

## Grace Potter & The Nocturnals "Left Behind"

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Well, he's gone to find his way again  
Said he's lost his only friend  
He's got a jar of cash to spend  
He's runnin' off just like he done before

And he made his stop down at the track  
Sold his favorite leather hat  
Told the man he won't be back  
And rounded out an old unsettled score

But ooh, this ain't the first time  
That I've been left behind

Well, I'd cook his lunch and wash his clothes  
He'd tend the fence and shoot the crows  
And somewhere in there we got close  
They say a handy man is hard to find

Well, he bought the farm, I sold my car  
He left me with a silver scar  
He's colder than a steel guitar  
He always warned he ain't the lovin' kind

I told him ooh, this ain't the first time  
That I've been left behind

Well, some days I cry like a child  
Other days I ramble wild  
He's got me so goddamn beguiled  
And I don't even know his middle name

He's been lost and found before  
But I've stopped waitin' by the door  
But I still love him to the core  
I only wish that he could do the same

But ooh, this ain't the first time  
That I've been left behind

Well, he don't call and he don't write  
He slips on in after midnight  
I never turn off my porch light

He always finds his way back to my place

And I never asked him for a ring  
He gave this old song to sing  
And helped himself to everythin'  
And now I'm here without a speck of grace

But ooh, this ain't the first time  
That I've been left behind, left behind

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