

## **Bruce Hornsby**

# **"Pastures Of Plenty"**

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B. R. Hornsby

Hey Now, where are you going  
Where are you going to my friend  
Said I'm going out to find  
The pastures of plenty  
I believe they're out there somewhere

Did you hear about the girl  
Alone in the world  
Thought she was losing her mind  
She found it in the discarded refuse pile  
Down near the railroad line  
A book of sonnets torn and tattered  
A few remained intact  
One held the key, she said to me  
To getting some feeling back

Sometimes my head turns round and round  
Sometimes you talk but I can't hear a sound  
Sometimes I look down, find my feet off the ground  
I feel that I'm somewhere else bound

Hey Now, where are you going  
Where are you going to my friend  
Said I'm going out to find

The pastures of plenty  
I believe they're out there somewhere

She looked down the railroad track  
Lined with trees on each side  
She prayed for the strength to run to the boxcar  
To pull herself up for the ride

You invite me to your house - you're so sincere  
We sit so close for a while  
You reach out for me in the low light so clear  
But you look like you're frowning when you smile

Hanging around just to see what could happen  
Hanging on by oh, the thinnest thread

Sometimes I see the faintest glimpse  
Sometimes I feel I'd be better off in bed

Hey Now, where are you going  
Where are you going to my friend  
Said I'm going out to find  
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