John Popper & The Duskray Troubadours ''Clay Pigeons''

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I'm goin' down to the Greyhound station Gonna by a ticket to ride I'm gonna find me a lady With two or three kids And sit down by her side Ride till the sun comes up down 'round about two or three times Smoking cigarettes in the last seat Sing a song for the people I meet And get along with it all Where the people say y'all Sing a song with a friend Change the shape that I'm in And get back in the game And start playin' again

I'd like to stay But I might have to go And start over again I might go back down to Texas Or go to somewhere that I've never been And get up in the morning And go out at night And I don't have to go home Get used to being alone Change the words to this song And start singin' again

I'm tired of runnin' 'round lookin' for answers To questions that I already know I could build me a castle with memories Just to have somewhere to go Count the days and the nights That it takes to get back in the saddle again Feed the pigeons some clay Turn the night into day And start talkin' again Where you know what to say I'm goin' down to the Greyhound station Gonna by a ticket to ride I'm gonna find me a lady With two or three kids And sit down by her side Ride till the sun comes up down 'round about two or three times Smoking cigarettes in the last seat Sing a song for the people I meet And get along with it all Where people say y'all Feed the pigeons some clay Turn the night into day And start talkin' again When you know what to say

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