

# 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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Go down where the people say "y'all"  
Feed the pigeons some clay, turn the night into day  
Start talkin' again when I know what to say

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