

Turning Over

Dan Bern

Sittin in that town in New Mexico
Named after a game show
Tryin to decide if I should sell my van
Buy a truck, and drive down to Texas
Sometimes I think I'm gunnin for the big time
Sometimes I think I'm runnin out of time
And that big odometer in the sky turned over
That big odometer in the sky just turned over
Lately I've been scattered
My attention span is like a three-year-old
I pick up my guitar and I set it down
Try reading books
Send up going downtown
My friends say relax and slow down
But my insides feel like a ghost town
Tumblin and blowin and all my guts turned over
Like a tumbleweed through an empty town turning over
Turning over, upside down
Blowing round and round and round
Turning over, wrongside up
Can barely fill my coffee cup
And I can't find me one new leaf worth turning over
I can't find me one new leaf worth turning over
Maybe I should go get in a fight
Look for someone's honor to protect
Maybe I'll go down and drink my fill
Maybe I can go sign someone's will
Out there in the alley someone's tryin'
To start their car but that old thing ain't buyin'
Every time he tries he scrapes the air
But that tired crate, she's barely turnin over

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