

# NASH AND NELSON

SONGWRITERS

*Songs for our times*

## SOME NIGHTS

We fought, so silly.  
We fought, so sad.  
I was tired, you were mad.  
Sometimes those little things seem so bad.  
But that's just how some nights go.

The dishes were dirty,  
The bed was unmade.  
Laundry piled up and  
Bills were unpaid.

We fought , so silly.  
We fought, so sad.  
But that's just how some nights go.

So I jumped in my truck,  
Sped out into the night,  
Headed to Joe's bar.  
It wasn't that far.

"Double Jack on the rocks!"  
Joe said, "You bet, my friend."  
But that was the beginning of the end.

I ordered again, two or three times more,  
Trying to get this fight off my mind.  
Joe said, "You're cut off, son.  
You don't need no more."  
Then he pointed me to the door.

We fought so silly.  
We fought so sad.  
But that's just how some nights go.

Well, I turned that old truck around,  
Wondering, why did we fight?  
Baby, I'm coming home.  
I'll be with you tonight.

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I hit the gas and I missed a curve.  
I crossed a ditch and I began to swerve.  
I saw the end comin', my life was at stake.  
But the truck bounced back when I pumped the brake.

Now I don't care about dishes or housework no more.  
It's not a disaster if we don't mop the floor.  
Facing the end made me realize,  
I'm lost in this life without you by my side.

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We fought so sad.  
I was tired and you were mad.  
Sometimes those little things seem so bad.  
But that's just how some night go.  
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