

Gutterball, Trial Separation Blues

A little hot around the collar
a little long in the tooth
a little bit nostalgic for the errors of the youth
everybody says you're crazy
everybody says you're nuts
everybody say "you just picked up and ran? man that takes guts"

free and easy
miserable and confused
guilty as charged!
the trial separation blues

you used to romanticize about your better days
you used to fantasize about more difficult ways
now it's enough for you to stay awake until you sleep
you used to count your blessings
now you're just counting sheep

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the bottle is empty
your wife is on the phone
you like when nobody's around
but you hate to be alone
if I know, if they know
if we know, if she knows
if we all know, why didn't somebody say so?

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