

Clint Black "Happiness Alone"

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I think I'll go back down to New Orleans, try to bury my
travellin' bone

Unpredictable me like I swore I would be, nothing's
ever written in stone.

There's a knock on her door, is she here anymore?

I guess me and the neighbors will see.

If the one thing that I couldn't do without her

She couldn't do without me.

Could I leave her behind, go on losin' my mind,
While the good times continue to roll.

With this time on my hands, I could change all my plans

And it really wouldn't bother a soul

I could make all the rounds, paint all the towns

Do all that and more on my own,

But a man can't survive on Happiness Alone.

Take a good look around, this is New Orleans

A free wheeler's got to feel right at home

But it's a hell of a leap, whether shallow or deep

That old river's gonna keep moving on

Like that muddy Mississippi, she keeps pulling me
under

When you're in it nothing ever seems clear

I could stand on the bank, just toss in my line

But there's way too many fish around here

Could I leave 'em behind for the one the line

Are the good times still gonna roll?

With this time on my hands, I could change all my plans

And it really wouldn't bother a soul

I could make all the rounds, paint all the towns

Do all that and more on my own,

But a man can't survive on Happiness Alone.

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