

# Jeff Bates, I Can't Write That

I make my living with paper and pencil  
And an old guitar  
I use melody and words that rhyme  
To tug at other's hearts  
But mine is still too tender  
To put her on a page  
'cause I'd have to remember  
The day she went away

I can't Write that, I'd have to sing it  
And if I sung it, I'd have to live it  
And if I lived it, it would kill me  
'cause she ain't ever comin' back  
And that's too sad, I can't write that

I know memories last forever  
Whenever you put 'em in a song  
But I can't take the chance that this one would be a big one  
And they'd play it on and on  
'cause when it comes to her love  
I get choked up and break down  
These feelings are just too much  
to share with you right now

I can't Write that, I'd have to sing it  
And if I sung it, I'd have to live it  
And if I lived it, it would kill me  
'cause she ain't ever comin' back  
And that's too sad, I can't write that

She ain't ever comin' back and that's too sad  
I can't write that