

## Steve Morgan And Band "MF"

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One time, this old man sat beside me  
He said "sonnyboy, a part of me has died  
My lady, she's mixed up like a madman  
And so here I am, I'm doubtful like the bride"

This guy continued with his story  
Saying "why the hell have I become this way?  
I found out the more I knew my baby  
The more I wanted her to stay  
Now I am...  
Too tired to sleep, too starved to cook  
Too drunk to know what's going on  
Too sad to weep, too vain to look  
Too shy to start a singalong  
But I know, I'll be fine, I'm ok"

"Hoping for something gives us comfort  
Because everything will always go to plan  
But only if we can guess the ending  
We'd soon enough be back where we began  
And I am...  
Too stoned to fly, too lost to grieve  
For anything she's given me  
Too dead to die, too glad to leave  
Her far behind so I won't see  
Those same eyes, that same smile, her new man"

Laughing, he left the conversation  
As I think this old man's shown me all I need  
That death will teach me how to promise  
And life will teach me how to bleed

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