

Steve Forbert

"Born Too Late"

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Saddle up that old gray mare for me
I wanna ride until these eyes of mine can't see
I never really feel like looking very much anymore
And nothing really matters till it's closer than the house
next door

People talk a lot, but they can never find the heart and
the soul
To put a lot of time into more than just a search for
gold
The river's flowing dirty and it's moving down to pass
Christian
There used to be a time when it's water was a healing
hand

You're born too late and everything you love is gone,
gone
Born too late and everything you know is wrong

I've got a wife in Cleveland and she hates my guts
And everything about her's a reflection of what drove
me nuts
I stopped to buy a beer inside the trading post and lost
my keys
That somber wooden Indian by the door began to laugh
at me

Born too late and everything you love is gone, gone
Born too late and everything you know is wrong
Born too late

And my silver Catalina's busy rusting in the cool night
air
He's only got a few more miles left beneath his hood
out there
I stood a while beside him and I thought about his thirst
for oil
I thought about his greed for speed and how we've all
got spoiled

You're born too late and everything you love is gone,
gone

You're born too late and everything you know is wrong

You're born too late and everything you love is gone,
gone

You're born too late and everything you know is wrong

Born too late, born too late, born too late

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