

Neal Morse

"Long Story"

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To make this story ever longer
Life began to cut me down to size
Down to the size
Things not tough and they got tougher
The California sun had burned me blind
Made me blind... so blind

Some of us are hard of hearing
There I was nearing thirty five
Thirty five
All the clubs that used to pay me
Now began to say they got no time
How would I survive?

With a host of weekend warriors
Dancing in the underground
Someone stole my guitar
And made it out of tinsel town
Surrounded by rejecters
And bill collectors circling all around

The girl I loved went off
And got married to a millionaire
For fifty dollars I'd play five hours in the desert air
Some of us have to hit bottom
Before we'll ever see above the ground

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