

# The Good Life, Early Out The Gate

What you're looking for is never what you find  
Nothing ever seems to turn out right

Still running around still searching  
all these long indifferent streets  
For your lover or some cover  
to protect you from the heat  
That you feel inside  
inflamed since you learned to cry

Ever since you learned to walk you ran away  
kept running till you couldn't feel your legs

Now you stumble round this drunken town  
pawn shops and titty bars  
telling tales of just how far you got  
But they'll all know who you are  
Yeah you're not so great  
You're just early out of the gate

there's a portrait of your mom when she was young  
Her face was shining brightly as the sun  
The son who got away from her  
but came back home again  
to find a women wrapped  
with all this love she couldn't give  
But you know she did  
You just couldn't feel it then

Found a birthday card from this lady I used to know  
It said boy you're really starting to get old

She's the mother of my mother  
I knew just what she meant  
She'd been through it before  
she'd known of all of this resentment  
becomes regret  
I just hadn't gotten there yet

Nothing ever seems to turn out right  
No never, never seems to turn out right  
So I leave it at this  
my deep blues need rest