

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