

Bruce Hornsby, Pastures Of Plenty

Hey now, where are you going
Where are you going to, my friend
Said I'm going out to find
The pastures of plenty
I believe they're out there somewhere

Did you hear about the girl
Alone in the world
Thought she was losing her mind
She found it in the discarded refuse pile
Down near the railroad line
A book of sonnets, torn and tattered
A few remained intact
One held the key, she said to me
To getting some feeling back

Sometimes my head turns round and round
Sometimes you talk but I can't hear a sound
Sometimes I look down, find my feet off the ground
I feel that I'm somewhere else bound

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She looked down the railroad track
Lined with trees on each side
She prayed for the strength to run to the boxcar
To pull herself up for the ride

You invite me to your house - you're so sincere
We sit so close for a while
You reach out for me in the low light so clear
But you look like you're frowning when you smile

Hanging around just to see what could happen
Hanging on by, oh, the thinnest thread
Sometimes I see the faintest glimpse
Sometimes I feel I'd be better off in bed

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