

Streetlights

Jason Isbell

Where's that angel with dirty knees who wasn't hard to please when we first met?
She don't act like she needs me now and she don't even seem to be upset.
Maybe I cover too much ground, I've been from town to town since I grew up.
Could my dreams take up too much space? I'll never find a place that's big enough.

The chairs go up on the bar now, and the table lights go black,
So I order one last double and start calling people back.

Marc sounds good, he's been working hard. Couldn't punch a card to save his life.
Says he's glad that he quit the road, he says he's getting old, he missed his wife.
Little Em's been asleep since nine, I'm sure she's doing fine, she always is.
Dad won't answer his phone at night, but I guess that's alright, the place is his.

The chairs are up on the bar now and they're asking me to leave,
So I give the girl a bill and start rolling down my sleeves.

In my pocket directions back across the railroad tracks to where I crash.
Maybe I should wave down a car, I won't be going far, and I have cash.
Think I blocked just a park away, but I can't really say, it's been all night.
How I wish you would call me here, but you just disappeared, it wasn't right.

And the streetlights help a little, but they're barely half alive
I don't feel much like walking and I sure as hell can't drive.

Close your eyes and remember this. It won't be back again, it's almost gone.
Even times that don't seem like much will be your only crutch when you're alone.
Time moves slow when you're seventeen and then it picks up steam at twenty-one.
Pretty soon you'll remember when you could remember when you loved someone.