

# Steve Forbert, Trusting Old Soul

I'm a trusting old soul, babe,  
And I guess I'll never change  
I'm a trusting old soul  
And I guess that I'm never gonna change  
I've done it all the hard way  
And I dug it, too  
I'm just that strange

I'm a trusting old soul, babe,  
And I guess I'll always be  
I'm a trusting old soul  
And I guess that I'll always be  
I drive down by the poorhouse  
And ev'rybody looks like me

I'm a trusting old soul, babe,  
And I guess I'll never learn  
I'm a trusting old soul  
And I guess that I'll never learn  
I walk out in my swimsuit  
And ev'rytime I wind up burned

I'm a trusting old soul, babe,  
And I guess I'll never see  
I'm a trusting old soul  
And I guess that I'll never see  
There's so many salesmen  
In line to meet a mark like me

I'm a trusting old soul, babe,  
And I guess I'll stay that way  
I'm a trusting old soul, doll  
I guess I'm gonna stay that way  
The birds are busy singin'  
I can hear 'em any clear, blue day  
Yeah, the birds are busy singin'  
I hear 'em any clear, blue day  
Birds are busy singin'  
I hear 'em any clear, blue day