High Lonesome

Caspian

So the ambulances came
They took your pulse and packed up your things
And the papers read
Some boys forget what the heart it brings
And the pounding in the street
Was your heart in four four time
And the taste of defeat
Was was never too far from your mindAnd Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand
I always kinda sorta wished I looked like Elvis
And in my head there's all these classic cars
And outlaw cowboy bands
I always kinda sorta wish I'm someone elseSo gravity came
And stole the temple that the schoolboys praised
And the crowd shuffled in
You're getting drinks for the same boys
Who once bought you everything
And the patter on the bar
Was just this one time
The patter on the bar
Was just this one night
Only to get byAnd Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand
I always kinda sorta wished I looked like Elvis
And in my head there's all these classic cars
And outlaw cowboy bands
I always kinda sorta wish I'm someone elseThere were Southern accents
On the radio
As I drove home
And at night I wake up with the sheets soaking wet
It's a pretty good song
Maybe you know the rest
Maybe you know the restAnd Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand
Always kinda sorta wished I looked like Elvis
And in my head there's all these classic cars
And outlaw cowboy bands
I always kinda sorta wish I'm someone elseWhen our boots they hit the ground
They made a high and lonesome sound
When our boots they hit the ground
They made a high and lonesome sound
When our boots they hit the ground

They made a high and lonesome sound
When our boots they hit the ground
Down from the clouds
They made a high and lonesome sound

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