

Morgan Wallen, Days That End In Why

Been playing 20 questions with 24 cans
24/7 till I understand
I sent a prayer up for a helping hand
But it must've got stopped by the ceiling fan I'm staring at
In this half full bed
Looking for a reason that
I ain't found yet

I know how a goodbye sounds when it's pedal down in tail light glow
I know what she said and I won't forget where she told me to go
But hell ever since them Goodyears pulled right out my dead grass drive
It's been nights that start with whiskey
And days that end in why

Like why she finally threw in the towel
With her makeup bag and her hand-me-down earrings
And why she never felt the need
To tell me what I did, why she packed her things
And why she left me searching at the bottom of this bourbon

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Whether it's them damn I miss you Tuesdays
That keep me up all night
Or them take me way back Wednesdays that drift back through my mind

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