

# Confusion

[Vic Chesnutt](#)

Well, when I woke up this morning  
The sky was so bright  
It'd been raining for days  
Now it seemed like everything was gonna be alright  
But still those November winds keep a blowing  
And I'm forgetting just where to begin  
And then I'm lost in confusion again  
Yes, I'm lost in confusion again  
Well, the broom straw is a dying  
Various shades of brown  
And over the hill I can see the skyline  
Of the most famous Georgia college town  
Still those November winds keep a blowing  
And I'm forgetting just where to begin  
Then I'm lost in confusion again  
Yes, I'm lost in confusion again  
Just when I think I've tied up all my little ravel  
I come across a new row of tatters  
It seems I'm getting sick of taking care of  
Life and other matters  
Well, there's a few hundred blackbirds  
That's a covering my yard  
They're falling from the trees like pecans  
Except they ain't hitting the ground quite as hard  
Still those November winds keep on a blowing  
And I'm forgetting just where to begin  
And I'm lost in confusion again  
Yes, I'm lost in confusion again

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