

## Guy Clark "Out In The Parkin' Lot"

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Well, the future spills it's intangibles An unknown set of variables A path that spliten infinitely up ahead

So tell me what's the use to pick and choose From what you should or shouldn't do? That's time spent better sleeping in your bed

Or wide awake in a shopping mall Trying clothes on from off of the wall Yeah, anything to entertain yourself

'Cause a costume can be quite comfortable It can make you feel more beautiful It can even make you look like someone else

But it's still you, so there's nothing you can do Like a bad habit, the one you couldn't kick, there it always is And it's nothing that no doctor's gonna fix

They pat your back bruised with their accolades And all four walls are a trophy case But that doesn't make it any less of a cage

But you can make it all less difficult By embracing the ephemeral Then you'd never have to worry or explain

'Cause if it's really all just physical Then my memory's immaterial So why then do I remember you at all?

But I do, I do, my friend, I seen your face We shared a cup, I know the taste Its sweetness is relentless on my lips

So help me drink in everything that is like a freed convict

Drunk on redemption from the way I've been But I swear this time, that things will be different Well, right and wrong, they have never been that far apart

For those who'd write that sentence where you hang, hang

We will be lifted up from all of this

Yeah, we will transcend the insignificance of our existence

Yeah, your body's gone, but angel, you will live

Yeah your body's gone

Now your body's gone but angel you will live

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