Pushed Too Far

Son Volt

Memories of Crescent City
Wednesday nights at the Rock-n-Bowl
On the bandstand there is Snooks and guitar
Pure gasoline for the soulTake me back to the Mound City
Any night across town
Bennie for blues and James for barrel house
The brown eyed handsome man is still aroundYou give yourself to the world
You don't hold back much of anything
Mother Theresa to the animal kingdom
You know how high to set the barYou give your words freely
Takes it back to familiar ground
But when you hold your cards close to your chest
It shows you've been pushed too farLooking back on Louisiana
Where the dirty water flows
And life there is a little easier
As anyone who has been through knowsConversations turn to metaphors
Cards to the table you bring
Fold your hand but save your best for later
Don't know how long these angels singYou give yourself to the world
You don't hold back much of anything
Mother Theresa to the animal kingdom
You know how high to set the barYou give your words freely
Takes it back to familiar ground
But when you hold your cards close to your chest
It shows you've been pushed too farBut when you hold your cards close to your chest
It shows you've been pushed too far

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