

# Neal Morse, Long Story

To make this story even longer  
Life began to cut me down to size  
Down to size

Things got tough and they got tougher  
The California sun had burned me blind  
Made me blind, so blind, yeah

Some of us are hard of hearing  
There I was nearing 35, 35  
All the clubs that used to pay me  
Now began to say they got no time  
How would I survive? Oh

1, 2, 3, 4  
1, 2, 3, 4  
1, 2, 3, 4

With a host of weekend warriors dancing in the underground  
Someone stole my guitar and made it out of tinsel town  
Surrounded by rejecters and bill collectors circling all around

The girl I loved went off and got married to a millionaire  
For fifty dollars I'd play five hours in the desert air  
Some of us have to hit bottom before we'll ever see above the ground