

# Leaving Nashville

Charles Kelley

Pour out your heart in 3: 20  
The one you didn't write for the money  
You turn it in, nobody's listening  
But you got a cut, so the check's coming  
If it ain't a single, it don't mean nothing  
Every girl with a dream wants to be your friend  
One day, you're the king, the next you're not  
Handshakes and whiskey shots  
And throwing up in parking lots all by yourself  
But I ain't never leaving Nashville  
I ain't never leaving Nashville  
You're getting calls from old friends  
They say, "Heard your song - wanna write again?"  
You're coming up with brand new ways to say no  
Then you're six months without a hold  
Every other day, you're getting canceled  
Calling up old friends; that's just the way it goes  
One day, you're the king, the next you're not  
Handshakes and whiskey shots  
And throwing up in parking lots all gone to Hell  
Well, Hell, I ain't never leaving Nashville  
I ain't never leaving Nashville  
Oh, and your friends are friends with country stars  
Yeah, they're buying homes and here you are  
You're two months from living in your car  
But you ain't never leaving Nashville  
Aw, you ain't never leaving Nashville  
Oh, one day, you're the king, the next you're not  
Handshakes and whiskey shots  
To picking up the pieces you lost of yourself  
Well, I ain't never leaving Nashville  
I ain't never leaving Nashville  
I ain't never leaving Nashville  
I ain't never leaving Nashville  
I ain't never leaving this town  
No matter how it brings me down  
I don't worry 'bout it now  
Oh, just shut it out  
Yeah, one day you're the king, and the next you're not

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