

## **Steve Forbert**

### **"January 23-30, 1978"**

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Plane comes down on the old runway  
Home again for a week I'll stay  
Hanging out like I used to do  
I hope to find some old friends I knew

Hear the news in the honky tonk  
Who got married, yes, and who split up  
Drinking beer while the jukebox plays  
Brand new songs lead for brand new days

Quiet nights and empty streets  
Sleepy town, humble home yes  
Same old waltz in the wind  
By the railroad track

Riding out to a country bridge  
Moonlight shining across the ridge  
Frozen trees neath a billion stars  
Yeah there are 7 friends jammed in Robby's car

High as kites and wild and gone  
Drunk as well and laughing loud  
Back at home I say good night  
And I close the door

Sunday morning the church bell rings  
The organ plays and the choir sings  
Where am I while the preacher speaks?  
Dreaming dreams neath my sheets asleep

Waking up and trying to think  
What went down, what'd we do  
I rub my eyes and shake my head  
Yes and I'm feelin' the sun

Plane takes off on the old runway  
Snow fell light on the ground today  
Lost an hour that I gained before  
Flying back to my New York door

Fare thee well, adios adieu  
Yes and best of luck to all of you

I ain't no saint and I don't pretend to be  
But I hope you all found a friend in me

City lights blink and shine  
Down below, let it change  
It's often said that life is strange, oh yes  
But compared to what?

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