

Clint Black, Nothing's News

I spent my lifetime wishin' the waitress would come around
Tellin' jokes and shootin' pool on the other side of town
When the whistle blows at five o'clock there's only one place I'll be found
Down at Ernie's icehouse liftin' longnecks to that good old country sound
And talkin' 'bout the good old times
Braggin' on how it used to be
But I've worn out the same old lines
And now it seems nothing's news to me
There's nothin' like a steel guitar cryin' in the night
There's nothin' like a sawdust floor and a good old friendly fight
I'd finally find my way back home and you'd patch up my face
But that was another time and another place
Repeat chorus
I wonder how I came to be the know-it-all I am
And how the world ever got used to me
And now we're talking 'bout the good old times
Braggin' 'bout how it used to be
But I've worn out the same old lines
And now it seems nothing's news to me.