

Bob Seger, Sightseeing

It was a curious sight to me
A castle older than a redwood tree
Once lived in by royalty
Who taxed and raped the land

Mostly now it was stone and dust
Long damp halls and smells of must
Faded walls and ancient rust
Built on shifting sand
And I wanted I wanted I wanted
To smash that sucker down

It was a marvelous sight to see
A redhead workin' in a brasserie
Five foot nine built to a tee
Eyes so blue and bright
All the drunks were just circling round
I drank water and held my ground
Later on we did the town
And we caught every sight

Cause I wanted I wanted I wanted
To follow her down
Sightseein' freein' my soul
Sightseein' leavin' my soul

It was a magical sight to me
And Yves Tanguy in a gallery
The 30's looking back at me
As if he really knew
I marveled at the artistry
Predating or technology
The vision there for all to see
Bold and strong and true

And I wanted I wanted I wanted
To take that painting home
I wanted I wanted
I wanted to take that vision home