

Grownup Noise "Vic Chesnutt"

Visit "[Vic Chesnutt](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh, I wish that I could write a song just like Vic Chesnutt
All bruised, beaten, prophetic, and gone
It's all so untouchable
What can a tall boy from the suburbs say
With a C average and some Nintendo games
Going about his business in an unremarkable way
Well basketball practice sure felt like hell to me
Almost as bad as being dumped, for the first time
For some of us, it was a little rough

So I wish that I could write a song just like Vic Chesnutt
So beautiful, so desperate, and gone
It's all so untouchable
What can a college boy in Ohio say
Two different shoes and a cynical way
Just reading books and admiring things past and gone
Without jumping in
Always waiting for another day

Well band practice sure felt like heaven to me
We were young and a little drunk
Music, for some of us, was not a choice
And our blue chips fall, we take a deep breath in
And the memories they start seepin' in
I put the books down and stop wonderin'
I'm naked now and I'm jumpin' in
Still I wish that I could write a song just like Vic Chesnutt
So bruised, beaten, prophetic and gone
It's all so untouchable

Visit [Grownup Noise](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.