

Dasha, Austin

We had a plan
Move out of this town baby
West to the sand
It's all we talked about lately
I'd pack the car, bring your guitar and Jane for smoking
First thing at dawn you'd cue the songs and we'd get going

But you weren't home
Waited on the porch for ya
Sat there alone
All throughout the morn till I
Got a hunch, down in my gut
And snuck around the back
Empty cans and I'll be damned
Your shit was never packed

Did your boots stop workin?
Did your truck break down?
Did you burn through the money?
Did your ex find out?
Where there's a will then there's a way and I'm damn sure you lost it
Didn't even say goodbye
Just wish I knew what caused it

Was the whiskey flowing?
Were you in a fight?
Did the nerves come get ya?
What's your alibi?
I Made my way back to LA, and that's where you'll be forgotten
In 40 years you'll still be here, drunk, washed up in Austin

A hell of bluff
You had me believin'
How many months
Did you plan on leaving
What happened, bad habits
Did you go back,
Go batshit
I loved you, how tragic

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