

My Morning Jacket "Burmuda Highway"

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Sometimes I walk around town looking at faces
Wonderin' why their bodies go to silly places
Walkin' past the carpet mills looking in and takin' stills
Your ass it draws me in like a Bermuda highway

Oh, don't carve me out
Don't let your silly dreams fall in between the crack
Of the bed and the wall

Two times I fell asleep in a dirty basement
Snoozing in cobwebs and the cement
Sometimes I wonder why that meek guy got all the
fame
Maybe I'm to blame for his short bitter fucked up life

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