

Black Clint "Happiness Alone"

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I think I'll go back down to New Orleans
Try to bury my travelin' 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 can change all my plans
And it really wouldn't bother a soul
I can 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 movin' on
Like that muddy Mississippi, she keeps pullin' me
under
When you're in it, nothin' 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 on the line
Are the good times still gonna roll
And with this time on my hands, I can change all my
plans
And it really wouldn't bother a soul
I can 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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