

Christian Ingebrigtsen

"The Chase"

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A little bit of Bourbon
And a broken neon sign
Once again I'm riding shotgun
To everything that's on my mind
Just a bartender
To tell my troubles to
Well, I just haven't found a way
To say, I'm so in love with you
If you could hear it in my voice
And see it on my face
You left me with no choice
But to leave you for the chase
I-35 in the pouring rain
Aleopard skin suitcase and a pocket o' change
Last I heard she left for Dallas
So I'm checking every motel in sight
This pick-up truck aint fast enough, no
We had our problems and times are tough
I just can't believe you're leavin'
Over three words I couldn't say last night
If you could hear it in my voice
And see it on my face
You left me with no choice but
To leave you
A little Tequila
And a broken neon sign
Woh, and just a bartender
Can tell you what was on my mind
Yeah
He said you could hear it in his voice
And see it on his face
You left him with no choice
But to leave you for
The chase

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