Walt Whitman

Garrison Keillor

Light it up like the city at night
Old dark bones in the city
Old Walt Whitman and borrowed alcoholWe drove fast shaking all the way
Like the waves in California
Sorry I never know what to say at allCaught in a whirlwind
Dry as a bone
And I don't think that I can make it
On my own
On my own, my own x3[Burning] love man it never ends
I tried but I couldn't make it
Yea your paperback lovers could never pay the billsWorn it once and then let it go
Or you may never shake it
End up drinking too much [then pop a pill]Loose like a feather
And left here alone
And I don't think I can make it
On my own
On my own, my own x3

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