

Pastures of Plenty

Bruce Hornsby

Hey now, where are you going?
Where are you going, to my friend?
Said, "I'm going out to find the pastures of plenty
I believe they're out there somewhere" Did you hear about the girl alone in the world?
Thought she was losing her mind
She found it in the discarded refuse pile
Down near the railroad line A book of sonnets torn and tattered
A few remained intact
One held the key, she said to me
To getting some feeling back Sometimes my head turns round and round
Sometimes you talk but I can't hear a sound
Sometimes I look down, find my feet off the ground
I feel that I'm somewhere else bound Hey now, where are you going?
Where are you going, to my friend?
Said, "I'm going out to find the pastures of plenty
I believe they're out there somewhere" She looked down the railroad track
Lined with trees on each side
She prayed for the strength to run to the boxcar
To pull herself up for the ride You invite me to your house, you're so sincere
We sit so close for a while
You reach out for me in the low light so clear
But you look like you're frowning when you smile Hanging around just to see what could happen
Hanging on by, oh, the thinnest thread
Sometimes I see the faintest glimpse
Sometimes I feel I'd be better off in bed Hey now, where are you going?
Where are you going, to my friend?
Said, "I'm going out to find the pastures of plenty
I believe they're out there somewhere"

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