

Guy Clark, Me I'm Feeling The Same

Hooray for the drinkin' warm red wine
On a day both bright and fair
Hooray for the layin' and playin' a tune
On the sunlight through your hair, your hair
The sunlight through your hair
Well I wish that I was a fiddle bow
Flyin across the strings
And you;ve takin me at hand these days
By making that fiddle sing to you,
Makin that fiddle sing

Chorus

I wanna be felling that feelin, ood
I wanna be feelin' no pain
I wan to be feelin my love love me
Me, I'm feelin the same, the same
Me, I'm feeling the same

Now you lookin' like the mornin' side
Of the best day I've ever seen
You lookin' like hope to a hopeless fool
Like the end of an old bad dream, I mean
That it must've been an old bad dream

So let's go sailin from shore to sea
On a ship both bright and fine
And we'll run and hollar before the wind
To begin no wearin' time, oh time
With a fiddle and that wine