

Murray McLauchlan, Heart Upon His Sleeve

I've worn out my welcome
In the local bars
I've walked the sidewalk lookin'
In the windows of familiar cars
I know exactly what ya look like
But I only see the dust you leave
It's a bad sign when I feel like cryin'
At some sad song singer
With his heart upon his sleeve

Walked by some kids in a vacant lot
And I wish I could be like them
But here I am all grown up tryin'
To get my feet on the ground again
It seems everythin' is a trigger on a gun
Always shot at your memory
It's a bad sign when I feel like cryin'
At some sad song singer
With his heart upon his sleeve

I wish I could talk to somebody
Sit up all night with a friend
Help me put one foot in front of the other
And get me back on my track again

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