

## Marty Stuart "Reasons"

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It was the perfect excuse to get drunk  
As if lately I've needed one  
It Was the perfect excuse to buy bullets  
For the barrel of my favorite gun

It was the perfect way to show you  
How it feels inside of me  
And the perfect way to find out  
How it feels to set me free

Reasons  
I keep looking for reasons  
I thought that I had loved you  
I did the best I could

Reasons  
I keep looking for reasons  
I lost the reason for me living  
And that just ain't no good

I know that three's a crowded room  
But really, this won't take long  
I want to meet the man, help him to understand  
What he did when he broke up our home

And I'll be going now to a place I know  
That's deep, dark and quiet  
Away from pain and the undying shame  
Of me and my unfaithful wife

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Reasons  
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I lost the reason for me living  
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