

Rodney Crowell, Beautiful Despair

Beautiful despair is hearing Dylan when you're drunk at 3 a.m.
Knowing that the chances are no matter what you'll never write like him
Oh Brother

Beautiful despair is why you lean into this world without restraint
Cause somewhere out before you lies the masterpiece you'd sell your soul to paint
Oh Brother
What do we laugh or cry

Beautiful despair
Beautiful despair

Beautiful despair is slouching forward toward a past you might regret
All to suck the marrow out of every magic moment that you get
Beautiful despair is playing safe when you once were a rebel child
Knowing that tomorrow comes and all you've done is last another mile
Oh Brother, oh dear Brother, Oh My Brother
What shall we drink or dry