

# 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