

# Pensacola

Joan Osborne

Well, I found him in Pensacola  
In a trailer in the sand  
The man from the picture  
Creased and yellowed in my hand  
Creased and yellowed in my hand He was squinting and stubbled  
And standing in the door  
He said, "If you've come to take the car away  
I don't have it anymore  
I don't have it anymore" He got the gospel on the radio  
And the gospel on TV  
He got all of the transcripts  
Back to 1963  
Back to 1963 He said, "I sold my blood for money  
There wasn't any pain  
But I just can't stand the feeling  
It's in someone else's veins  
It's in someone else's veins" Momma took me aside  
And she tried to change my mind  
She said, "Don't waste your time in looking  
There's nothing, nothing left to find  
Nothing, nothing left to find" So I left him in Pensacola  
In a trailer in the sand  
The man from the picture  
Creased and yellowed in my hand  
Creased and yellowed in my hand

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