

## Hayes Carll "Beaumont"

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I saw you leanin' on a memory  
With your back turned to the crowd  
In that little bar on Murphy  
Where they play guitar too loud  
There were people drinkin' whiskey  
There were hearts about to leave  
It was cold as hell for Houston  
It was almost New Years Eve

All the way from Beaumont  
With a white rose in my hand  
I could not wait forever babe, I hope you understand

The night was feelin' lucky  
So I asked you to dance  
And the way you looked up at me  
Made me think I had a chance  
But when I put my arms around you  
I knew you weren't givin' in  
I hope it will be different if I pass this way again  
All the way from Beaumont  
With a white rose in my hand  
I could not wait  
Forever babe, I hope you understand

I walked the road to get here  
With a guitar and a case  
I'd of stopped in Pasadena  
If I'd known about this place  
But you looked like forever  
Where the water meets the shore  
I've been thinkin about you, baby  
I can't do that anymore

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