

# Michael (Live at The Black Cat)

## Red House Painters

Michael, where are you now? Somehow in my excitement the last time you called,  
It slipped again to ask your hidden whereabouts  
I got a lead from your old triple ex-girlfriend, she said  
"I heard he lost his mind again"  
"Again?" I said  
I didn't know that you ever did Michael, where are you now? Sleeping through the morning in flannel impaired  
Getting high in southern air  
Shoeless, sandy eveing down the unfamiliar  
Last whiff of salt-water freedom  
Skipping shells in the dead zone  
With the ghost on your side  
Of the state borderline  
Whispering  
"Take it."

Songwriters

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