

Chris Smither

"Confirmation"

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I need confirmation of my duties,
help me get my poor life back in line.
If I tell you what the hell I'm up to,
maybe you can tell what's on my mind.

Cuz I don't pick no cotton,
I never pick my nose,
I couldn't pick a pocket in a pile of dirty clothes,
but I pick 'em, I chose 'em,
I pick the locks that used to keep me in.
I pick 'em up. I put 'em down,
that's how I get around, but it's wearin' thin.

I don't drive no bargain, I never drive a car,
couldn't drive a wagon if you hitched it to a star,
but I'll drive you crazy,
make you wonder who you are,
drive nails in your coffin,
but I don't often let it get that far.

Help me get these pieces back together,
make it so the seams don't seem to show.
I had it patched with bits of glue and leather,
how it fell apart I'll never know.

Cuz I don't look for trouble,
but it finds me all the same.
If you hear me shout, just lookout,
cuz it's callin' me by name.
It's lookin' still, it always will,
if looks could kill I'd be six feet under ground.
I never was good lookin',
but now I'm too old to let that get me down.
Yes, I never was good lookin',
but now I'm too old to let that get me down.
I never was good lookin',
but now I'm too old to let that get me down.

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