Bermuda Highway

My Morning Jacket

Sometimes I walk around town looking at faces
Wonderin' why their bodies go to silly places
Walkin' past the carpet mills looking in and takin' stills
Your ass it draws me in like a Bermuda highway
Oh, don't carve me out, don't let your silly dreams
Fall in between the crack of the bed and the wall
Two times I fell asleep in a dirty basement
Snoozing in cobwebs and the cement
Sometimes I wonder why that meek guy got all the fame
Maybe I'm to blame for his short bitter fucked up life

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