Born Too Late

Steve Forbert

Saddle up that old gray mare for me
I wanna ride until these eyes of mine can't see
I never really feel like looking very much anymore
And nothing really matters till it's closer than the house next doorPeople talk a lot, but they can never find the heart and the soul
To put a lot of time into more than just a search for gold
The river's flowing dirty and it's moving down to pass Christian
There used to be a time when it's water was a healing handYou're born too late and everything you love is gone, gone
Born too late and everything you know is wrongI've got a wife in Cleveland and she hates my guts
And everything about her's a reflection of what drove me nuts
I stopped to buy a beer inside the trading post and lost my keys
That somber wooden Indian by the door began to laugh at meBorn too late and everything you love is gone, gone
Born too late and everything you know is wrong
Born too lateAnd my silver Catalina's busy rusting in the cool night air
He's only got a few more miles left beneath his hood out there
I stood a while beside him and I thought about his thirst for oil
I thought about his greed for speed and how we've all got spoiledYou're born too late and everything you love is gone, gone
You're born too late and everything you know is wrongYou're born too late and everything you love is gone, gone
You're born too late and everything you know is wrong
Born too late, born too late, born too late

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