

John Hiatt, Uncommon Connection

well I do my best thinking sitting on my ass
sittin' here waiting for things to pass
you got places to go and people to see
well honey that's you, it ain't me

CHORUS:

shit flying in my head
from every direction
i'm thinking about
an uncommon connection
an uncommon connection
an uncommon connection
an uncommon connection

lot of people in a hurry, and they're goin' nowhere
i can see 'em all, sitting in my easy chair
running to the future, running from the past
well i thought about it once but it didn't last

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You can say what you want, i'm not getting old
i've slowed down time, nearly stopped it cold
i jogged my memory once, then i shelved my plans
i'm tired of holding on to love's clammy hand

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it takes every drop of energy just to run my brains
took a long time to learn that it's only a waiting game
some people call it depression, i call it a song
don't worry about me, i'm not going to be around all that long

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