

# John Conlee, Backside Of Thirty

Making money at thirty with a wife and a son  
Then a short five years later it all comes undone  
She's gone back to mama with the boy by her side  
Now I'm wine drunk and running with them on my mind

I'm on the backside of thirty and back on my own  
An empty apartment don't feel like a home  
On the backside of thirty, the short side of time  
Back on the bottom with no will to climb

It's dawn Monday morning and I just called in sick  
I skipped work last Friday to drink this much red  
And when my friends ask me, Lord, I'll tell them I'm fine  
But my eyes tell a story that my lies can't hide

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We knew we had problems with no chance to win  
Pretended we'd make it, does she have the kid?  
And he made life better for two years or more  
But now, weekends between us will be his reward

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