

Record Store

Butch Walker

I drove through two states, you hate
To make sure you're alright
You're a beauty, but You look like hell
Standing in this light
We got a glass full of hours
Before a roadie picks you up and take you back I can't call you by your stage name
You're still the girl I know
That hated wearing dresses and loved the radio
Do you still bite your lip till it bleeds every time that you get sad Meet me at the record store
Even though it ain't there anymore
You can sing to me that song
About time moving on
I wanna love like I loved you when I could I came from white trash, whiplash, road rash from a bike
You drank from a wine glass, stage pass,
In your belt loop tied little baby made it out of here
When ambition was the only drug you tried You found a chain-smokin, soft spoken, house broken man
Only so you won't be lonely and all because you can
And when you tell me things are perfect
Your hand starts to tremble when you lie Meet me at the record store
Even though it ain't there anymore
My god it's been so long
What the hell went wrong
I wanna love like I loved you when I could What if things had been different
And you ended up with me
Would you have stayed here in the Bible belt
And had a family
All the cocaine and yes-men
You sadly all believed in
Let you walk the wire without a net I cried a thousand nights for you
When I could feel your pain
Those times the bottom fell through
Like a dog left in the rain
All lovesick and loaded
Come on let's go back to where we met Meet me at the record store
Even though it ain't here anymore
I'll fumble through our song
And make you hum along
You can love like you loved me when you could

Songwriters

BUTCH WALKERPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>