

Ezra Furman, Restless Year

I set up camp in the center of town
Ready for freedom when it all comes down
Snapping my fingers, walking around
I'm a dusty jewel in the throne I've crowned
Got a bus pass to make my way
From hideout to hideout in the heat of the day
I got a talisman toe with the whole array
And when you catch my coat tails I'll be miles away

It was a restless year
It was another restless year
It was a restless year
For a while we had no fear

Yeah, nobody knows in the all night diner
Rolling with Rodes and Miss Mary L. Steiner
You can't pin her down, you can't define her
Dostoevsky, dime store copy

Making my rounds in my five dollar dress
I can't go home, no I'm not homeless
I'm just another savage in the wilderness
And if you can't calm down you can listen to this

Death
Is my former employer
Death
Is my own tom sawyer
Death
Waits for me to destroy her
I never want to die and I never grow older

Restless year
It was another restless year
It was a restless year
Don't tell me anything I don't want to hear