

## James Taylor "T-Bone"

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Me and t-bone on the road to town  
It's like I'm walking with a talking machine  
Just as soon as he thinks of something else  
He won't wait to interrupt himself  
Must be something that he can't quite say  
He just doesn't want to leave it that way  
Although he may not know it yet  
Unless I miss my bet  
He's just trying to forget  
What his heart remembers

I see that t-bone got an automobile  
Low-loping and open to the sky  
All night behind the hurricane wheel  
Riding in the eye  
All day underneath the hood  
Mondo bondo, plastic wood  
He needs a mile of masking tape

He wants to keep his ship in shape  
Someday to escape  
What his heart remembers (oh, yes, what his heart  
remembers)

T-bone's not alone, not alone  
Looks like he gets a second chance  
It's mamarama and lumalamalu  
Want to take him to recovery dance  
He's looking like he gets his meat suit back  
I guess he must have missed the crack attack  
Still he's riding for a fall  
'cause it's written upon the wall  
That now he must recall  
What his heart remembers (what his heart remembers)

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