

# Bruce Hornsby, Resting Place

I'm on a long sojourn  
I'm sitting here shedding my skin  
Don't know about inside, ugly on the outside  
They're all messing with me for the shape I'm in

I'm looking for a clean slate  
Just need to find a new mind state  
Hey, let's go looking for squirrels  
Let's find something to do  
I think she's shooting it right at you  
Look down I said right at you

And the hail falls hard  
And the wind whips my face  
And I'm a long, long way from anywhere real safe  
And the storm clouds are flying high  
Mud all over my face  
And I'm a long, long way from my resting place

Hey, let's duck down this side street  
Maybe no, nobody else will see  
Everybody sees us as big fat bastards  
But I can just see you looking at me  
Ever feel like a side-show attraction  
Ever feel like a walking infraction  
Some people call me Tarzan in my big, big sweats  
Don't know just what they mean  
Maybe not good, real bad I bet

And the hail falls hard  
And the wind whips my face  
And I'm a long, long way from some sheltered space  
And the storm clouds are flying high  
Mud all over my face  
And I'm a long, long way from my resting place

I'm looking for a clean slate  
Just need to find a new way, way to relate  
You ever feel like a street walker  
I get by being a funny talker  
All those funny jokes sting, so keep walkin'

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