

## Chris Young "Burn"

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You take a wrong turn, drop a ball, fall short, you labor  
in vain  
You choke, miss the boat, bomb out, cave in, fall flat on  
your face  
Yeah that's everyday life  
But sometimes...

You hit a good lick, the stars light up  
Your ship comes in, you make your mark  
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top  
Yeah, cream of the crop!  
You're the stuff, you set the bar  
You beat the odds and there you are  
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn  
But every now and then you burn

You go wild in style, chest out chin up, you're king for a  
day  
And then reality hits like a fist, hits you hard, steels  
your thunder away  
And when it beats you down  
The wheel spins around

You hit a good lick, the stars light up  
Your ship comes in, you make your mark  
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top

Yeah, cream of the crop!  
You're the stuff, you set the bar  
You beat the odds and there you are  
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn  
But every now and then you burn

You burn like a beacon  
Burn like a porch light  
Burn like a blue star  
Burn like a bon fire  
Burn like a flicker in a red hot flame  
Burn like a match in a deep dark cave  
Like a midnight mile-high blaze

You hit a good lick, the stars light up

Your ship comes in, you make your mark  
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top  
Yeah, cream of the crop!  
You're the stuff, you set the bar  
You beat the odds and there you are  
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn  
But every now and then you burn

Yeah you burn.

Like a porch light  
Like a blue fire

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