The Quest

Jeff Bridges

Well, I came out swinging at the center field wall
And I caught a fast ball and I touched them all
But I burned down my engines needed to break
Where all that's required is the time that we take
Now I'm done doing nothing, I'm weary of rest
And I've got to get back to the quest
I've ran out of reasons for laying so low
My memories will stay but my body must go
Back to the thunder, the rock and the eagle
And the truths on my love, only time will reveal
And I've just been forgiven and I'm all confessed
So I've got to get back to the quest
In one hand a ticket, in the other, a bag
Times have been good, it makes goodbye a drag
But I wasn't born to be standing still alone
You know, one day my tombstone will say 'born to be gone'
Now my posse is waiting
Out to the west
Yes, it's time to get back to the quest
Time to get back to the quest

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