

Happiness Alone

Clint Black

I think I'll go back down to New Orleans, try to bury my travellin' bone
Unpredictable me like I swore I would be, nothing's ever written in stone.
There's a knock on her door, is she here anymore?
I guess me and the neighbors will see.
If the one thing that I couldn't do without her
She couldn't do without me. Could I leave her behind, go on losin' my mind,
While the good times continue to roll.
With this time on my hands, I could change all my plans
And it really wouldn't bother a soul
I could make all the rounds, paint all the towns
Do all that and more on my own,
But a man can't survive on Happiness Alone. Take a good look around, this is New Orleans
A free wheeler's got to feel right at home
But it's a hell of a leap, whether shallow or deep
That old river's gonna keep moving on
Like that muddy Mississippi, she keeps pulling me under
When you're in it nothing ever seems clear
I could stand on the bank, just toss in my line
But there's way too many fish around here. Could I leave 'em behind for the one the line
Are the good times still gonna roll?
With this time on my hands, I could change all my plans
And it really wouldn't bother a soul
I could make all the rounds, paint all the towns
Do all that and more on my own,
But a man can't survive on Happiness Alone.

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