

This Is the Ballad

Old 97's

this is the ballad of drinking rye whiskey
and sleeping till 2 on a warm afternoon
telling your journal how badly you miss me
and you can't believe I'll be coming so soon
this is the ballad of anticipation
waiting and waiting and waiting and then
finally getting the one you've been wanting
and guess what it's time to start waiting again
this is the ballad we all must sing
while we wait to find out what tomorrow will bring
this is the ballad of long conversations
heavy with silence and shuddering breaths
you're self destructing your voice is all shaken
my reservations are all I have left
this is the ballad of trying to grow flowers
so life will seem like it has meaning and stuff
finding out all of those beautiful flowers
will never be anywhere close to enough
this is the ballad we all must sing
while we wait to find out what tomorrow will bring
this is the ballad of drinking rye whiskey
distilled in a barn that burned down around it
find myself saying what I should be thinking
your figure is flawless I'm so glad I found it
this is the ballad we all must sing
while we wait to find out what tomorrow will bring
while we wait to find out what tomorrow will bring
I can't wait to find out what tomorrow will bring

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