

Chris Young, Burn

You take a wrong turn, drop a ball, fall short
You labor in vain
Yeah, you choke, miss the boat, bomb out, cave in
Fall flat on your face, yeah, that's everyday life
But sometimes
You hit a good lick, the stars light up
Your ship comes in, you make your mark
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top
Yeah, cream of the crop
You're the stuff, you set the bar
You beat the odds and there you are
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn
But every now and then you burn
You go wild in style, chest out, chin up
You're king for a day
And then reality hits like a fist, hits you hard
Steals your thunder away and when it beats you down
The wheel spins around
You hit a good lick, the stars light up
Your ship comes in, you make your mark
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top
Yeah, cream of the crop

You're the stuff, you set the bar
You beat the odds and there you are
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn
But every now and then you burn
You burn like a beacon, burn like a porch light
Burn like a blue star, burn like a bonfire
Burn like a flicker in a red hot flame
Burn like a match in a deep dark cave
Like a midnight mile-high blaze
You hit a good lick, the stars light up
Your ship comes in, you make your mark
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top
Yeah, cream of the crop
You're the stuff, you set the bar
You beat the odds and there you are
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn
But every now and then you burn, yeah, you burn
Like a porch light, like a blue fire
You burn, burn, burn, burn