

Trevor Hall, Other Ways

As I walk on down
I feel like a clown
In a circus of my own
Oh my cover is blown
Feel like I got a heart made of tin
I thought of you this morning
Well I sleep into a state
As I awake
Well I start to find
That I can't get your smoke out of my eyes
I guess I lose
I guess you win
I thought of you this morning
Well I think about all the other ways I could've played
All the other simple moves I could've made
All the other cards that I could've dealt
All the books I didn't read upon my shelf
All the other ways I could've sung my songs
I've realized that none of it went wrong
It was all play
How could it be any other way?
How could it be any other way?
Now that the chains are off
I'm free to roam
Everywhere I go
I feel like I'm home
Nothing hides
Everything is shown
She is always with me
I'm never alone
I guess you lose
I guess I win
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