

# Texas, Drawing Crazy Patterns

It's like he's sleeping now  
He got married in a rush  
Eight months on and summer's gone  
He finds it hard to adjust

He's feeling younger now  
Younger than he was before  
He wishes he could change his mind  
Yeah old mistakes they seem so small

And if he had to be you  
Then he'd get out and do the things he's always wanted

Standing outside  
Like a joker on a hill  
He's drawing crazy patterns  
With his shoes

Some people push by  
And everyone is cursing them  
But he doesn't raise his hand  
He broke his dreams and lost a friend

He's asking questions now  
Caught in his confusion  
He shakes his head and looks at me  
Then he shouts out loud

If you had to be me  
Would you get out and do the things you've always wanted

Standing outside  
Like a joker on a hill  
He's drawing crazy patterns  
With his shoes

Standing outside  
Like a joker on a hill  
He's drawing crazy patterns  
With his shoes

It's like he's sleeping now  
When you're gazing at the floor  
And on this late night  
It's getting harder now harder now

Standing outside  
Like a joker on a hill  
He's drawing crazy patterns  
With his shoes

Standing outside  
Like a joker on a hill

He's drawing crazy patterns  
With his shoes  
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