

Grandaddy, Too Many Nights In A Road House

Too many nights in a roadhouse
Too much fun in living that song
Too many days on the highway
Gonna run around all night long
Take a good look in the mirror
In the cold grand light at dawn
Too many nights in a roadhouse

I left my buddies on the wild side
Caused me a run-down luck
Out all night with the roadhouse crowd
And I'm down to my last two buds
But you're way too hard try to live too fast
But too many rain is on
Too many nights in a roadhouse

Some kind of life I was living
And it wasn't to hard to tell
But the blues come around when the sun went down
But my days living fare to well
I'm sure it wanted taste of the good life
Telling good times can be long
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