

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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