

Mostly Sober

Chris Ross

Mostly Sober by Chris Ross - <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dxxNC8Ykgvc>

I posted this song quite a while ago, but I recently revised it :) Enjoy!

G
I m mostly sober these days
I dunno whatcha heard
I only drink on stage
C
I only smoke to burn
Away the frivolous things
To write the syllable swings
To fight the urge to go swimmin in the criminal springs

G
Mostly happy these days
Dunno if you read
Between the lines I wrote
C

And the lines dread to cross over
It s a long way back
When I m sunk in the saddle and I m circlin the cul-de-saq

G
Mostly understand why you couldn t stay
Why the best of you you went and took away
C

Girl those eyes they be shining like a cigarette
You light em up I breathe em in until theres nothing left

G
F
So don t believe the hype or the flowin hyperbole
Am
Mighta done the crime but I never did the perjury
G
Wait for the dust cloud to settle on the rhetoric
D
Even if you rush now you ll never get ahead of it
Am

Tip my cup
I tip my cup over
No I ain t got luck I m just a three leaf clover
G
I keep my feet on the narrow and the straight
D
And I ain t too stoned to say

I m mostly sober these days

G

I m mostly sober these days

I dunno whatcha seen

I only drink to sleep

C

I only sleep to dream

Away the cries and the calls I ve been listenin

Put a hole in the walls I m imprisoned in

G

I m mostly lonely these days

I dunno where you went

Who you call your friends

C

Or how your time gets spent

My last on a ticket back home

One way trip down an east bound road

G

I m mostly crazy these days

When I think of you

While the earth it shakes

C

Girl your aim stays true

Bullseye honey right down the center of

Straight shot through the heart of a sinners love

G

So don t believe the hype or the flowin hyperbole

Mighta done the crime but I never did the perjury

Wait for the dust cloud to settle on the rhetoric

Even if you rush now you ll never get ahead of it

Tip my cup

I tip my cup over

No I ain t got luck I m just a three leaf clover

I keep my feet on the narrow and the straight

And I ain t too stoned to say

I m mostly sober these days

G

C

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Away the frivolous things

To write the syllable swings

To fight the urge to go swimmin in the criminal springs

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