Pensacola

Joan Osborne

Well, I found him in Pensacola
In a trailer in the sand
The man from the picture
Creased and yellowed in my hand
Creased and yellowed in my hand
He was squinting and stubbled
And standing in the door
He said, "If you've come to take the car away
I don't have it anymore
I don't have it anymore"
He got the gospel on the radio
And the gospel on TV
He got all of the transcripts
Back to 1963
Back to 1963
He said, "I sold my blood for money
There wasn't any pain
But I just can't stand the feeling
It's in someone else's veins
It's in someone else's veins"
Momma took me aside
And she tried to change my mind
She said, "Don't waste your time in looking
There's nothing, nothing left to find
Nothing, nothing left to find"
So I left him in Pensacola
In a trailer in the sand
The man from the picture
Creased and yellowed in my hand
Creased and yellowed in my hand

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