

The Muse

The Wood Brothers

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 brushin' her hair
It's my beautiful muse in her underwear
And if I was thinkin' I'd be thinkin' thank God whoever you are
For the muse and this old guitar Times like these so sweet and so true
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do As I sit on the end of this dirty old bar
Tryin' to work some things out and not gettin' too far
And I drown out the voices that are keepin' me down
There's a muse all alone on the other side of town
And if I was thinkin' I'd be thinkin' thank God whoever you are
For all the whiskey in this dirty old bar
Times like these so sad but so true
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do As I sit on the bed in this hospital room
Sheddin' a tear for the bride and groom
The tiniest voice starts to bellow and cry
It's my finest work yet if today I should die
And if I was thinkin' I'd be thinkin' thank God whoever you are
For the muse and the miracle right here in my arms
Times like these so sweet and so true
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do
Thinkin's the last thing that you wanna do

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