

Early November "Driving South"

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I have this friend who was born again.
Every morning he wakes relieved of his sins.
Oh, after hours of losing himself,
He gets to his knees and he prays for his health.

And to the palm trees and driving south.
It's in the waves where we find ourselves,
Back at the ocean to meet with dirt where we will wait
and find ourselves.
And we will talk in ways that life has been so mean.
And see, there's always someone, always stepping on
me.
Oh please, please, please, tell me.

Oh wake me, wake me, But don't tell me I'm lazy when
I,
Pull the covers back over my face.
Oh wake me, wake me, because we're all going crazy,
And we're always preaching that everyone's wrong.

And to the palm trees and driving south.
It's in the the waves where we find ourselves,
Back at the ocean to meet with dirt where we will wait to
find ourselves.
So we can talk of ways that life has been so mean.
And see there's always someone, always stepping on
me.
Oh please, please, please, tell me.

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