Highlands

7for4

Well, my heart's in the highlands, gentle and fair
Honey suckle bloomin' in the wildwood air
Bluebells blazin' where the Aberdeen waters flow
Well, my heart's in the highlands, I'm gonna go there when
I feel good enough to go
Windows were shakin' all night in my dreams
Everything was exactly the way that it seems
Woke up this mornin' and I looked at the same old page
Same old rat race, life in the same old cage
I don't want nothin' from anyone, ain't that much to take
Wouldn't know the difference between a real blonde and a fake
Feel like a prisoner in a world of mystery
I wish someone would come and push back the clock for me
Well, my heart's in the highlands, wherever I roam
That's where I'll be when I get called home
The wind it whispers to the buck-eyed trees of rhyme
Well, my heart's in the highlands, I can only get there one step at a time
I'm listening to Neil Young, I gotta turn up the sound
Someone's always yellin', "Turn him down"
Feel like I'm driftin', driftin' from scene to scene
I'm wondering what in the devil could it all possibly mean
Insanity is smashin' up against my soul
You could say I was on anything but a roll
If I had a conscience, well I just might blow my top
What would I do with it anyway, maybe take it to the pawn shop
My heart's in the highlands at the break of dawn
By the beautiful lake of the black swan
Big white clouds like chariots that swing down low
Well, my heart's in the highlands, only place left to go
I'm in Boston town, in some restaurant
I got no idea what I want
Or maybe I do but, I'm just really not sure
Waitress comes over, nobody in the place but me and her
Well, it must be a holiday, there's nobody around
She studies me closely as I sit down
She got a pretty face, with long white shiny legs
I said, "Tell me what I want," she say, "You probably want hard boiled eggs."
I say, "That's right, bring me some."
She says, "We ain't got any, you picked the wrong time to come."

Then she says, "I know you're an artist, draw a picture of me."
I said, "I would if I could but I don't do sketches from memory."
Well, she then, she says, "I'm right here in front of you, or
Haven't you looked?"

I say, "All right, I know but I don't have my drawing book."
She gives me a napkin, she say, "You can do it on that."
I say, "Yes I could but I don't know where my pencil is at."
She pulls one out from behind her ear
She says, "All right now go ahead, draw me, I'm stayin' right here."
I make a few lines and I show it for her to see
Well, she takes her napkin and throws it back and says, "That
Don't look a thing like me."
I said, "Oh, kind Miss, it most certainly does."
She say, "You must be jokin'," I say, "I wish I was."
Then she says, "You don't read women authors do ya?" at least
That's what I think I hear her say
Well, I said, "How would you know and what would it matter anyway?"
Well she says, "You just don't seem like you do." I said
"You're way wrong."
She says "Which ones have you read then?" I say, "I've read
Erica Jong."
She goes away for a minute and I slide out, out of my chair
I step outside back to the busy street but nobody is goin' anywhere
Well, my heart's in the highlands with the horses and hounds
Way up in the border country far from the towns
With the twang of the arrow and the snap of the bow
My heart's in the highlands, I can't see any other way to go
Every day is the same thing, out the door
Feel further away than ever before
Some things in life it just gets too late to learn
Well, I'm lost somewhere, I must have made a few bad turns
I see people in the park forgettin' their troubles and woes
They're drinkin' and dancin', wearin' bright colored clothes
All the young men, with the young women lookin' so good
Well, I'd trade places with any of 'em in a minute, if I could
I'm crossing the street to get away from a mangy dog
Talkin' to myself in a monologue
I think what I need might be a full length leather coat
Somebody just asked me if I've registered to vote
The sun is beginnin' to shine on me
But it's not like the sun that used to be
The party's over and there's less and less to say
I got new eyes, everything looks far away
Well, my heart's in the highlands at the break of day

Over the hills and far away
There's a way to get there and I'll figure it out somehow
Well, I'm already there in my mind, and that's good enough for now

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