Driving South

The Early November

I have this friend who was born again.
Every morning he wakes relieved of his sins.
Oh, after hours of losing himself,
He gets to his knees and he prays for his health.And to the palm trees and driving south
It's in the waves where we find ourselves
Back at the ocean to meet with dirt where we will wait and find ourselves.
And we will talk in ways that life has been so mean
And see, there's always someone, always stepping one me.
Oh please, please, please, tell me.Oh wake me, wake me, But don't tell me I'm lazy when I
Pull the covers back over my face.
Oh wake me, wake me, because we're all going crazy
and we're always preaching that everyone's wrong.And to the palm trees and driving south
It's in the the waves where we find ourselves
back at the ocean to meet with dirt we will wait to find ourselves
So we can talk of ways that life has been so mean
And see there's always someone, always stepping on me.
Oh please, please, please, tell me.

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