

Chesnutt Mark, What A Way To Live

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Miscellaneous

What A Way To Live

Each night I make the rounds

To every spot in town

A lonely man with lonely time to kill

All I can say is what a way to live

The paths my memories take

Just make my poor heart ache

I think of her I guess I always will

All I can say is what a way to live

I'd rather lay me down tonight

And never wake again

Than to face another day the shape my life is in

The jukebox playing loud

A face among the crowd

So much like hers it makes my heart stand still

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