

Bermuda Highway

My Morning Jacket

Sometimes I walk around town lookin' at faces
Wonderin' why their bodies go to silly places.
Walkin' past the carpet mills
Lookin' 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.

Songwriters

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