

Living In A Minor Key

Shooter Jennings

Portland was hot in the wintertime
In the rain, in the tears that pour down my face
Oh, I wish you were here, I wish I still drank beer
I'd have one for every year that I've fallen from grace

Then I'll make you all laugh with a joke and a smile
And sing you some songs 'bout the years I went wild
Though my heartache might hide behind a sweet melody
I'm living in a minor key
I'm living in a minor key

I still got a little swagger in my step
And I still think Hank Williams is as good as it gets
And when I was younger, I had a hunger
And I'd chase the thunder into the storm of regrets

And I'll make you all laugh with a joke and a smile
And sing you some songs 'bout the times I was wild
Though my heartache might hide behind a sweet melody
Oh, I'm living in a minor key
I'm living in a minor key