

# In Your Way

**Bobby Long**

you got your ways and I got mine  
you got your own ways of spending time  
the stars are falling all around your dress  
the constellations point to your own sweet mess  
you need to suffer, well I suffer too  
I keep it inside and far from you  
you throw it around and you see what sticks  
I'm covered head to foot in your cold antics  
you got your own ways that comfort  
that involve yourself and my eldest brother  
you take it on yourself, you take it on yourself  
and me to find my place in your arms  
and it's a cold, cold turn  
just a cold, cold turn in your way  
you're first to judge and last to lead  
you're last to act out and first to feed  
you still stand when you see me kneel  
and you're not concerned about the way I feel

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