

Warren Brothers, What We Can't Have

(Brett Warren/Brad Warren)

It's a small crowd here again tonight
I'm playing these old songs I write
Nobody's listening but a rich guy in the corner booth
And I think I'd like to be just like him
To get off work before two a.m.
Order what I like and dress real smooth

And then the rich guy he comes up to me
Picks up the tip jar and drops a twenty
And says That last song it really hit home
He said If I could have just one thing
I would play guitar and sing
and then I'd never really feel alone
And I thought to myself

We all want what we can't have
It's enough to drive you mad
Make you happy, make you sad
Ain't it crazy
We all want what we can't have

Businessman sits at the bar
Lights up the end of a cigarr
And says Bartender, pour me one more Crown
He says I should be getting home tonight
I've got two kids and a wife
But you know me, I'd like to stick around

And Bartender says If I were you, I'd get out of here
I'm tired of selling wine and beer
I'd sure love something nine to five.
No wife no kids no place to be
You sure you want to be like me
It feels like I have been here all my life

We all want what we can't have
It's enough to drive you mad
Make you happy, make you sad
Ain't it crazy
We all want what we can't have

Thank God for this old guitar
I wrote a song for a country star
Made enough money to leave this little stage
But I come back here every now and then
I love this new guy sitting in
He's probably half my age

We all want what we can't have
It's enough to drive you mad
Make you happy, make you sad
Ain't it crazy
We all want what we can't have

It's enough to drive you mad
Make you happy, make you sad
Ain't it crazy
We all want what we can't have

Baby ain't it crazy
We all want what we can't have
Baby ain't it crazy

Baby ain't it crazy
Oooh, na na na na na
We all want what we can't have
We all want what we can't have