

# Althea

## A Bluegrass Tribute

I told Althea, I was feeling lost  
Lacking in some direction  
Althea told me upon scrutiny  
That my back might need protection I told Althea that treachery  
Was tearing me limb from limb  
Althea told me, now cool down boy  
Settle back easy, Jim You may be Saturday's child all grown  
Moving with a pinch of grace  
You may be a clown in the burial ground  
Or just another pretty face You may be the fate of Ophelia  
Sleeping and perchance to dream  
Honest to the point of recklessness  
Self-centered to the extreme Nobody messin' with you but you  
Your friends are getting most concerned  
Loose with the truth, maybe it's your fire  
Baby I hope you don't get burned When the smoke has cleared, she said  
That's what she said to me  
You're gonna want a bed to lay your head  
And a little sympathy There are things you can replace  
And others you cannot  
The time has come to weigh those things  
This space is gettin' hot  
You know this space is gettin' hot I told Althea, I was a roving sign  
I was born to be a bachelor  
Althea told me, okay that's fine  
You know now I'm trying to catch her Can't talk to you without talking to me  
We're guilty of the same old things  
Thinking a lot about less and less  
And forgetting the love we bring

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