

# Pastures Of Plenty

[Bruce Hornsby](#)

Hey now, where are you going?  
Where are you going, to my friend?  
Said, "I'm going out to find the pastures of plenty  
I believe they're out there somewhere" Did you hear about the girl alone in the world?  
Thought she was losing her mind  
She found it in the discarded refuse pile  
Down near the railroad line A book of sonnets torn and tattered  
A few remained intact  
One held the key, she said to me  
To getting some feeling back Sometimes my head turns round and round  
Sometimes you talk but I can't hear a sound  
Sometimes I look down, find my feet off the ground  
I feel that I'm somewhere else bound Hey now, where are you going?  
Where are you going, to my friend?  
Said, "I'm going out to find the pastures of plenty  
I believe they're out there somewhere" She looked down the railroad track  
Lined with trees on each side  
She prayed for the strength to run to the boxcar  
To pull herself up for the ride You invite me to your house, you're so sincere  
We sit so close for a while  
You reach out for me in the low light so clear  
But you look like you're frowning when you smile Hanging around just to see what could happen  
Hanging on by, oh, the thinnest thread  
Sometimes I see the faintest glimpse  
Sometimes I feel I'd be better off in bed Hey now, where are you going?  
Where are you going, to my friend?  
Said, "I'm going out to find the pastures of plenty  
I believe they're out there somewhere"

Songwriters

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