

# Cowboy Junkies, Leaving Normal

It's been a long time since I've seen the high plains of Expectation  
And I'm way past the lowlands and the deserts of Failure and Doubt  
And the last time I passed through Satisfaction  
I didn't recognize a single soul there  
Now I'm leaving Normal and I'm heading for who knows where

"Excuse mister is that seat taken can I put my bag over here  
You know, this trip would go a whole lot smoother if you'd take your hand from there  
No I'm not from around here and my name's not little darlin"  
Why's there one in every crowd and why do I attract them  
Funny how the smell of a Greyhound bus now smells like a fresh start to me  
And how the sound of steelbelts on asphalt is now the sound of breaking free  
But I'd trade all those cancelled tickets for a single return fare  
To a station with a loved one waiting there

I've finally learned that there's good and bad and that girl can do some choosing  
Of that I'm glad cause this heart and face won't take any more bruising  
And the next time that I fall into another's arms there's one thing of which I'll be certain  
That he can bear the weight of the love I give without considering it a burden

It's been a long time since I saw the high plains of Expectation  
And I'm way past the lowlands and the desert of Failure and Doubt  
And the last time I passed through Satisfaction I felt like a stranger there  
Now I'm leaving Normal wherever I'm headed, I don't care