

Robert Earl Keen, 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....