

Neal Morse, Long Story

To make this story even longer
Life began to cut me down to size
Down to size

Things got tough and they got tougher
The California sun had burned me blind
Made me blind, so blind, yeah

Some of us are hard of hearing
There I was nearing 35, 35
All the clubs that used to pay me
Now began to say they got no time
How would I survive? Oh

1, 2, 3, 4
1, 2, 3, 4
1, 2, 3, 4

With a host of weekend warriors dancing in the underground
Someone stole my guitar and made it out of tinsel town
Surrounded by rejecters and bill collectors circling all around

The girl I loved went off and got married to a millionaire
For fifty dollars I'd play five hours in the desert air
Some of us have to hit bottom before we'll ever see above the ground