

# Ponderosa

Lorne Greene

The place where I stand gives way to liquid lino  
Underneath the weeping willow lies a weeping wino  
The place where I stand gives way to liquid lino  
Underneath the weeping willow lies a weeping wino  
The mind's a crowd, search for the the spaces  
And turn around time's gone, I take ten paces  
Been up ahead, can't make head or tale of it  
I drink till I'm drunk, and I smoke till I'm senseless  
You see in black and white, feel in slow motion  
I drown myself in sorrow until I wake up tomorrow  
The illusion of confusion is not from where I am sat  
Different levels of the devil's company  
They lead us outside, take us out quietly  
To the cage through the bars  
You see scars, results of my rage  
The place where I stand gives way to liquid lino  
Underneath the weeping willow lies a weeping wino  
The place where I stand gives way to liquid lino  
Underneath the weeping willow lies a weeping wino  
The mind's a crowd, search for the the spaces  
And turn around time's gone, I take ten paces  
Been up ahead, can't make head or tale of it  
I drink till I'm drunk, and I smoke till I'm senseless  
You see in black and white, feel in slow motion  
I drown myself in sorrow, until I wake up tomorrow  
I drown myself in sorrow, until I wake up tomorrow  
I drown myself in, I drown myself in  
The illusion of confusion is not from where I am sat

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