

# Matt Wertz, Long Night In Tennessee

Heard you were leaving  
You hadn't asked for much  
Just a strong hand and a soft touch  
The miles in between us  
Were too great for you to hold

You said something's different  
Something's changed  
From the way it was  
In those summer days  
But you can't explain it  
And it's best that we just move on

Go on and speak for yourself  
Nothing has changed in the south  
But you get a free night in Boston  
I get a long night in Tennessee

Said we'd be together  
Until the end of time  
But my clock's still tickin'  
Quarter past nine  
Every second that passes  
Second guesses are made through

Go on and speak for yourself  
Nothing has changed in the south  
But you get a free night in Boston  
I get a long night in Tennessee