

Clint Black, Winding Down

As past times go I guess I've seen some good
It's not always the best ones come and stay
There's a crowd that thinks there is one, and it should
'Cause they always seem to spend theirs the some old way.

And they call it winding down
The six to ten crowd, smoky bars
Notes on napkins and business cards
Describe the days events and go on home.

And it's likely they won't drown
The price goes up and one more round
They close up all the bars downtown
As the singer plays one last rip roaring song.

It seems like the same ole motions every night
He wants to hear a golden oldie to take him back
And I'll play out all the emotions I can't fight
Relieve the tensions and hope they're on the right track.

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The price goes up and one more round
They close up all the bars downtown
As the singer plays one last rip roaring song.

Honky tonk heroes are turn the page
And the books are closed tonight
'Cause everybody knows you gotta leave'em up
So they'll go home feeling right.

You gotta leave'em up
So they'll go home feeling right...