

# Chris Young, Burn

You take a wrong turn, drop a ball, fall short  
You labor in vain  
Yeah, you choke, miss the boat, bomb out, cave in  
Fall flat on your face, yeah, that's everyday life  
But sometimes  
You hit a good lick, the stars light up  
Your ship comes in, you make your mark  
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top  
Yeah, cream of the crop  
You're the stuff, you set the bar  
You beat the odds and there you are  
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn  
But every now and then you burn  
You go wild in style, chest out, chin up  
You're king for a day  
And then reality hits like a fist, hits you hard  
Steals your thunder away and when it beats you down  
The wheel spins around  
You hit a good lick, the stars light up  
Your ship comes in, you make your mark  
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top  
Yeah, cream of the crop

You're the stuff, you set the bar  
You beat the odds and there you are  
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn  
But every now and then you burn  
You burn like a beacon, burn like a porch light  
Burn like a blue star, burn like a bonfire  
Burn like a flicker in a red hot flame  
Burn like a match in a deep dark cave  
Like a midnight mile-high blaze  
You hit a good lick, the stars light up  
Your ship comes in, you make your mark  
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top  
Yeah, cream of the crop  
You're the stuff, you set the bar  
You beat the odds and there you are  
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn  
But every now and then you burn, yeah, you burn  
Like a porch light, like a blue fire  
You burn, burn, burn, burn