

Ryan Parish, Timber

so here i am again drinking alone,
wondering who is going to drive me home.

and cold and calculating she made me turn to my drink,
and I drank, and yes
god knows i still have a beer or two.

timber i have...
timber i have...
timber i have fallen short again.

chorus: you and me
this wound in time
bleeding out forever,
you know forever's what we will find...

and so long goes way to far for me,
but to be gone is the only place I know where to be.

and if freedom came with some tuesday night
quarter draft,

then by god almighty i would be free atleast.

timber I have...
timber i have...
timber I have fallen short for the last time.

repeat chorus.