

Grant Lee Phillips, Squint

I've been seeking affirmations
All night long oh and
What I'm feeling in my heart it
Can't be wrong no Sir

I keep squinting for something I might have
Done hair different it's all up for grabs
Lord I've been squinting as though through a keyhole
Just like Clint Eastwood for a few dollars more

I done read all of the cards and I
Saw my fate waiting
Like a chauffeur down at the airport it
Holds my name up but

I keep squinting for something I might have
Just overlooked but there ain't no turning back
I've been squinting as though through a keyhole
Just like Clint Eastwood for a few dollars more

Folks around me they keep stepping
In my shoes oh but
They don't fit right and they don't walk the
Way I do oh and

All the garbage trucks a rolling
Down my street slowly
I can barely strain away to
Hear myself think ah

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Mmm