

spencer bohren
"disappearing nightly"

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DISAPPEARING NIGHTLY ~f' SPENCER BOHREN, 1989

I go where the weather's good.

I do what I think I should.

I move nearly every day,

Trying to drive the blues away.

I do what I want to do.

I know who I'm talking to.

I'm heading down the highway.

I always do it my way.

- Refrain -

Disappearing nightly,

Disappearing nightly,

Disappearing nightly.

I always take my pay in cash,

Kings, queens and jacks.

Life is like a card game,

Playing for the prize of fame.

Writing down another tune.

Yet another dressing room.

Cut another piece of cake.

Looking for a big break.

- Refrain -

Try and make a square deal.

Hard to get a square meal.

Never get the ends to meet.

Seldom have enough to eat.

Haven't time to make a friend.

I wonder where it all will end.

See you later . . . got to go.

Got to make another show.

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