

Zach Bryan, East Side Of Sorrow

Eighteen years old, full of hate
They shipped me off in a motorcade
They said, "Boy, you're gonna fight a war
You don't even know what you're fighting for."
I lost friends in the August heat
At night it was God I'd always meet
I said, "Lord, won't you bring me home
I've got women in the west I wanna hold."

And I lost you in a waiting room
After sleeping there for a week or two
Doctor said he did all he could
You were the last thing I had that was good
So I walked miles on the Tulsa streets
Light started beaming in from the east
6 AM and fucked up again
Asking God where the hell he'd been

He said the sun's gonna rise tomorrow
Somewhere on the east side of sorrow
You better pack your bags west
Stick out your chest
And then hit the road

The sun's gonna rise tomorrow
Somewhere on the east side of sorrow
Don't give it a reason to follow
Let it be, then let it go
Let it be, then let it go

Heard your brother lost his mind in the city last fall
Was it his blood, or his conscious, or the alcohol
Did the navy do him well or did he wind up sick
Like every other brave boy from these run down sticks?
Do you ever get tired of singing songs
Like all your pain is just another fucking sing along?
If you ever get the time come on home
I heard turnpikes back together and they're writing songs

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