

# Robert Earl Keen, Jr., Lonely Feeling

It's a long stretch of highway  
At midnight in New Mexico  
It's a small colored light  
That shines from your car radio  
It's the old motel owner  
Who sleeps on a cot  
And gives you the very last cup from his pot

It's a lonely feeling, it's what you've got  
It's a lonely feeling, like it or not

It's the crack in the sidewalk  
Right next to a pay telephone  
It's someone's recorder  
When you're hoping someone is home  
It's an hour to kill  
To do what you please  
But nobody's up for shooting the breeze

It's a lonely feeling, it's like a disease  
It's a lonely feeling, you pray that it leaves

It's three men from Chile  
Who are tired and they want to go home  
They've run out of money  
And they're stuck up in east Oregon  
So you give em the small bit of change in your hand  
You try to speak Spanish but they don't understand

It's a lonely feeling, it gets to a man  
It's a lonely feeling, that runs through the land

It's your best friend from high school  
Who sees you and wishes you well  
You try to breakthrough  
But you run out of stories to tell  
So you bid him goodbye and you step into space  
There are so many questions that you cannot face

It's a lonely feeling, taking his place  
It's a lonely feeling, you just can't erase

It's statue of Jesus your grandmother had when she died  
All cracked and all yellow  
And you know you should throw it aside  
But you're growing religious, the older you get  
You haven't been saved  
But it could happen yet

It's a lonely feeling, full of regret  
It's a lonely feeling, won't let you forget

It's a bus stop, a street cop, an old dog, the new kid, a bum  
It's fright and rejected  
Neglected, and blind, deaf and dumb  
But you look in the mirror  
And you're still hanging in  
It's there to remind you how lucky you've been

It's a lonely feeling, now and again  
It's only a feeling that comes now and then....