

Hurricanes and Hand Grenades

Jason Isbell

I got a glass of wine
I got a cigarette
I should be feeling fine
I ain't feeling nothing yet
She's leading the second line
Feel like I'm in front of it
I guess, I am tonight I got a cigarette
My glass is empty now
I got a little wine
Well, I ain't gonna break it out
I need something to let me down
When I'm down and out
I guess, I am tonight
She told me I took
The best years of her life
And she was only 17
She swore I would leave her
But I didn't believe her
I called it all a bad dream She's moved on to whiskey now
I've got a Lucky left
Go out and hit the town
But this town can hit itself
My baby's a day away
And I've got a show to play
In Birmingham tonight
There was a time
When she would laugh in my face
Or just sit and judge me silently
I cried on her shoulder
All the things that I told her
Guess, I didn't say
Didn't say enough about me Now hurricanes and hand grenades
Are the only things
That gets you off my mind
But I'm a day away
And I've got a show to play
In Birmingham tonight I'm a day away
And I've got a show to play
In Birmingham tonight

