

# 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 love a sin  
My daddy told me I believe he told me true  
That the right things always the hardest thing to do  
Ten years ago I might stuck around for  
another night  
And user 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

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