

# Darryl Worley, I Wouldn't Mind The Shackles

(Darryl Worley/Howard Perdue)

I've been known to have a drink or two  
In the comfort of my home  
It helps to minimize the crazy things  
I hear when I'm alone  
You'd think by now that every sound  
Wouldn't send her memory crashing through my brain  
I wouldn't mind the shackles if it wasn't for the rattle of the chain  
Certain little things she used to say  
They come through loud and clear  
It's sad but I admit I listen closer than I did  
When she was here  
Now every noise sounds like her voice  
And I'm torn between the pleasure and the pain  
I wouldn't mind the shackles if it wasn't for the rattle of the chain  
I wouldn't mind the shackles, I knew the day she left  
That I'd be wearing them until the end of time  
But every day's a battle just to keep the burden of my heart  
From interfering with my mind  
It's knowing that I'll always have her last goodbye  
Ringing in my ears, driving me insane  
I wouldn't mind the shackles if it wasn't for the rattle of the chain  
Now it seems like everytime I turn around here it comes again  
Someone else is telling me about the brand new love she wound up in  
I tell myself they all mean well  
But I still tremble at the mention of her name  
I wouldn't mind the shackles if it wasn't for the rattle of the chain  
I wouldn't mind the shackles, I knew the day she left  
That I'd be wearing them until the end of time  
But every day's a battle just to keep the burden of my heart  
From interfering with my mind  
It's knowing that I'll always have her last goodbye  
Ringing in my ears, driving me insane  
I wouldn't mind the shackles  
If it wasn't for the rattle of the chain  
No I wouldn't mind the shackles  
If it wasn't for the rattle of the chain