

No Choice

Edwin McCain

It was a love so big that it filled his heart
Til it swelled and finally burst apart
And where the love spilled out they called it art
But he never really had no choice

Whoa, he had no choice
No, he never had no choice
When he gave his river a voice
He never really had no choice.
He was thinking that the pain came much too soon
When he locked himself up inside his room
Well it hurt real bad to write that tune
but he never really had no choice
And there were some who could not understand
When he built those castles with his hands
And he knew damn well they were only sand
But he never really had no choice.

Sometimes a man sometimes a boy
And he made some music and he made some noise
But he felt his pain and he felt his joy
But he never really had no choice.
There was a beautiful fire inside of him
As he balanced his way out on that limb
Could of burned right through that branch so thin
but he never really had no choice

And they all talked about him when he died
They studied and they theorized
But when he was through they'd laughed and cried
And he never really had no choice
It was a love so big that it filled his heart
'Til it swelled and finally burst apart
Where the loved spilled out they called it art
But he never really had no choice