

Rodney Crowell

"Come On Funny Feelin'"

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I don't want to wind up bitter lost inside a silent rage
Or become like Rilke's panther out here locked up in a
cage

The old man I've been talkin' to has cotton in his ears
But then who am I to blame him, I've had mine stuffed
up for years

Singing, come on funny feelin'

L.A. hits my windshield like some Armageddon sprawl
Planting palm trees in the desert makes no sense to me
at all

In a science fiction world where walkin' wounded leave
their mark

I just took my place among them trying to find a place
to park

Singing, come on funny feelin'

The funny feelin' comes when you're in love with
everyone

And all your races have been run or laid to rest
So get this freakin' anvil off my chest
Come on funny feelin'

The funny feelin' knows the way the whole thing comes
and goes

It makes you stop and smell the roses if you're smart
So, get this freakin' anvil off my heart
Come on funny feelin'

So it's not like I'm not blessed with something special in
my world

Just around the next dark corner there's a blue eyed
dancing girl

Who loves me like tomorrow comes with everything I
need

And I just have to pay attention where this road I'm on
might lead

I'm singing, come on funny feelin'

The funny feelin' knows the truth, the eye for eye and
tooth for tooth
It's something way back in your youth, you should not
second guess
The funny feelin' never lies, it's there to open up your
eyes
And make you stop and realize you're blessed

So get this friggin' anvil off my chest
Come on funny feelin'
Come on funny feelin'
Come on funny feelin'
Come on funny feelin'

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