

# The Muse

## Zac Brown Band

As I sit on the edge of this never made bed  
old guitar in my lap a new tune in my head  
There she stands in the doorway just brushing her hair  
it's my beautiful muse in her underwear  
And if I was thinking I'd be thinking thank god where  
ever you are  
for the muse and this old guitar  
its times like these so sweet and so true  
thinking is the last thing that you wanna do  
As I sit on the edge of this dirty old bar  
trying to work some things out without getting too far  
And to drown out the voices that are keeping me down  
there's a muse all alone on the other side of town  
And if I was thinking I'd be thinking thank god wherever you are  
for all the whiskey in this dirty old bar  
Times like these are so sad but so true  
Thinking's the last thing that you wanna do  
Yeah, thinking's the last thing that you wanna do  
As I sit on the bed of this hospital room  
Just shedding a tear for the bride and groom  
and the tiny [?] voice starts to bellow and cry  
its my finest work yet if the day I should die  
And if I was thinking I'd be thinking thank god  
for the muse and the miracle right here in my arms  
Times like these are so sweet and so true  
thinkings the last thing that you wanna do  
Yeah, thinkings the last thing that you wanna do  
Yeah, thinkings the last thing that you wanna do

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