

# Avignon

## Brazos

I spent a life time knocking 'round  
The same old patch of concrete  
I wasted all my time breaking rocks  
And painting smiles on my feet  
I seize the end  
For we drift toward the blue shore  
Send the birds along  
For I'm not waiting for this day  
She's my little sad eyes  
And I'm her bluest boy  
She's my little sad eyes  
I'm her bluest boy  
You may call me a fool

The destination to no end  
I may cast the anchor  
Down into the bottom of this well  
I dreamt about the train we somehow lost  
That bled those giant marbles made of sand for us  
I wrote all night, free man, alright  
Big day, all smiles, burned all their files  
I wrote all night, free man, alright  
Big day, all smiles, burned all their files  
I wrote all night, free man, alright  
Big day, all smiles, burned all their files

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