

Dave Smallen**"They Don't Need To Understand"**

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I saw my old friend the other day
He got a new job, he's getting paid
Working hard from the morning light
Coming home down and tired of life
So we got some whiskey at the corner store
Sat there drinking on his front porch
He said man you're always good to make me laugh
Why you sell yourself so serious?

And I said I don't know
Sometimes I'm not sure why we do anything at all
But you gotta do a little for yourself

And all of your hard luck, they may never see
All of your dreams and all your victories
All your explaining, they may never understand

I got your letters and I read them well
I'm just happy knowing I could help
I don't know you but I know what you mean
Yeah I could picture everything
You were singing my songs in the dead of night
In your mother's attic under moth filled lights
In those teenage years when every feeling cuts
Down to the marrow

And you can't listen to them
Even though it's the old cliches that wind up right in the
end
But you gotta figure all of that for yourself

And all of your hard luck, they may never see
All of your dreams and all your victories
All your explaining, they may never understand
So take all that feeling and put it in a song
Sing it to me until it's all gone
And maybe they don't need to understand

There were times when I could take it slow
There were times when I could take a joke
There were times I could've fooled myself

There were times I could've killed myself
And it always seemed the things I got
Were eclipsed by the things I'm not
I got paid and I found success
Is measured in happiness

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