

Sounds Good, But I Don't Know

Catch 22

Saw it on the television, heard it on the radio
This in truth is not yet the end
Bus station, 4 a.m., took a taxi to the city, Matt Ball left
Looking too familiar and I don't know how to feel
Not a penny in my pocket, I'm a stranger
Wanna get home, spare some change, sir? Wanna get back home
Wanna get back home, 40 miles across the
Hudson
Those train tracks, get back, can you smile?
Here's another joke, have you got another smoke?
I'm broke, sounds good, but I don't know, let's go
I don't know, but it sure sounds good to me
I don't care because I still don't know
The way it is, the way it was, the way it's supposed to be
I don't know, but it sure sounds good to me, I heard this city never sleeps
I heard this city never sleeps, but its
eyes are half-closed
Not a passerby, baby cry, I suppose that I'm selfish
Stuck and I don't give a fuck, twenty one, morning comes
I've heard and had enough, I'm so sick of this
I have no friends, it hurts so much to be alone
I wish this night would fucking end
I close my eyes and dream of home
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