

The Good Life, For The Love Of The Song

I thought I'd start this simple song
with something you could sing along
like "Na na na na na na."
But then I felt a bit cliché-
I started Beaten Path that way-
and besides, it didn't get me very far
I guess the well is running dry.
(I'm not surprised)
It's been thirteen years of lies.
Running at the mouth about
these lovers I can't live without,
well, I'm not exactly huntin' 'em down

Down and out and overweight -
under the influence of three years straight
drinking on the job.
If it's not some love affair
then it's a song about the great despair
of the loner at the end of the bar.
Well, you are what you are
You are what your are,
you are, you are,
you do, you do -
"Na na na na na na"
One-hundredth verse
same as the first,
I'm a dictaphone of drunken slurs,
press rewind - it's a new album.
"Hot off the press,
and this guy sounds depressed
(again)!"

So, you can never drop this drunken bit
or the fits of pain you still stomach -
it's for the love of the song
Oh yeah, the song
I thought it was supposed to be a sing along.

(yesterday came and went
and i wasn't present
the weeks were laid out like pavement
work and drink and sleep, repeat)

Oh, for the love of the song

(upon the beaten path
i kept on my blinders...
don't need any old reminders
no face, no name, no memories
if you love it, you leave it
cause you hate that you need it
it's one thing that you can't have
you're too self-absorbed to change
always, "my way")