

Tony Joe White, Path Of A Decent Grove

Last night I woke up crying
And in the darkness I tasted the tears
I can't explain this dream that haunts me
Down through the years
Maybe it's the strain of trying to prove
I'm on the path of a decent groove

You never come so close to dying
When you turn away from what you know
There's nothing but the pain
When you keep denying what's in your soul
There's so many lonely roads to choose
Far from the path of a decent groove

And there's no good in looking back on times that are gone
It comes down to how you react to chances blown
But I see two young men leading their lives so cool
They're on the path of a decent groove

A girl raised back in the wilderness
Who could have known our path would cross
But down through the years we stick together through it all
She's close to the wolf with eyes the palest of blue
They're on the path of a decent groove

But there are words to be wrote and songs to be sung
And I can only hope someone will keep it going on
And I hear a young voice ringing true
She's on the path of a decent groove