

Clay Pigeons

Peter Dawson Band

I'm goin' down to the Greyhound Station gonna get a ticket to ride
Gonna find that lady with two or three kids and sit down by her side
Ride 'til the sun comes up and down around me 'bout two or three times
Smokin' cigarettes in the last seat
Tryin' to hide my sorrow from the people I meet and get along with it all
Go down where the people say "y'all"
Sing a song with a friend, change the shape that I'm in
And get back in the game and start playin' again
I'd like to stay but I might have to go to start over again
Might go back down to Texas, might go to somewhere that I've never been
And get up in the mornin' and go out at night
And I won't have to go home, get used to bein' alone
Change the words to this song, start singin' again
I'm tired of runnin' 'round lookin' for answers to questions
that I already know
It could build me a castle of memories just to have somewhere to go
Count the days and the nights that it takes to get back in the saddle again
Feed the pigeons some clay, turn the night into day
Start talkin' again, when I know what to say
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