

Kurt Vile, Tom Petty's Gone (But Tell Him I Asked

Ah-ah, alright
Ah-ah, alright
Ah-ah, alright
Ah-ah, alright

Tom Petty's gone
And I'm long gone, and
How am I gonna make amends
With myself for never gettin' to talk to him? Mmm
What's the world comin' to, and
What happened to you, and
How am I gonna make-? It's comin' apart at the seams
It seems

Ah-ah, alright
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Bob Dylan's here
And what a slippery son of a gun
If he was ever in my sights
I'd probably melt down like nuclear reactor
Yeah, I would
But what's the world comin' to? And
I think we better glue it down
And how am I gonna make amends with a world run by corrupt men?
All the same, will you tell him I asked for him?
Asked for him, asked for him, asked for him, asked for him
Asked for him, asked for him, asked for him, asked for him
Asked for him, asked for him, asked

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And I'm long gone, and
How am I gonna-? It's comin' apart at the seams

Ah-ah, alright
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To them that chose to leave, like DCB, well
Really wish he coulda held on a little longer
If you see him on another dimension
Will you tell him we all really miss him?
Maybe they just in the Upside Down
Either way, it's got me down

The yin and the yang is a-black and a-white
Seem to always poke a knife in the dark side
Think they shoulda cut the white one, shoulda cut the white one
Shoulda cut the white one, shoulda cut the white one
Shoulda cut the white one, shoulda cut the white one
Shoulda cut the white one, shoulda cut the white one
Shoulda cut the white one

My whole head has gone away
Yeah, just up and spun off of, of its axis
I may never find a match for it
And if you see it say, "Hello"
And if you see him will you tell him I asked for him?
Asked for him, asked for him, asked for him, asked for him
Asked for him, asked for him, asked for him, asked for him
Asked for him, asked for him

Asked for him, asked for him, asked for him
Yeah

Tell him I asked
Tell him
Tell him I