

## **Vic Chesnutt**

### **"Confusion"**

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Well, when I woke up this morning  
The sky was so bright  
It?d been a raining for days  
Now it seemed like everything was a gonna be alright

But still those November winds keep a blowing  
And I?m forgetting just where to begin  
And then I?m lost in confusion again  
Yes, I?m lost in confusion again

Well, the broom straw is a dying  
Various shades of brown  
And over the hill I can see the skyline  
Of the most famous Georgia college town

Still those November winds keep a blowing  
And I?m forgetting just where to begin  
Then I?m lost in confusion again  
Yes, I?m lost in confusion again

Just when I think I?ve tied up all my little ravel  
I come across a new row of tatters  
It seems I?m getting sick of a taking care of  
Life and other matters

Well, there?s a few hundred blackbirds  
That?s a covering my yard  
They're a falling from the trees like pecans  
Except they ain?t hitting the ground quite as hard

Still those November winds keep on a blowing  
And I?m forgetting just where to begin  
And I?m lost in confusion again  
Yes, I?m lost in confusion again

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