Joan Osborne, Pensacola

Well, I found him in Pensacola In a trailer in the sand The man from the picture Creased and yellowed in my hand Creased and yellowed in my hand He was squinting and stubbled And standing in the door He said, if you've come to take the car away I don't have it anymore I don't have it anymore He got the gospel on the radio And the gospel on tv He got all of the transcripts Back to 1963 Back to 1963 He said I sold my blood for money There wasn't any pain But I just can't stand the feeling It's in someone else's veins It's in someone else's veins Momma took me aside And she tried to change my mind She said, don't waste your time in looking There's nothing, nothing left to find Nothing, nothing left to find So I left him down in Pensacola In a trailer in the sand The man from the picture Creased and yellowed in my hand Creased and yellowed in my hand