

James Taylor, T-Bone

Me and T-Bone on the road to town, it's like I'm walking with a talking machine.
Just as soon as he thinks of something else, he won't wait to interrupt himself.
Must be something that he can't quite say, he just doesn't want to leave it that way.
Although he may not know it yet, unless I miss my bet,
he's just trying to forget what his heart remembers.

I see that T-Bone got an automobile, low-lying and open to the sky.
All night behind the hurricane wheel, riding in the eye.
All day underneath the hood, Mondo Bondo, plastic, wood.
He needs a mile of masking tape if he wants to keep his ship in shape,
someday to escape what his heart remembers, yes, what his heart remembers.

T-Bone's not alone, not alone, looks like he gets a second chance.
It's Mamarama and Lumalamalu want to take him to recovery dance.
He's looking like he gets his meat suit back, I guess he must have missed the crack attack.
Still he's riding for a fall 'cause it's written upon the wall,
that now he must recall what his heart remembers, what his heart remembers.