

Josiah Leming

"All I Got"

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All I got are words to say, bills and dues and debts to pay.

Love to give, like I did as a kid, watch it slip away.

Baby, take me where you will.

I got cigarettes and time to kill.

We'll run around on this town, hold me down with the windy chill.

Look at the lovely day, I look at your lovely face

I'm not running away, I got too much in this place

I got too much in this place

I got too much in this place

Always watching what's behind, in all that space I can't rewind.

Over shoulders, looking back, crying over my life on the tape.

Call my father on the phone, tell him I'm not coming home.

"But when I do, me and you are gonna have a lot more to relate."

Look at the lovely day with tears on down my face.

I'm not running away, I've got too much in this place.

I got too much in this place

I got too much in this place

Look at the lovely day, I look at your lovely face.

Look at the lovely day with tears on down my face.

I'm not running away, no.

I've got too much in this place.

I've got too much in this place.

I've got too much in this place.

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