Not So Sure

Joe Pug

There was a time
When I heard you
Callin' out my name
But these days
I'm not so sureWhen the room went dark
And your voice was gone
I heard you all the same
But these days
I'm not so sureI knew I could remember
Your bedroom and your touch
But these days
I'm not so sureDefinitely was the word I used
Far too much
'Cause these days
I'm not so sureI bummed expensive cigarettes
I wrote John Steinbeck's books
I undressed someone's daughter
And then complained about her looksStealin' was so easy then
I wish that it still were
Now as I pick my own pocket
I know that these days
I'm not so sureThe church was my kitchen
The world was my church
But these days
I'm not so sureThe choirs I would listen
Through briers I would search
But these days
I'm not so sureI sacrificed my sister
I prayed my own soul to keep
I told my dying father
That a man should never weepBreathin' was so easy then
I wish that it still were
Now as the breeze just makes me colder
I know that these days
I'm not so sureSo if you see me trippin'
I've forgotten how to walk
And I spend my days
Wishin' after herMy steps are without rhythm
And her name is drawn in chalk

'Cause these days
I'm not so sureI drank my wine for breakfast
Every mornin' I was born
In the black, electric winter
My back was always warmSleepin' was so easy then
I wish that it still were
Now in my sleepless bedroom
I know that these days
I'm not so sure

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