

John Ralston

"Robert's Bar"

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The Nashville sky could be raining stars
How would I know?
I'm buried in the back of Robert's Bar
Here they go
House band starts up another one
I step out the back to the Ryman
With the words of an Elvis song sliding off my tongue

If it's real
You can't hold it down

I headed for the balcony
I want to see, want to see me the way that you see me
Here I go back outside for one last smoke
The air is getting cold
Here they come and they're telling me it's time to go
It's time to play my show

If it's real
You can't hold it down
If it's real
You can't hold it down

You're on my neck
You're my good luck charm
I'm coming back, coming back to the city with you on
my heart
Aw, honey, I'm coming home

If it's real
You can't hold it down

If it's real
You can't hold it down
It down
It down
It down

