

Different Days

Jason Isbell

Staring at the picture of the runaways on the wall
Seems like these day you couldn't run away at all
And even if you did, what you got to run away to?
Just another drunk daddy with a white man's point of view.

I can see you in my mind's eye catching light
Sleep beside the river if we make it out of town tonight
You've been stripping Portland since the day you turned 16
You got one thing to sell benzodiazepine

Ten years ago I might have seen you dancing in a different light
And offered up my help in different way
But those were different days
Those were different days

Had a girl back home and we shared as single bed
When I whispered in her ear she believed every word I said
And if she didn't believe she didn't dare give me slack
Or It was "baby I love you, get off of my God damn back"

Time went by and I left and I left again
Jesus loves a sinner but the highway loves a sin
My daddy told me I believe he told me true
That the right thing's always the hardest thing to do

Ten years ago I might stuck around for another night
And used her in a thousand different ways
But those were different days
Those were different days

And the stories only mine to live and die with
And the answers only mine to come across
But the ghost that I got scared and I got high with
Look a little lost

Ten years ago I might thought I didn't have the right
To say the things an outlaw wouldn't say
But those were different days
Those were different days
Those were different days