

Burn

Chris Young

You take a wrong turn, drop a ball, fall short, you labor in vain
You choke, miss the boat, bomb out, cave in, fall flat on your face
Yeah that's everyday life
But sometimes... You hit a good lick, the stars light up
Your ship comes in, you make your mark
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top
Yeah, cream of the crop!
You're the stuff, you set the bar
You beat the odds and there you are
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn
But every now and then you burn You go wild in style, chest out chin up, you're king for a day
And then reality hits like a fist, hits you hard, steels your thunder away
And when it beats you down
The wheel spins around
You hit a good lick, the stars light up
Your ship comes in, you make your mark
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top
Yeah, cream of the crop!
You're the stuff, you set the bar
You beat the odds and there you are
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn
But every now and then you burn You burn like a beacon
Burn like a porch light
Burn like a blue star
Burn like a bon fire
Burn like a flicker in a red hot flame
Burn like a match in a deep dark cave
Like a midnight mile-high blaze
You hit a good lick, the stars light up
Your ship comes in, you make your mark
You catch a break, and you're sittin' on top
Yeah, cream of the crop!
You're the stuff, you set the bar
You beat the odds and there you are
Spend most your life sittin' in the dark waitin' your turn
But every now and then you burn Yeah you burn. Like a porch light
Like a blue fire

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