

Dan Bern "I'm Not the Guy"

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We pulled into Rome
With blood in our eyes
After days of travelin'
Months of lies
Taking our various
Turns at the wheel
Taking booze
And pot and cigarettes
Anything not to feel
No one had slept
No one had eaten
Our bodies were bad
Our spirits were beaten
Together we dragged
All of us down
As we staggered through Rome
Blaming the town
Blaming the students
For worship of others
Blaming the cops
And blaming their brothers
And never quite looking
Ourselves in the heart
And minute by minute
Growing further apart
Julia, Julia
Where have you gone?
Why have you vanished
Off of my lawn?
Julia, Julia
Where is your truck?
Where have you driven
With all of my luck?
But even old bull fighters,
Their grave stones in sight,
Must search 'till they unearth
One last bull to fight
And so it was with us,
So near to the end
One last story to tell
One last hill to defend
One glance to avoid

One guitar to strum
One untruth to be told
One last song to be sung
And you, the most brilliant,
Most driven, most keen,
Jewel of a bastard
I ever have seen
And you and your turn
A good bitch of the Nile
So real to the end
Nothing left to defile
And me in the middle,
Along for the ride,
The unwilling distraction
From familicide
And knowing our weaknesses
No one refrained,
From picking
And prodding
'Till nothing remained
Julia, Julia
Where have you gone?
Why have you vanished
Off of my lawn?
Julia, Julia
Where is your truck?
Where have you driven
With all of my luck?
And now in this ki

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