

Deana Carter, Story Of My Life

I wish I was a little more clear-headed
So I could paste the pieces of last night
Try not to regret it, sifting through the laughter and the lies
I guess that's just the story of my life

I was born in a sixties winter
My mom was young and my dad had an appetite
A saint and a sinner, wrestling with what's wrong and what's right

I guess that's just the story of my life

When they rolled me down the last lost highway
You won't find me putting up a fight
But if I could have things my way
We'd all be there to soak up the light?
And wave goodbye
I guess that's just the story of my life