

SHOULDERS

Larry Jon Wilson

I got a shoulder you can press yourself into and tremble and moan,
I've used yours the same way many times, turned and gone away.
I got a shoulder, poppa told me, I might have to carry the world on
But God never gave me a shoulder, baby, strong enough to carry your
Good-bye tear stains on.

I got a shoulder to throw into my work and one for friends to lean on.
But my shoulder just ain't strong enough to look back over
To find that you ain't there no more,
You're gone.

Both of my shoulders would sag sometimes to think that you could leave me
Somehow I'd always pick 'em back up again when you hold me and tell me you need me.
I got a shoulder, I've always told you, I carry your joy and pain on,
But the Lord never made me a shoulder, baby, I could stand to carry your
Good-bye tear stains on.

I've got a shoulder to carry guns of war, and one for kids to ride on,
But my shoulder just ain't strong enough to look back over
And find that you ain't there no more,
You're gone.

Lord, I hope you never have to feel a shoulder colder
Than the soulder of this road you left me standing on.