

# Vic Chesnutt, Mysterious Tunnel

I just never could say, "good bye" or "adieu"  
ooh, but the years, they have been so kind to you  
there's some skills that I have learned to do  
and I would certainly like to share them with you  
you're outside hanging wet linen  
and I am giving a Van Dyke listening

if you need a little help stretching the canvas  
if you need a shaky ride to Lawrence, Kansas  
if you need a little help hauling that big, fat sack  
I'll be sitting right here beside my stone age fax machine  
you're up there amongst the mountains  
and I am drinking from a nasty water fountain

I just never could lay a bead on you  
I took a sad envelope of seed from you  
I just never could get something to take root  
one just never can tell about the growth shoot  
I am crouched with a weak shovel  
and you are tending the mysterious tunnel