

January 23-30, 1978

Steve Forbert

Plane comes down on the old runway
Home again for a week I'll stay
Hanging out like I used to do
I hope to find some old friends I knew
Hear the news in the honky tonk
Who got married, yes, and who split up
Drinking beer while the jukebox plays
Brand new songs lead for brand new days
Quiet nights and empty streets
Sleepy town, humble home yes
Same old waltz in the wind
By the railroad track
Riding out to a country bridge
Moonlight shining across the ridge
Frozen trees neath a billion stars
Yeah there are 7 friends jammed in Robby's car
High as kites and wild and gone
Drunk as well and laughing loud
Back at home I say good night
And I close the door
Sunday morning the church bell rings
The organ plays and the choir sings
Where am I while the preacher speaks?
Dreaming dreams neath my sheets asleep
Waking up and trying to think
What went down, what'd we do
I rub my eyes and shake my head
Yes and I'm feelin' the sun
Plane takes off on the old runway
Snow fell light on the ground today
Lost an hour that I gained before
Flying back to my New York door
Fare thee well, adios adieu
Yes and best of luck to all of you
I ain't no saint and I don't pretend to be
But I hope you all found a friend in me
City lights blink and shine
Down below, let it change
It's often said that life is strange, oh yes
But compared to what?

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