

# Chris Cagle, Anywhere But Here

Man I hate, you found me here  
With whiskey on my breath  
I know I should be ashamed  
I'm so much for those twelve steps  
He said, "No my son, I know you're doing your best  
With all you've been through, I understand  
I only came in here to be your friend  
You know she still asks about you  
And wonders how you're doing and where you've been"  
Well tell her I'm in Tampa on the causeway  
Watching the waves roll in  
Tell her I'm in Aspen in a cabin finding myself again  
Tell her that I'm happy and I've moved on  
Better than I've ever been  
And just don't tell her  
That you saw me drowning in this bottle  
Trying to make her disappear  
You tell her I'm anywhere, anywhere but here  
It would only break her heart  
If she knew the truth  
You see I told her when she left  
This was the last thing I would do  
Tomorrow I swear I'm starting over again  
I've made it this far and I know how it ends  
But she doesn't have to find out where I am  
So if you see or hear from her again  
Well tell her I'm in Baton Rouge, Louisiana  
Selling cars five days a week  
Tell her I'm in Mobile, Alabama  
Getting back on my feet  
Tell her that I'm happy and I've moved on  
Looking better than you've ever seen  
And just don't tell her  
That you saw me drowning in this bottle  
Trying to make her disappear  
You tell her I'm anywhere, anywhere but here  
Oh tell her that I'm happy and I've moved on  
But let her know that I still care  
Man tell her I'm anywhere, anywhere but here  
I'll tell her I'm anywhere, anywhere but here