

Black Clint "Winding Down"

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As past times go I guess I've seen some good
It's not always the best ones come and stay

There's a crowd that thinks there is one
And it should
Cause they seem to spend theirs the some old way

And they call it winding down
The six to ten crowd, smoky bars
Notes on napkins and business cards
Describe the days events and go on home
And it's likely they won't drown
The price goes up and one more round
They close up all the bars downtown
As the singer plays one last rip roaring song
It seems like the same ole motions every night
He wants to hear a golden oldie to take him back
And I'll play out all the emotions I can't fight
Relive the tensions and hope they're on the right track

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Honky tonk heroes are turn the page
And the books are closed tonight
Cause everybody knows you gotta leave'em up
So they'll go home feeling right
You gotta leave'em up so they'll go home
Feeling right

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