

Shelby Lynne, Why Can't You Be?

(written by Shelby Lynne and Bill Bottrell)

You and your element of dangerous
cheatin' death like a stranger but
devils got your shirt tail clutched
in the palm of his hand
double vodka on the rocks
on a plastic tray
never fails you but it won't
take the hours away - hey, hey, hey

Why can't you be
Why can't you be
It's plain to see you drive
yourself crazy
Why can't you be
Why can't you be
it's plain to see you're
the only enemy

You got some stories you're afraid to tell
tired of living in a shotgun shell
headin' west to find the edge of
life itself
last I heard there were angels
walking in Los Angeles
with their hands in their
pockets lookin cool like me, he, he, he

Scared of lovin' cause it
might feel good
you want to get it like you
know you should
what the hell's wrong with
living without the blues
you stand convicted, you
stand accused
you're so conflicted and
abused, ooh ooh ooh

So here's to you
Guilty of being you is the
easiest of all the things you do